TRAVELS

OF

LADY HESTER STANHOPE;

FORMING THE COMPLETION

OF HER MEMOIRS.

NARRATED BY

HER PHYSICIAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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CHAPTER XIV.

TRAVELS

OF

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

CHAPTER I.

Preparations for a journey to Bâlbec—Precautions against the plague—Departure from Meshmûshy—Heavy attire—The author loses his road—Cheerless night—Drûze hospitality—Barûk—Bur Elias—Village of Malaka—Cottages in the Bkâ—Hard dumplings—Grumbling servants—Misery of villages in the territory of Bâlbec—Mode of encampment—Arrival at Bâlbec

A journey to Bâlbec had been projected for this autumn; but obstacles of one kind or another had caused it to be delayed until the season was very far advanced. At length, however, every preparation being made, we set out on the 18th of October. During the whole of the year, the plague had not entirely ceased at Damascus, and in several villages of the Bkâ, a plain which we should have to traverse from one extremity to the other. Lady Hester was strongly impressed with the dread of exposure to its

contagion[1] from the carelessness of some of the people; to prevent which the strictest precautions were taken, and the observance of these considerably diminished the pleasure which such a tour would otherwise have afforded. We travelled with tents to prevent the necessity of sleeping in villages; and no fire was ever to be lighted unless where the country supplied fuel without having recourse to the inhabitants for it which was equivalent to a total interdict; as, with the exception of a few orchards, there was not a tree through the whole plain. To supersede the necessity of cooking or buying provisions, a kind of minced meat dumplings was made, enough for the consumption of a week. These, and bread-cakes baked for the same purpose, were to be eaten indifferently by all. We carried with us kitchen utensils, tents, beds, coffee, rice, *búrgol* or malted wheat, soap, candles, oil, wine, vinegar, vermicelli, macaroni, cheese, tea and sugar, syrups for sherbet, and fuel for Lady Hester, whose sex and delicate health necessarily prevented her from submitting to the privations to which men could willingly subject themselves. It was necessary likewise to be provided with cords, nails, hammers, axes, hoes, and some other things of this sort; so that we had wherewithal to colonize as well as to travel. For if, as it was reported, the plague still raged at Bâlbec, the impossibility of obtaining anything from the town would expose us, if not thus fur-

[1] A few years afterwards she became more of a fatalist. See "Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope."

nished, to great inconveniences. All this baggage loaded fifteen mules. The party consisted of Lady Hester, the dragoman, myself, eight men-servants, four women and a black female slave, making altogether fifteen; and we all rode on asses.

The extraordinary resolution of performing a long and difficult journey on asses was not a mere fancy in Lady Hester: it arose from a deep feeling of indignation at the neglected state in which she found herself left by her friends and her relations, more especially by the then Marquis of B*** *****; and she thought, by assuming the mode of travelling common only to the poorest pilgrims who traverse Syria on their way to Jerusalem, to direct the attention of the consuls and merchants of the towns through which she passed to her deserted condition, imagining, no doubt, that a report of it would reach England, and call down animadversions on those from whom she had a right to claim support and attention to her comforts.

Lady Hester descended the mountain, and I was preparing to accompany her, when I was detained by a dispute among the muleteers, who declared that the fifteen mules could not carry the baggage. Intending to compel them to it, I desired my servant to lead my ass down the mountain, saying I would follow; but, after some time, I found that another mule was indeed required, and that there was not one to be had. Impatient of the delay, I mounted a horse belonging to the owner of the house, and rode to the monastery to

get one. The monks refused to lend or hire out their mules; and, seeing no alternative, I desired the luggage thus left should be taken care of, and hastened on foot to overtake the party; but more than an hour had elapsed, and they were far before me. Descending into the plain on the north-east side, I continued along the banks of the Ewely, passing the granite columns, of which mention has already been made, over the bridge called Geser Behannýn. The road continued for a small distance farther in the ravine, through which the river runs north and south, when it turned to the right up an almost precipitous mountain, which overhangs the river, and the indentations and strata of which correspond exactly with those on the opposite side. I here became much fatigued with walking and with the exertions I had made during the morning, and I sat down to rest myself; for I had on me a riding dress, with which, in Turkey, it is scarcely possible to walk; as the breeches are very large. I had likewise a brace of pistols in my girdle, the weight of which was annoying. Whilst sitting by the road-side, some Drúzes, coming in an opposite direction, passed me, and I questioned them whether the English lady had been seen by them, and they pointed out the road by which she had gone. I then offered them an unusual price if they would let me have one of their mules to convey me to where she was; but they averred it to be impossible, on account of their business, which took them another way.

Renewing my journey, and ascending in a zigzag direction, I reached the head of a deep ravine, into which fell a cascade from the mountain above: I then resumed a northerly course, and made as much haste as my heavy attire would allow me. On the left, but low down and out of hearing, was the river Ewely, and on my right very high mountains, whilst my path was, although stony and rugged, along level ground. In this way I walked till the sun was declining behind the mountains, when I saw the lights of a village, but at some distance before me, which I guessed to be Makhtàrah, the residence of the Shaykh Beshýr, as I knew I had been tending towards it. The path soon became somewhat intricate, in consequence of olive, fig, and mulberry-tree plantations, which were numerous hereabout. It now grew dark, and I overtook a man driving an ass, who, as far as I could discern, seemed somewhat afraid of me and my pistols, whilst I felt equally so of him; I therefore turned out of the path, apprehensive, if I asked the way, that he might guess my situation, and find means to rob me; for, in the hurry of the moment, I had not loaded my pistols, and my cartridges were with my servant.

The lights were still before me. I knew that the place of our encampment would be marked by blazing *meshals* (formed by fixing an iron-hooped cylinder on a pole, and supplying it continually with tarred canvas), and I thought that, at some distance on the

left and beyond the village, I observed this very blaze: I therefore left Makhtárah on my right, and inclined towards them. After I had walked about half an hour, the blaze suddenly disappeared; by degrees, the path, which, from the darkness of the night was now no longer perceptible, became so uncertain, that I was almost fearful to advance, when, on a sudden, I found myself on a descent and within hearing of the sound of a torrent. Stepping with caution and difficulty, I came to a bridge over a rushing water, which I judged to be the river Ewely. I crossed it, but was no sooner over than I lost all traces of the path, and found my farther advance opposed by a precipice.

Here my courage and my strength failed me. I judged it to be three hours after sunset, and the darkness was not relieved in the abyss into which I had descended by even the glimmering of a star. The jackalls howled around me; and whoever has heard their night-cry, so like what we may suppose would be the screams of a child whom robbers are in the act of murdering, will not wonder if I disliked the necessity of sleeping in this wild place. I was not sure that there were not leopards near the spot where I was; and the jackalls alone, although they seldom or never attack a man who is awake and moving, might yet fall on me when asleep, and do me great injury before I could rise and defend myself. However, all these reflections were of no avail against extreme weariness. I lay down on the ground, fell asleep, and in the

morning, soon after daylight and not before, awoke refreshed and unhurt.

I looked round me, and perceived that I was in a deep ravine; and, as I observed the path by which I had descended to the river, I blessed Providence that had guided my steps; for it was dangerous even in open day. About two hundred yards up the stream was a water-mill. I went to it, and, knocking at the door, found an old Drûze who invited me in; but my apprehensions of the plague caused me to refuse; and I asked him where I was, told him how I had passed the night, and inquired if he had seen a large caravan go by on the preceding day. The bridge, I learned, was called Geser Gedayda.

Having satisfied myself on these points, he directed me up the mountain to a village, where, on my arrival, I met another Drûze, who was just driving his oxen to plough. I asked him for something to eat, and he immediately turned back, and led me to his own door. His wife was yet in bed. He roused her, and said he had brought a foreigner for a visitor, desiring her to set out the table. But, on expressing my apprehensions of the plague, and on refusing to cross the threshold, she put out her homely fare on a straw tray.[1] It consisted of cheese soaked in oil, a bunch of hung grapes, and some bad bread-cakes. I had now fasted for twenty-two hours, and was not disposed to quarrel about

[1] These trays are made in continuous circles, like the top of a beehive, and are very common in Syria

trifles; so she placed it on a stone, and on her retiring I advanced, and ate with my fingers. My looks, dress, &c., were all examined by the woman and a neighbour; but they both scrupulously kept their faces covered.

Having satisfied my hunger, the man desired his son and daughter, children of six or seven years old, to show me on my way; but when I produced all the money I happened to have about me, which was seven paras (about two-pence), and offered it in payment for my breakfast, his civility relaxed, and he suffered me to set off alone. In the village of Gedaydy, for so this was called, the inhabitants are Drûzes.

As soon as I was out of the village, I came on a country barren and stony; hardly was there a tree to be seen. An hour's walk brought me to a Drûze village, called Ayn-wy-Zayn. Here, as there was no plague, I hired an ass and guide to carry me onward. Soon after we entered among very extensive vineyards, which continued as far as Barûk, where it will be recollected we halted for a night two years before.

Lady Hester had pitched the tents on the very same spot where she had encamped at that time. She had been, during the night, apprehensive that some accident had happened to detain me, and my absence had been productive likewise of still worse consequences. For as, in the necessity there was that our provisions should last us until we reached Bâlbec, the keys could not be entrusted to the servants, I had them in my

pocket. Upon the arrival, therefore, of the party to the resting-place, which they did not reach until eleven at night, no provisions could be had; and after so long a day's journey (the dragoman, who had turned off the road to go to Makhtárah to bear Lady Hester's compliments to the Shaykh Beshýr, not being present), the mule-drivers and servants broke open the provision hampers, and unnecessary waste ensued, and caused us to be afterwards reduced to great straits

My pedestrian exertion brought on an intolerable erysipelatous heat and itching in both my feet, which nothing could appease but sitting with my naked feet in the stream, just where it issued quite cold from the rock,—a dangerous mode of cure, only to be justified by the necessity I was under of pursuing our journey on the morrow. We passed the whole of the 19th at this spot, while Pierre went back to recover the luggage which had been left at Meshmûshy.

On the 20th, we ascended the last ridge of Lebanon, and, when at the summit, enjoyed that fine prospect which has been described in a former place We descended into the Bkâ, and passed the hamlet of Aâney, a few miserable cottages, whither the husbandmen of Barûk go in the summer to plough and sow, and, having finished these operations, quit them for their homes until harvest time.

One mile farther we planted our tents. Here we remained two nights, waiting for the return of M. Beaudin; but, not being come back on the 22d of Octo-

ber, in the morning, the tents were struck. We took a northerly direction, along the plain close to the foot of Mount Lebanon, and passed some small villages part on our left in the mountain, and part on our right in the plain.

After a march of about three leagues we came to Bur Elias, a small village with a castle of modern construction overhanging it. It was watered by a rivulet, which ran with a smart stream through it. This stream was made to irrigate several well cultivated gardens and orchards, which so much embellished the spot, that, until our arrival at Bâlbec, we saw no place to compare with it. There were also the remains of an old mosque, with other evidences that the village was once more populous than at present. In a rock on the south-west side are several ancient caverns, which served as tombs, with sarcophagi hewn in the stone; and, at one part, on the face of a small precipice, chiselled smooth for the purpose, was a square portion of ten or fifteen feet, cut deep enough to admit of a layer of stucco or marble with which it seemed to have been coated, having in its centre, towards the bottom, three recesses, which had probably been filled up with votive tablets, or basso-relievos, there not being depth enough for statues.

Leaving Bur Elias, we came next to Malaka, a large village of two hundred houses, where terminates what is called the district of Bkâ,[1] and begins the Bâlbec

[1] There are said to be about forty-four villages in the Bkâ.

territory, which is, however, but a continuation of the same plain. This village, although so large, is but of two years' date, and was transferred from about three hundred yards off to its present situation, by the emir of the Drûzes, who, having taken, by force of arms, from the Emir Jahjáh, the governor of Bâlbec, the village of Khurby, which was just beyond the line of demarcation of his domain, destroyed it, and made the inhabitants build Malaka.

The houses in the Bkâ were not of stone, as on the mountain, but of mud bricks dried in the sun. They were low, and had the appearance of much misery on the outside, although, as we were told, very comfortable within. This we had no opportunity of ascertaining, as the plague reigned about us, and it was by no means prudent to approach, much less to enter, any habitations. The dress of the people was different from that of the mountaineers. No horns were now to be seen on the heads of the women, who likewise wore red aprons, which were universally seen towards the Desert, but never near the sea-coast. The Palma Christi was cultivated very generally for the sake of the oil, which is used for lamps. As harvest was now over, we could not see what were the particular productions of the plain; it seemed, however, highly fertile, being of that fine snuff-coloured mould which, at Hamah and elsewhere, had been pointed out to us as most useful to the husbandman for agricultural purposes.

We encamped near Khurby, which yet had some cottages among its ruined walls. Our water was drawn from a spring which, from its vicinity to an ancient sepulchre assigned by tradition to the patriarch Noah. is called Ayn Nûah. His body is said to occupy a length of forty cubits, and his feet, for want of room. to hang down in the well.

Our appearance here and elsewhere in the Bkâ excited much curiosity. Without guards from the emir or pasha, demanding provisions nowhere, and boldly encamping in the open plain away from every habitation, we perhaps awed the very people who would have attacked others marching with more caution. For the Bkâ is entirely open to the incursions of the Arabs, who overrun the tract of country between Bâlbec and Hems, where no mountain interposes to obstruct them, although many maps falsely lay one down.

The cûby (or dumplings), which have been mentioned in setting out on this journey, were now become so dry and hard that the servants and muleteers refused to eat them. I felt that they were justified in their refusal; for I, who, for the sake of example, was obliged to enforce the order for their consumption by eating them myself, never suffered more from bad food than on this occasion: but no representations could make Lady Hester abate one tittle of her resolution. The maids cried, the men grumbled and rebelled, and the fatigue of keeping order among Christians, Drûzes.

and Mahometans, was more than I had hitherto experienced: yet no one fell ill. This day Pierre joined us here, and brought with him the luggage which had been left behind.

On the 23d we continued our route. The villages in the territory of Bâlbec were much less numerous, and much more miserable, than those in the Bkâ Such as were on the side of the mountain were built higher up than they had been, as if the inhabitants feared to be exposed to depredations from the plain. No gardens or orchards were to be seen. After five hours' march we arrived at a Tel, where was a fine rivulet, which, running from the mountain, turned a mill wheel, and then flowed towards the river in the centre of the plain, the ancient Leontes or Litanus, called the Bâlbec river by our muleteers, and which becomes the Casmia before it empties itself into the sea. Here we encamped, in a still more dangerous situation than hitherto.

I had established a fixed plan of encampment, with regular distances assigned for each tent, which was adhered to every night; but here the tents were brought closer than usual. I was not at ease in my bed, and, awaking M. Beaudin, the interpreter, he and myself patrolled the ground alternately through the night. The moon shone bright, and the scene wore a lonely appearance. Fortunately we had to deal with a woman whose composure of mind was never ruffled by

real danger, and whose sleep was never broken by the apprehension of false.

The Letanus passed very near the Tel, from which circumstance it is evident that the slope of Anti-Lebanon extends across two-thirds of the plain. At this season of the year, and in this spot, a man might leap over the river. Higher up, one day's journey west of Bâlbec, there is, according to Abulfeda, (p. 157) a pool or lake, reedy and stagnant, where this river takes its source, and the bed of the stream had many reeds in it where we saw it.

On the 24th we crossed it, and at noon reached Bâlbec. The luxuriant scenery which the imagination readily lent to the city and ruins as seen at a distance, intermixed with the deep green foliage of trees, vanished on a nearer approach. The gardens near the ruins were no more than orchards, sown, in the intervals between the trees, with maize, turnips, and other vegetables: nor did the Temple of the Sun impress us with all its grandeur until close to it. The inequalities of the soil in a manner buried the ruins, and their magnificence, at the first glance, seemed, like that of Palmyra, to be less than, on a farther examination, it proved to be.

CHAPTER II.

Residence at Bâlbec—Visit to the governor, the Emir Jahjáh—Wretchedness of Bâlbec—Bath Scene—Encampment of Lady Hester at Ras el Ayn—Sepulchral caverns—Greek bishop of Bâlbec—Catholic priest—Climate—Departure from Bâlbec—Ayn Ayty—Hurricane—Bsharry—Mineral springs—Dress of women—Village of Ehden, conjectured by some to be the site of Paradise—Resort of native Christians—Arrival of Selim, son of Mâlem Musa Koblan, of Hamah—The Cedars of Lebanon—Maronite monastery of Mar Antaniûs—Lady Hester enters it in spite of the monks—Arrival at Tripoli.

We encamped under the south-west angle of the temple, in an open field, through which ran the rivulet that traverses the town; but, considering that the water we thus drank was no better than the washings of the houses, and fearing also, from the concourse of women and children who were constantly surrounding our encampment, that the plague might be introduced among us, it was resolved to remove to a spot of ground near the spring where the rivulet takes its rise, called Ras el Ayn, the fountain head, about a mile from the town to the south-east. Here, in the ruins of an old mosque, her ladyship's tent was

screened from the wind; for tempests were now expected; whilst the rest of the party encamped in the open fields.

The day after our arrival I paid a visit to the governor, Emir Jahjáh, of the family of Harfúsh, whose exactions from travellers passing through this place have been recorded by more than one sufferer. He was a needy prince, who ruled, indeed, the district, but was surrounded by too many chieftains as powerful as himself ever to feel secure. For, on the one hand, the Pasha of Damascus, to whom he was tributary, was said to take annually from him sixty purses: on the other, the Emir of the Drûzes, towards the west, was watching, upon every occasion, to make encroachments upon him; and the Emir of Derny, a neighbouring district of Mount Lebanon, was his enemy whenever it served his turn to be so. Jahjáh had been on one occasion displaced by his brother, the Emir Sultan, backed by the Pasha of Damascus: but he afterwards restored the usurped province to Jahjáh, and they were now living in amicable relations with each other.

I found the emir in a house with little appearance of splendour about it. The room in which he received me had no more than four whitewashed walls, with a mud floor covered with a common rush mat. What his harým was I had no opportunity of judging: but the harým of one of his relations, to which I went to see a maid servant who was ill of a tertian ague, was

very much of a piece with this. His brother, Emir Sultan, to whom I next paid a visit, seemed somewhat better lodged: for his sofa was covered with yellow satin, with a cushion of the same stuff to lean on, but his guests were obliged to sit on the floor on a common mat. An earthenware jug to drink out of, a towel to wipe his face and hands, a pipe and tobacco-bag, a sword, a pair of pistols, and a gun—these formed the furniture of his, as they do that of the rooms of many other chieftains in the East.

I dined with Emir Sultan, a compliment from him which I did not expect, as the rules of the Metoualy religion prohibit eating and drinking from vessels defiled by Christians. Wanting to drink during the repast, I called for some water, which to the other guests was handed in a silver cup. To me it was given in an earthenware jug: and, when we had risen from table, this jug was broken by the servant close by the door of the room, that no one of the house might make use of it afterwards. I felt my choler rise at this unjust distinction made between man and man, but I pretended not to observe it. Why it was done in sight of us all I do not know, unless it were to remove the imputation which might lie at his door if it could be surmised that an impure drinking-cup still remained in his house.

Twice, when I was on a morning visit to Emir Sultan, the butcher came, weighed his meat at the door of the room, and minced it in the window-seat

before him, in order, as I guessed, to avoid all suspicion of poison, the constant dread of eastern potentates, or else to fulfil to the letter some precept of his religion touching meats.

The plague was occasionally making its appearance in different families, so that I could visit no one without some degree of apprehension. Respecting the modern town, this is the information I collected. It contained now no more than from 120 to 150 families, about thirty of which were Catholics.[1] The Mahometan inhabitants were Metoualys or Shyas.[2] Nothing could present a more miserable appearance than the streets. Five sixths of the old town were now covered with rubbish. Wretchedness was depicted in the rags and looks of the inhabitants, and poverty in the palace of the emir. It is said that the emir himself, rendered desperate by the little quiet which the pasha of Damascus allowed him, had, of his own accord, destroyed whole streets, that his town might be no longer an

[1] These had a resident Frank priest, who acted also as doctor. He was well known as having received all the European travellers, who have passed through Bâlbec, at his little monastery.

[2] The word *Shys* or *Shyas* marks either the particular followers of Ali, who do not acknowledge the legitimacy of the first three Caliphs, or comprehends, generally, all heterodox persons, born in the bosom of Islamism, in opposition to the *Sunnys*, an expression by which all Moslems of the four orthodox sects are designated. — (*Tabl. Gen. de l'Emp. Ott.* vol. i. p. 95.)

object of covetousness to him Bâlbec is situated in 33° 50 N. I observed two mosques, Jamâ el Malak and Baekiet el Cadi. There were four gates to the town, which was divided into seven parishes. The district of Bâlbec contained twenty-five villages.

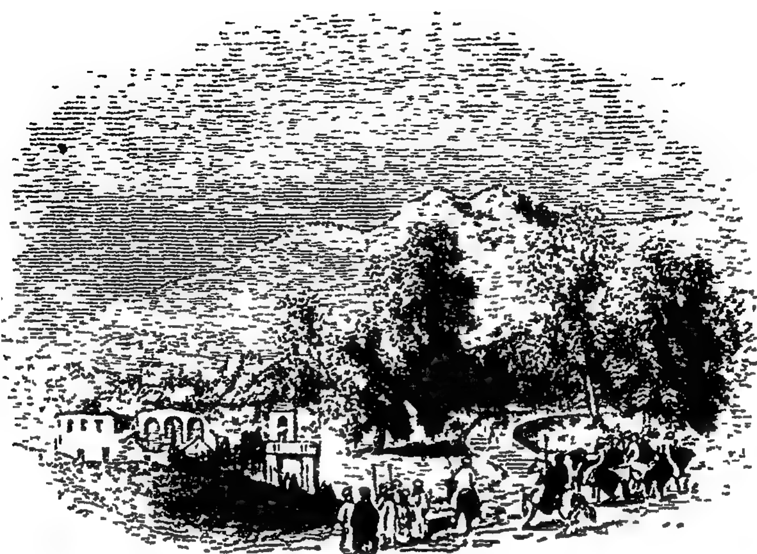
South and by east of the temple, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, is an elevation which commands the town, and affords a beautiful view of the ruins and of the surrounding country. On the top of this eminence was a well, hewn out of the rock, of a square form, but now filled up with rubbish. The quarries, which supplied the stone for building the temple, are to the south-west of it. Viewed from this spot, the plain of the Bkâ seems to run north-east and south-west. The last visible point of Anti-Lebanon, seen from hence, lies north-east and by north half east, and the snowy summit of Mount Lebanon bore north-north-west.

I forbear to give any description of the Temple of the Sun. It was in the same state in which Volney saw it in 1784. The immense stones which form the escarpment of the south-west corner, and which are always mentioned by travellers with so much wonder, somewhat disfigure the edifice;[1] for their monstrous magnitude is so little in correspondence with the stones

[1] The largest of the stones in the outer (western) wall is said to be 62 feet 9 inches, that in the quarry 68 feet in length, 17 feet 8 inches wide, 13 feet 10 inches thick. Wood and Dawkins, who aver that they give all their drawings and plans from measurement, are the best authors to rely on.

which form the upper part of the wall that they destroy all symmetry, and impress an idea of a building less in size than its component parts were intended for.

Lady Hester's first inquiry was generally for a bath; and, when she had ascertained that there was one, having reposed herself for two or three days, she was desirous of going to it: so it was to be cleaned out for her reception. It was the afternoon, and, as is customary, the women, who always bathe from noon to sunset, were in it. The bathmaster, eager for the bakshysh, which he already anticipated he should get from a person reputed so rich as Lady Hester, requested me to wait a little, and said he would order the women out in a moment, and show it to me. Accordingly, he went into the centre room, vociferating as he entered, and then, driving them, undressed as they were, into a side chamber, he called me in. A few naked children continued to run about; whilst the women, curious to see a Frank, peeped out of their hiding-place, and cared very little what part of their person was exposed to view. Had I been anything but a medical man, neither the bath-man nor I could have risked such an adventure on such an occasion. Thus the women of the east, veiled from head to foot, and shut up with bars and bolts, still find means, under the excuse of doctors, dervises, and relations, to admit men into places from which their jealous husbands in vain would exclude them.



RAS EL AYN, BALBEC

The spot at which we were encamped was one of the most beautiful that it is possible to behold. It was at the extremity of a valley, on the first rise of the Anti-Lebanon, where several copious springs, bubbling up in a circular basin of antique masonry, formed a considerable rivulet, which watered the whole valley down to Bâlbec, one mile off. The valley was covered with the dense foliage of fruit-trees, cypresses, weeping-willows, plane, and fruit-trees of all kinds, through which a shady path led to the town. Close to the spring were the ruins of an old mosque, and the remains of a gateway, the lintel and posts of which were single blocks of stone. It probably had belonged to

the temple; and the circular basins, which confined the springs, were once, to appearance, surmounted by domes. Many large loose stones lay round about. In looking from the bank, just above the spring, a variety of objects filled up the landscape. In the farthest distance were the two most elevated peaks of Mount Lebanon, covered with snow, contrasted with a lower chain of the mountain, wooded and dark-looking. Over the tops of the gardens rose, in magnificent grandeur, the six columns, which were still standing, of the inner temple. Dispersed in the field to the left of the mosque were the green tents, with asses and mules tied up among them. It was but to turn one's back on these cheerful objects, when the barren declivities of Anti-Lebanon presented themselves, heightening the beauty of the mixed scenery at their foot by the contrast which they presented.

By an arrangement made previous to Lady Hester's departure from Meshmûshy, Selim, the son of Mâlem Musa Koblán of Hamah, of whom mention has been made during our stay at that place, was to meet her here; but, as he had not come, my servant was despatched on a mule with a letter to him This necessarily detained us at Bâlbec; and, when the ruins had been seen, the governor visited, and the prospects round about admired, a stay here became somewhat irksome: as the plague was so much increased that it was necessary to abstain from entering people's houses.

The death of a Sayd or Sheryf of the plague alarmed the governor so much, that he removed soon afterwards with his household to a castle at a small distance. But the motive he assigned was not considered by us as the real one: for we thought that he was either afraid of Selim's coming, of which he had heard, considering that he might be an emissary of the Pasha of Damascus, who had long endeavoured to lay hold of his person: or else, apprehensive that in our exposed encampment we might be plundered, he supposed, by removing himself from the town, he should not be considered as responsible, or charged by the Porte with reparation.

In the mean time, as it happened everywhere, Lady Hester never rode through the streets, or approached the town, but she was immediately followed by several persons. Ali, Emir of Derny,[1] was so far attracted by curiosity as to depart from his dignity and ride round our encampment, in the wish of getting a sight of her. Affairs with Emir Jahjâh had brought him from his principality, which is on the north extremity of Mount Lebanon, down to Bâlbec, and his martial air, as he rode along with a dozen attendants, struck me very forcibly; but Lady Hester did not see him.

[1] Of this emir Ali, Burckhardt has these words (p 168) — "the north declivity of Mount Libanus, a district governed at present (March, 1812,) by Ali Beg, a man famous for his generosity, liberality, and knowledge of Arabian literature."

At the beginning of November it came on to rain most violently, and successive storms of thunder and wet confined us much under our tents. In the intervals of fine weather, I rode out in every direction round the town; but my researches were unsuccessful in discovering any remains of antiquity that had not been before seen by other travellers. About one hundred yards from the north-east wall of the city there are several caverns, the appearance of which demonstrated that stone was quarried there for building, and that, at the same time, or subsequently, these caverns had been converted into sepulchres for the dead. They are very numerous, and some were very spacious: but, in all, the shape was nearly alike, being that of an arch of six feet from the apex to the floor, and five and a half or six feet long. They contained from three to ten pits or sarcophagi, and generally they were just deep enough for the breadth of a human corpse. Some had two abreast. Some sepulchres were flat-roofed, and one had a centre embossment which might originally have been sculptured in relief. Many had in them small niches as if for a lamp; and in one was an upright sarcophagus.

We found here some peasants filling sacks with saltpetre, which they collected from these and other caverns, in and about the place: they had amassed four ass loads. On the talus of one of the shafts of the quarry there were, although with difficulty to be discovered, some old Grecian characters.

I was sitting one day under a clump of trees, by the side of a rivulet, smoking, when a Greek caloyer or priest approached, and saluted me. It proved to be the bishop of Bâlbec, whom I had known, in the autumn of 1812, at Yabrûd, the ordinary place of his residence; for the fanaticism of the Metoualys, and the oppression of Jahjáh's government, obliged him to reside in a more tranquil spot His diocese extended from Hems to Malûla. He was a dark, ugly, squinting man, but very loquacious, and seemingly a very good theologian. His name, which, as a layman, had been Wakyn, was now Cyrillus· and this assumption of an episcopal name is a common practice among Eastern divines.[1]

[1] Bâlbec has to boast of having given birth to a famous physician, named Beder-ed-dyn Bâlbeky, who lived in the third century of the hegira

I marked in charcoal, on the walls of the inner temple, the name of Lady Hester with this laudatory quatrain —

Quam multa antiquis sunt his incisa columnis
 Nomina! cum saxo mox peritura simul
Sed tu nulla times oblivia fama superstes,
 Esther, si pereant marmora, semper erit.

How many names, else never to be known,
Live for a while, inscribed upon this stone!
But, Hester, thine oblivion shall not fear —
Fame will transmit it, though not written here.

However, her ladyship requested me immediately to efface the whole, and she declared she never had consented, when living with her uncle, to be praised in verse, or portrayed in painting

Giovanni was not yet returned from Hamah, and apprehensions were entertained that he had been plundered by the Bedouin Arabs: yet, as he was furnished with a paper saying by whom he was sent, and as he was moreover known as having accompanied us to Palmyra, it was thought that he would not be molested. During the whole of this time, the muleteers and their mules were at a fixed pay per diem, which made the delay very expensive.

I occasionally visited the Catholic priest, a European His house contained the only oven for baking loaves in the place, and our bread was baked there every two or three days. I was sitting with him one day on a stone by the way side, in conversation, when a sayd or green turbaned Mahometan passed us on an ass, carrying before him a dish of lentils, which he apparently had bought for his dinner. "El mejd lillah—(Glory be to God)"—was his salutation to us; to which the priest immediately replied, "dayman—(for ever)"—and the sayd went on, and the priest continued the conversation, both quite unconscious how strange their puritanical language appeared.[1]

Bâlbec is an extremely cold and exposed place in the winter, but must, from the dry air of the neighbouring downs, enjoy a very salubrious climate.

The weather still continuing tempestuous, there was

[1] In the Syrian monasteries, the customary salutation between the friars who meet each other is that above mentioned, and the answer likewise.

some hazard, should our departure be delayed much longer, that the route over Mount Lebanon to Tripoli would become impassable from the snow. Accordingly, we left Bâlbec on the 7th or 8th of November at 11 o'clock, after having remained there a fortnight. We crossed the plain in a north-west direction. When we were half over it, we saw on our left, half a mile out of the road, a single pillar: but, whether one of many others now thrown down, or a votive column, I had not time to examine.[1] About four we reached the foot of Lebanon, and passed the village of Dayr Ahmar. We ascended, and, about half past five, arrived at the narrow valley where stood the village of Ayn Aty; so named from a source of water which springs from the rock just above: and there is, as we were told, a small lake near the spot.[2]

The wind was north, and blew very cold, with rain

[1] I have since read in some author that this column was of the Corinthian order, fifty-seven feet high and five feet in diameter, having a tablet for an inscription, now erased. I cannot recollect whether it was before or after we arrived at the column, that there stood a village (called Yyd or Nyd) not far out of the road, which we were desirous of entering: but the inhabitants hailed us from the roofs of the houses, and with muskets in their hands threatened to shoot any one who should approach them; for they were determined, they said, to let nobody, coming from Bâlbec, where the plague was, have intercourse with them.

[2] For the properties of this lake, see Eusebius de vitâ Contantini, iii 55

and sleet. Pierre, who had undertaken to be our guide, had promised that we should arrive before sunset at our station: but it was already dark, and Lady Hester, who suffered much from the inclemency of the weather, grew impatient and angry with him. We continued to ascend through a scattered forest of stunted oaks, with which the whole of the lowest chain is wooded. Some were of a good circumference in the stem, but none were high. Whilst it was yet light, I picked up two specimens of the rock, which seemed to be a sort of marble in a bed of argil.

We arrived, at length, at the spring-head, Ayn Aty;[1] but such a hurricane of wind and rain came on, just as the muleteers were unloading, that they, one and all, threw down tents, trunks, and beds, in confusion, and betook themselves for shelter to caverns in the rocks, so that we saw no more of them all night. In vain did I call and threaten; they heeded me not. The tent-men were desired to plant Lady Hester's tent, and leave the others for the moment to shift as they could: but, so strong did the wind blow, that, as fast as they reared it, it was blown down again. The maids could keep no candle alight: even in a lantern it was extinguished, and the darkness was intense. With some difficulty, Lady Hester's tent was at last secured, then that for the women. Her

[1] Ayn Aty is called by Burckhardt Ainnete, one word, but I venture to think that he is incorrect.

ladyship, who had meanwhile taken shelter under a precipice, was at length comfortably placed under cover.

This was one of the most distressing nights we ever passed. When the other tents were fixed, and, by means of fires, we had somewhat dried ourselves, a laughable accident occurred from the terrors of Pierre, who, having gone a short distance from the camp, could not from the darkness find his way back again; and was heard amidst the fury of the tempest bellowing lustily for help. Neither the dragoman nor myself slept the whole of the night; as, on several occasions, the tent-ropes flew, and it required all our authority to induce the *akàms* or tent-men to brave the weather and repair them.

November the 9th, as soon as it was light, the muleteers re-appeared, confessing that they had hidden themselves for fear of being employed through the night. We departed from Ayn Aty, clambering up the steep paths to surmount the second chain; and, in about two hours, we came to the summit, from which the valley of the Bkâ, as we looked down behind us, seemed like a slip of fallow land, so much were its dimensions narrowed by distance In ascending Mount Lebanon, from the plain between Dayr Ahmar and the spring Ayn Aty, the rock is of a compact limestone, with a portion of iron intermixed: at least, so I judged from its colour, which was, where exposed to the air, red, and within flesh-coloured. On the very summit of the mountain, above the

Cedars and behind the village of Bsharry, I broke off a fragment of rock, which was limestone also. Descending on the other side, we saw the far-famed clump of Cedars on our right; and, leaving them, arrived at sunset at Bsharry. The shaykh, named Ragel, received Lady Hester into his house, although he had made some difficulty at first, owing to his dread of the plague, which we might have brought with us from Bâlbec. I was lodged in a house on the opposite side of the street, and the rest were dispersed about as the shaykh chose to billet them.

Bsharry is in itself a picturesque spot, and commands views of other spots equally so. It was a burgh of two hundred houses, furnishing when necessary five hundred muskets. From the martial character of the inhabitants, who were hardy mountaineers, and accustomed from their infancy to carry firearms; as also from its elevated situation, difficult on all sides of access; it had, at different periods, asserted its independence by force, although surrounded by Drûzes and Metoualys, Turks, and Ansárys They spoke of the present government of the Emir Beshýr with disgust, and pretended that, if the love of liberty, which was so strong in their forefathers, had still existed, they should yet have been free.

In the environs of Bsharry, potatoes were cultivated and eaten by the peasants as an article of daily food. Their introduction was of a few years' date only. Some Franks at Tripoli, I afterwards learned, were accus-

tomed to eat them occasionally; but elsewhere than at Bsharry I did not observe them to be cultivated. Lady Hester caused some to be planted at Abra, but the peasants prognosticated that they would die; and indeed they came up very well, but the soil was too much burnt up, and they could not find moisture enough to come to maturity.

The inhabitants of Bsharry were of the Maronite persuasion. They were said to be all good sportsmen. I found few sick in the place, and was told that persons lived to an advanced age. Among those who applied to me there were cases of colic, sore eyes, and old sores, and one of a venereal nature; but there were no *goitres*, and yet snow-water is the only water drunk. I collected here a few ancient coins, which was generally the payment I exacted from the sick. The river Kadýshy takes its source above this village, out of a rocky amphitheatre, and is precipitated by small cascades into a deep ravine, where it runs until lost among the windings of the mountains.

To the north-east another spring, from the mountains that overhang the environs of the village, fell in a pretty cascade, and, running close to the east point of the village, contributed to increase the stream of the Kadýsha. The water, where it formed the cascade, and before it mixed with other rivulets, was said to affect goats, drinking of it, with looseness; whilst men were exempt from this effect. The roads around were stony and difficult, rendered wet and muddy by the

constant intersection of rivulets, which, at this season, were very numerous. To the east of B-sharry there is a convent dedicated to Mar Serkýs.

The women here, instead of veils of silk crape, wore over their heads coloured handkerchiefs, principally red. The *tassy* on the head was of the shape of a truncated bell of silver, to which were appended by the better sort of females jingling gold and silver coins, to divert (as a lively young woman told me) their tiresome husbands. Their pantaloons were red; and, from the frequent resort of Tripoline ladies to these heights for change of air, they had adopted from them the high-heeled slipper with red soles, affected by the Christian women of that city, and by them borrowed from the Cypriotes.

In the same house with the shaykh lodged another shaykh of the same family, named Girius, a man of better appearance than his colleague. Seeing that I inquired for antiques, he produced an intaglio, representing an owl, for which I offered him a considerable price; but he was quite exorbitant in his demands. I had every reason to believe, from what I afterwards heard at Tripoli, that this ring had once been the property of an Englishman, Mr Davison, who, on visiting the Cedars of Mount Lebanon, lost it in the snow. It was picked up by a man sent by the shaykh to look for it, after Mr. Davison had employed a peasant in (as he said) a fruitless search for it and had departed.

We staid here the whole of the 10th, but Lady Hester did not show herself out of doors, nor admit the females of the house into her room; and from this circumstance originated a report, which was circulated at Tripoli before our arrival, that she had guards to prevent people from gazing on her as she passed along the road.

From Bsharry[1] we proceeded to Ehden. The rainy season was now set in, and the weather was exceedingly cold in these high regions. Eden, or, as it is more properly written, Ehden, has been fancifully supposed by some travellers to be the ancient Paradise; but it has no claim whatever to such a pre-eminence, excepting in name, as there are many villages in the mountain equally, or even more, romantic. Its elevated situation renders it a pleasant summer residence, and the Franks of Tripoli resort to it annually in the hot months. In their eyes and those of the native Christians, it is no small recommendation to these almost inaccessible spots, that they live here quite away from the Turks, whose gravity and sobriety in the cities greatly repress their conviviality. Ehden abounds in lofty and spreading walnut-trees and mulberry plantations. Meandering rivulets purl through it in every direction. The cottages are substantially and neatly built, and we were nowhere

[1] For *Aphaca*, a temple dedicated to Venus, on the top of Mount Lebanon, see Zosimus, 1, 58.

more pleasantly lodged during the journey than here. The curate's widow gave up her best room for me. It was a stone walled house, with a flat roof and a floor of compact cement. The windows were without casements. The whole village was much more neatly built than any of those that we had hitherto seen.

There was a man in this village named Yusef Kawàm, who afforded much amusement. He might be said to officiate in the capacity of parasite to anybody who visited Ehden, and who would pay him for playing the character.

It was resolved to wait here for Selim, whose departure from home had been announced to Lady Hester by letter. She was lodged in a small convent, which had once belonged to the Jesuits; and every arrangement for the comfort of so numerous a party had been made by the shaykh of the village, named Latûf el Ashy, who, having passed his youth at Tripoli, as a clerk in a mercantile house, spoke a little French. Two days afterwards Selim arrived, accompanied by a boy fourteen years old, Sulymán, the son of Mâlem Skender, of Hems, of whom mention was made in a preceding part. Selim had two servants with him, and Sulymán one. Selim alighted at the shaykh's door, where an apartment was provided for him, and where I waited to receive him. On hearing the noise of his horse's feet, I ran to welcome him as an old acquaintance, and conducted him up the steps into his room. A few minutes after-

wards I was surprised to find Sulymán did not follow, and desired one of the servants to see if he had gone into a wrong room. He returned and whispered to me that Sulymán was at the foot of the steps, and would not come in, unless I went and fetched him in the same form as I had done Selim. Surprised at this boy's ridiculous ceremoniousness, I would have laughed at him, but I found that he was in good earnest. This circumstance is mentioned as illustrative of the pride of Christians in the Levant, which swells where their demands on people's civility are likely to be complied with, and shrinks into nothing before Turks, or where they expect a repulse.

The mornings were spent by Selim and myself in sitting and smoking by the side of the stream on a carpet spread for the purpose, or in riding. He had with him a very beautiful horse, which he backed with much elegance. Conducted by the shaykh, we went to view the Cedars; but they have been too often described to render it necessary to say anything about them. The neighbouring convent keeps so far a guard over these sacred trees, that no native peasant dares injure and cut them. Travellers, however, did not scruple to take away as large a branch or piece as suited their wants; but latterly some restraint has been put upon them, and it is now necessary to obtain an order for that purpose. These Cedars have a very dubious reputation, and no great beauty to recommend them. Those which grow in the grounds of Warwick

Castle are (the traditions attached to the others excepted) almost equally worth seeing.

We remained at Eden a week, and went thence to the monastery of Mar Antaniûs, (St. Anthony) situate about half a league to the south of the village, on one of the most romantic sites that can be found in any country, half way down a deep and precipitous ravine: and, although we could look down upon it from Ehden, yet, to get there, it was necessary for persons on horseback to make a circuit of two leagues. At the bottom of the ravine, which is well wooded, is a river, the Kadýshy; and the summits of the mountains quite overhang the monastery, which stands on a ledge of the rock scarcely broad enough for its base, and which is only accessible by a path, so narrow that habit alone could make persons pass it with indifference. From the rock, in the very centre of the monastery, issues a stream of water, that, in summer, must give a delicious coolness to the cloister, but now produced a cold and comfortless chill.

The friars are Maronites, fifty or sixty in number, including residents and mendicants. Many miracles are attributed, by the inhabitants of the surrounding country, to the tutelary saint of the place: such as the cure of lunacy, epilepsy, and fits; the incorruptibility of corpses buried in the monastery; and, more especially, the certain manifestation of his anger towards anything of the female sex that presumes to cross the threshold of this holy place. I believe this

to have been the chief reason that induced Lady Hester to turn out of her road to visit it. So tenacious of violation is Saint Anthony in this respect, that the hen-fowls are cooped up, lest they should stray into the sacred precincts, whilst the cocks run at large.

On our arrival, Lady Hester was accordingly lodged in a house about fifty yards distant, built for visitors; whilst we were received into the monastery. As soon as she had rested a little, she sent a message to the superior, announcing her intention of trying the Saint's gallantry, and, saying that she would, on the following day, give a dinner to him and to the shaykhs, who had escorted her from Eden, in a room of the monastery itself. She hinted at the authority with which she was furnished from the Sultan to visit what places she chose; and that, consequently, any opposition on their part would be opposition to him. But there were not wanting some priests who openly avowed their abhorrence of such impiety, whilst the greater number secretly murmured at this sacrilege on the part of a heretic, and that heretic a woman. Selim, who was a man of great discernment and knowledge of the world, which he concealed under a mock frivolity and gaiety, which made many persons imagine him to be half mad, pretended that, on such a grand occasion, nothing less than a Cashmere shawl must cover the sofa whereon Lady Hester was to sit, and that no common carpet would serve to rest her

feet on.[1] For he was much afraid that some trick would be practised by the monks, either on the sofa or carpet, in order to preserve the miraculous consistency of their saint. My own foresight went no farther than to desire that the ass should be carefully watched previous to her riding from the adjoining house to the monastery: for the path was on the edge of a low precipice, and a bramble under its tail, or a pin in the crupper, would have been sufficient to endanger the rider's life. When the dinner hour arrived, Lady Hester mounted; and, being determined that the monks should have no subterfuge, she would not dismount until she had ridden on her *she*-ass into the very hall of the building; and I verily believe, if the wiser sort did not, that at least the servants of the monastery, and her ladyship's own, expected to see the pavement gape beneath her feet and swallow her up. She visited the refectory and every place where she could put her head; but at one door there was a

[1] It must be observed that, in the East, a usual way of doing honour to distinguished guests is to spread something costly for them to tread or sit on. Thus, when it was thought that her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales would have visited Damietta, the English agent there, a rich merchant, had arranged that the path from the side of the Nile to his house door should be covered with Cashmere shawls. Carpets are seldom left spread out in a room, but are rolled up and moved from room to room as wanted, being generally small, and never made singly to cover a whole room.

momentary altercation between the two parties of monks, who were for and against her entering. We then sat down to dinner, and, at the expiration of four hours, Lady Hester retired. The news of her courage, as it was construed by some, and her sacrilege, as it was called by others, soon spread through the mountain, and was long the topic of general conversation.

This monastery had a printing-press, which lay useless, owing to the recent death of an old monk called Seraphim, who was the founder and worker of it, having himself made the font of the types. I was presented with a specimen of his labours, being a single sheet containing a notice of the miracles that had been wrought by the tutelary saint.

The glebe of Mar Antaniûs produces, as I was informed, to the amount of fifteen purses in silk.

Canubin and other convents in this district, although well worthy of the traveller's attention, were not visited by us on account of the weather. We left the friars, who were greatly satisfied with her ladyship's generosity, and proceeded, with the rain upon us, to a village called Keffer-zayny, on our road to Tripoli. Lady Hester fell from her ass in the way, but received no hurt, for two lads always walked by her, one on either side, who supported her knees and back in craggy and difficult places. The ass was without a bridle, and was left, with the sagacity for which that animal is known, to pick his own way. We were escorted by a guard of armed men. The diffi-

culties of the road were more than commonly great. A man, dressed in a splendid scarlet robe, presented himself to Lady Hester in the evening, and created a great deal of merriment by his assumed airs of importance.

On the following day we arrived at Tripoli, amidst a tremendous storm of thunder and rain. The report of Lady Hester's approach had spread through the city, and the streets through which she had to pass were lined with spectators, whose curiosity must have been great to induce them to stand the pelting of such a storm.

CHAPTER III.

Residence at Tripoli—The governor Mustafa Aga—Lady Hester's visit to him—Extraordinary civilities paid by her to Selim—Town and port of Tripoli—Greek bishop—Library—Paintings in the church—Unwholesome climate—The author's journey to the convent of Dayr Hamýra—Illness of Mûly Ismael's Khasnadár—Miraculous cures performed at the convent—The Khasnadár's wife—The monks—Castle of El Hussn—Extensive view—Arrival of Selim at the monastery—His character—Return of the author to Tripoli—Lady Hester's plan of an association of literary men and artists—Departure for Mar Elias.

The Capuchin convent, an uninhabited building, was hired for Lady Hester; and for Selim, the dragoman, and myself, a spacious house, belonging to the widow of the katib of the governor. The muleteers were dismissed, and arrangements were made for a residence of some weeks. As a clue to many circumstances which occurred during the time of our stay in this city, it will be necessary to say something respecting Mustafa Aga (nick-named Berber), the then governor, a man raised by his conduct and valour from the very dregs of the people.

Mustafa was the son of a muleteer, whose employ-

ment consisted in transporting goods for hire from place to place; and he himself, in his youth, followed the same occupation. He afterwards entered the service of Hassan, emir of the Drûzes, as an under-servant of the household. Here he caught the eye of the emir, and was advanced by him; but, probably, not liking to derogate from the character of a true Mussulman by associating with schismatics, he quitted his place and returned to Tripoli. Tripoli, at this time, was divided into two opposite factions, that of the janissaries and of the townspeople. Mustafa sided with the latter; and, having shown himself a man of talent and courage by his language and demeanour, ten or a dozen others formed themselves into a sort of gang under his direction. His followers by degrees increased; and at length a plan was formed among them to strike at the very root of the power of the janissaries by seizing the castle. This, according to the nature of the Turkish government, is the stronghold of the military power, and is bestowed generally on some confidential servant of the Porte as a check on the civil governor, who is chosen by the pasha of the department.

The aga of the janissaries, or governor of the castle, was so little suspicious of the possibility even of so bold an attack, that he resided in the city, and left only a few soldiers on guard in the citadel. Some of these were gained over by the artful Mustafa; and, at an appointed signal, ropes were let down at night,

by which he and about twenty others were drawn up, and admitted unperceived through a window.

The few soldiers who attempted to oppose them were despatched or bound, and in the morning the news was spread that Berber had obtained possession of the castle. The townspeople declared for him immediately; and his first care was to send to Mohammed, pasha of Egypt, to request him to write to the Porte to express his allegiance to his sovereign, and to obtain for him the post of Janissary Aga, or, in other words, a confirmation of the power he had usurped. After a lapse of some weeks, during which he maintained himself in the citadel, a firman arrived, proclaiming him military governor; but so powerful was the opposite faction, that he dared never venture through the streets of Tripoli without a guard of fifty or sixty persons.

It was said that, as he rode through the streets, his piercing eyes, which were turned in every direction, watched the looks of those he met; and wo to him whose guilt was supposed to be betrayed in his countenance—that moment was his last.

Next to the governor, a very important person in every Turkish town is the katib, or government secretary. Mustafa Aga had several;[1] the two chief were Wahby Sadeka and Mamy Garyb, his son-in-

[1] I dined with these gentlemen at different periods, and was generally expected to give about a crown as vails to the servants on coming away.

law, a young man who had already acquired in his situation much deserved reputation. M. Guys, grandson of the author of a Comparison between Ancient and Modern Greece, was French consul; Mr. Catsiflitz, English agent. These are the public authorities with whom travellers, generally speaking, have to do.

A day or two after our arrival, Lady Hester received Malem Wahby, the public secretary, sent by Mustafa Aga to compliment her and to offer her his services.

The visit was returned to the governor a few days afterwards. He received her ladyship in the most polite manner to which his rough character could adapt itself; for his frank and hearty welcome was strongly contrasted with the generally formal courtesy of the Turks. Selim sat on the floor at the governor's feet; for native Christians seldom obtain the privilege of a seat on the sofa in a great Turk's presence, and are well content not to be kept standing Lady Hester found means, in a short conversation, to impress Mustafa Aga with a favourable opinion of her talents and character; and ever afterwards he showed a strong disposition to serve her on all occasions. Everything about the Aga wore a martial appearance; and his black slave, who stood at a little distance from him, armed with pistols in his girdle, seemed, by his attitude and air, to be the faithful guardian of his master's safety.

Mustafa Aga had several Christians among his

soldiers, destined for the service of the police This is uncommon in Asiatic Turkey, for examples of it occurred nowhere else, that I saw.

In coming away, I had an opportunity of judging of the extreme simplicity of the Aga's mode of living. His dinner was laid out on a mat, on the floor of a room which we passed, and consisted of six or eight messes of pilau and yakhny, which are boiled rice and a stew of small bits of meat and vegetables, and these in dishes of common queen's-ware. There were no knives or forks, and the spoons were wooden. A man in England, living like a temperate Mahometan, would pass for a prodigy with some, and with others, for one who took not enough to support life; by all, he would be considered as a most sober liver · for the food of Mustafa Aga, like that of most of the followers of Mahomet, was generally confined to rice, boiled mutton, vegetables, honey, and fruit. Water was his only drink; and, on the very afternoon of this visit, being requested to call on him that he might consult me respecting some indisposition, when I advised him to use a tincture, which he understood from me was compounded of spirit, he totally rejected it, upon the plea that, in whatever state he might be, his abhorrence of vinous liquors was settled.

In the mean time, Mâlem Selim was treated with the most marked civility by Lady Hester. The public bath was hired for him an evening or two after our arrival. Two sumptuous repasts were prepared

for him every day, and people saw with wonder the deference that was paid him by her ladyship. But she had her ends to answer; and on such occasions it might be observed, by those in the habit of living near her, that she often would raise very humble individuals to an elevation to which they had not been accustomed, by which they were the more easily led to forget their natural prudence, and communicate more readily the information she wanted. She knew that, when these artificial props were taken away, folks could very easily be made to drop to their own level again.

In the middle ages, Tripoli was the scene of much warfare. It was taken by the crusaders after a siege of seven years, and retaken by the Saracens in 1229 by sap.

Modern Tripoli is the head of a pashalik, extending north and south from Nahr Ibrahim to Bylán, and bounded on the east by the highest chain of the mountains which run parallel to the coast. Ali, a pasha of two tails, held it, but resided at St. Jean d'Acre as kekhyah of Sulimán Pasha, whilst Mustafa Aga governed in his stead. It is the best built and cleanest town along the coast of Syria; perhaps, too, the largest, certainly, at the time we are speaking of, the most commercial; although now superseded by Beyrout. The castle is at the south-east part of the city, and is of Saracen or Frank construction. There are five or six mosques. The Greeks and Maronites have their churches, and the Franciscans and Capu-

chins their monasteries. A river runs by the city, which serves to irrigate the gardens. As it is built at some distance from the sea, (about one mile) there is a small town, called the Myna, close to the harbour, if the insecure anchorage formed by two or three rocks deserves that name. Between the city and the Myna are the orchards and gardens, which are the boast of the place, both for their productions and beauty. Oranges were now in season, which have been before mentioned as very juicy at this place. One of the chief sources of wealth to the city was the manufacture of silk turbans, sashes, bath waist-cloths, and saddle-covers, which are in request throughout Syria. The Christians here were of the Greek church; and so violent were they against schismatics, that it was dangerous for a Greek Catholic to tarry in the place for a few hours. The bishop of Tripoli was an agreeable man, who spoke often in praise of the English: for he had known many of that nation, when our army invaded Egypt the second time under General Fraser, at which period he was residing as a priest at the Greek convent of Alexandria.

I had an opportunity of seeing, in the bishop's house, the library belonging to the see. The books had been thrown into a lumber room, and left there to be devoured by the rats, or more slowly consumed by moths and damp. There were some Greek manuscripts The church was undergoing a thorough repair, and, to embellish the altar screen, a Candiote

painter had been sent for, whose skill in his art seemed to me far from despicable. He showed me some copies from Italian engravings which were very well executed: and, when I asked him if he did not prefer them to the gilded daubs of Virgins* and Saints of his own church, he showed himself perfectly aware of the faults of his countrymen's manner, but said he must paint to please, or he could not live.

The climate of Tripoli is reputed to be the worst in Syria, and the cadaverous looks of the inhabitants bore evidence to the truth of the assertion; for, although the season was far advanced, it was grievous to behold and hear of the number of the sick. The prevailing disease was a bilious remittent fever: this, if not fatal, generally left an ague, which, ending in obstructions, brought on dropsy and death. I was witness here to a fatal mortification from the application of leeches by a French doctor to the foot; to the only case of gout that came under my observation in Syria; to the worst case of epilepsy I ever saw; and to hysterical fits, with lunar recurrences, from seven to fifteen times in the twenty-four hours, which had now lasted two years. These latter I cured, and may cite that cure as having led to one of those ingenious subterfuges, which were not rare in the Levant, to avoid the weight of an obligation. When the young lady, who had been thus afflicted, was found to be relieved by my treatment of her, she was hurried off to the convent of Mar Antaniüs

Kuziyah (famed, as I have already mentioned, for miraculous cures) from which, in a few days, she returned, and her parents and friends were loud in their admiration of the Saint, who took no fees, and dumb on the merits of the doctor, who they were afraid would.

We had not been long at Tripoli,[1] when a letter reached Lady Hester from her old friend Mûly Ismael of Hamah, requesting she would allow me to go to a monastery, eight or ten leagues from Tripoli, where his khasnadár or treasurer, a man whom he greatly esteemed, was lying grievously afflicted with a stroke of the palsy. Accordingly, I set off a day or two afterwards, on the 20th of December, and was fortunate enough to hire one of the muleteers, who had accompanied us on the Bâlbec journey, to carry my luggage. I was mounted on a mule, and placed my man, Giovanni, with a few necessaries on another, whilst the muleteer, named Michael, walked.

As we went out of Tripoli, about noon, the rain fell in torrents, and we were soon wet through. Our route lay about east-north-east; and, after passing a stony and rugged road, we came upon an extensive

[1] We heard here, with pleasure, a eulogium passed on two of our countrymen, by the grateful widow and daughters of a M Cuzi, who, in the prosecution of a journey, as intrepreter, with two English gentlemen, Major C and Mr F, fell a victim to a fever, and left a family who would have seen want staring them in the face, but for the liberal relief afforded them by these gentlemen

us. A dozen tongues addressed us at once to inquire why we had stopped short of the caravansery, and many jokes were cracked upon our miserable appearance. In twenty minutes we reached Nahr el Kebýr, a river, on the banks of which was a large, but dilapidated caravansery, where we found a man, who, for a small recompense, stripped and walked before us through the ford. The stream was rapid and deep, so that for a moment I feared we should have been carried away by it: which, encumbered with dress as we were, would have been to our inevitable destruction.

We now advanced with as much expedition as possible, and at last came to the end of the plain. A gentle ascent brought us among some low hills, covered with stunted shrubs, and shortly afterwards we came to the monastery. The building was of stone, and seemed of great solidity. I dismounted, and was made to enter by a door, the lowest, bearing that name, I had ever seen in my life. For, as this monastery stands quite away from any town, and is in the high road from Tripoli to Hems and Hamah, by which road troops are frequently passing, a difficult entrance is a necessary precaution to prevent the refectory from being converted into a stable: which troopers, not liking to lose sight of their horses, would often unceremoniously do.

I was put into a neat room, and immediately presented with a pipe and coffee, followed by a break-

fast; whilst two garrulous priests told me why I was come, which they seemed to know better than myself, and questioned me on the news of Tripoli. With respect to the khasnadár, my patient, I gathered some particulars of his life. It appeared that he had been, as a youth, a *favourite* of Mûly Ismael, who, when he arrived at manhood, created him his khasnadár, and gave him in marriage to one of his concubines, of whom he himself was tired. Soon after their union, the khasnadár had a stroke of the palsy, which deprived him of the use of his limbs and utterance. Every known means had been tried for his recovery; and, as a last resource, it was resolved to send him to Dayr Hamýra, this monastery, which was dedicated to Saint George, and renowned far and wide for miraculous cures, effected in the following manner. The afflicted person was made to sleep in the chapel, his bed being placed there for that purpose, and round his neck was put an iron collar, jointed behind, and shutting over a staple before, in which sometimes a pin was inserted. He slept; and, if the cure was within the reach or the will of the Saint, the collar was found open in the morning; if otherwise, shut. Offerings, or vows in case of success, were made to propitiate the Dragon-killer, and it was said that from a rich man a trifle would not content him. The khasnadár had made the trial two or three times without success: when his wife, who accompanied him, having heard of our arrival at Tripoli, thought that the request of Mûly

Ismael would be sufficient to bring me over to the monastery to see him: and a horse soldier, as has been said, was accordingly despatched with a letter to that effect.

After my breakfast I went to see my patient, whom I found with his wife in an adjoining room. A best carpet was spread for me; coffee and pipes were served. The khasnadár was a plethoric young man about twenty-five; and, but for sickness, must have been very handsome. His wife was veiled at first by a shawl over her head, and pinched together by her hand so as to show one eye only; but by degrees she let it fall open, and I beheld a masculine woman of thirty or thereabouts. She was a Georgian, and had been a slave. I immediately took my patient in hand, and, as it is always necessary in the East, enacted, in the course of an hour, the parts of physician, surgeon, and apothecary. I then left him, and went to look over the monastery.

It was inhabited by three caloyers only, who, according to the rules of this Greek monastic order, are permitted, except on fast-days, to indulge in coffee, smoking, drinking, and eating, to what extent they please, with the exception of meat, which is allowed only twice a year. Hence I was requested to administer medicines for the corpulence of the one, the indigestion of the other, the pimples of a third. There were three or four good rooms on the story which they inhabited, and beneath were storehouses well

stocked with wine, oil, wheat, and eatables. There were two or three servants, and a mule or two; and thus this small community lived. As the extreme lowness of the entrance was still strongly present to my thoughts, I asked them concerning it. They assigned the reason I have above given, and added that the mule of the convent had been taught to crawl through on his knees, of which I was afterwards an eye-witness, in consequence of my previous incredulity.

There was an annual festival celebrated at this place, upon which occasion persons come from Ḥamah, Hems, Tripoli, and other towns in great numbers. At midnight, the image of St George on horseback is seen against the wall of the convent, at which vision the people set up a shout, and rejoicings continue until morning.

As this road is much frequented, not a night passed in which travellers or caravans did not stop. A sort of shed sheltered the horses and mules, and the people, if respectable, were received into the interior. The monks supplied them with food, which was good or bad in proportion to the recompence expected, and this employment was so lucrative that the monastery was supported by it. Their funds had been enough at one period to enable them to build a caravansery, which they had begun, but were prevented from proceeding in by an order from the government. This happened during the rule of Yusef Pasha, and the half-built caravansery adjoined the monastery.

I expressed my wonder how a strict Mahometan could have resorted to the shrine of a Christian saint; but the caloyers told me that this was by no means a rare occurrence, and that, if I stopped a few days among them, I should see many Ansáiys, who had recourse to them in all their difficulties, and especially when their wives wished for children; and, in fact, there did afterwards come a party of ten or twelve on account of sickness.

The evening was passed with the khasnadár's wife in talking over the news of Hamah. On the following day I had a visit from the katib of the district (if so he may be called), the person who was the accredited agent[1] in all transactions between government and the people. He too was in want of a doctor; for it is to be observed, that, although in the East no traveller has such advantages as a medical man, because he is well received everywhere, yet no one is so much harassed: and I sometimes thought the people pretended to have maladies either to get English medicines given to them, which they prized greatly; or to learn what mode of cure was to be pursued in case such a disease really affected them; for at no place was I secure from interruption from morning to night.

On the 15th I rode up to a castle, which stands on

[1] His name was Sulimán, the son of Ibrahim, katib of Hussn and Safýna, which is an adjoining district, and where he lived.

the highest part of the hills through which the road passes from the sea-coast to Cœle-Syria. From its position it commands the passage, in a certain degree; it is distant from the monastery about one mile and a half, as the crow flies. The road was of no difficult steepness, and lay through small brushwood. A long, dark, covered way, filthy with cow-dung and mire, led to the gate, which appeared to have had a portcullis and all the apparatus of early fortifications. I entered through it into a spacious court, in which were living several Turkish families. The castle was composed of a keep and outer works, flanked with round towers; but the whole was in a dilapidated state.

I was taken to a smoky stone room under the gateway, where a man, in a tawdry yellow silk pelisse, the shaykh of the village, received me with an air which brought to my recollection Juvenal's description of the magistrate of Cumæ. It may be observed of the Turks and Christians, that the former are often more gaily dressed than their means warrant; whilst the latter, in spite of the humility of garb to which they are condemned, swell sometimes with the pride which a full purse gives, and excite the envy of their better-dressed masters. The name of the castle was El Hussn, which signifies a walled fortification.[1]

From the top of the keep I enjoyed a most ex-

[1] It would appear that this is the place described by Abulfeda (page 102), under the name of Hussn el Kerâd. His

tensive view, which is to be recommended to travellers as favourable for obtaining a correct notion of the natural geographical divisions of this part of Syria. This keep bears from Tripoli north-east and by east-half-north. I saw from it the wide plains towards Hamah and Hems narrowing into the vale of the Bkâ, the Cœle-Syria Proper of the ancients; whilst the whole tract of level country to the north and east of the Bkâ was called Cæle-Syria in general. As I was now on the highest spot within the pass, I saw the error into which the generality of maps lead, when they mark a continuous chain of mountains from one end of Syria to the other; for, from the castle, I could behold the north extremity of Mount Lebanon reach its greatest height, and descend suddenly into low hills down to the foot of the castle, upon which I stood; whilst, from the monastery, a new chain may be said to begin, extending, if my information be just, as far as the river Syr, and forming the ancient Mount Bargylus, mentioned by Pliny.—(Hist. v., 17.) I cannot express my sensations as I looked from the place on which I stood over the Desert. A haze, raised by the heat of the sun over the surface of the country, dimmed the sight of objects so as to give the distant plains a look more boundless and desolate than usual. I obtained here a few copper coins of no value

words are "Hussn el Keràd is a fortified castle, facing Hems to the west, upon the mountain. This castle is a day's journey from Hems, and the like distance from Tripoli"

The shaykh spoke with pleasure of an Englishman, who had passed a night there some years before, and who was dressed in scarlet, and slept under a tent. These Mahometans were in an exposed position, in case of warfare, as they were surrounded by Ansáirys and Christians

I returned to the monastery much pleased with my excursion. Selim and Sulimán had now judged their visit to Lady Hester to have been long enough, and left her during my absence. Their road lay past the monastery, and they made it their station on their way home, arriving here on the 17th at night. Sulimán showed a pretty watch-chain, with other presents which Lady Hester made him. The khasnadár and his wife were well known to Selim; and Selim's wife was a native of a village in this neighbourhood; so that the monastery was a scene of festivity on his arrival, and several cavaliers, whom I had not before suspected to be in the neighbourhood, came from different directions to visit him.

But my patient, amidst all this, grew no better, and I could do no more than draw out a line of cure, and beg the wife to adhere strictly to it, which she promised to do; for Lady Hester had written to me to request me to return; and on the 19th, in the morning, I departed, leaving Selim still there; and in him I bade adieu to a man, the strangest compound of talent, frivolity, liberality, and libertinism, that I ever met with. He was the most wayward of mortals.

He was ever writing sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow, and carried about with him small bags of silk, stuffed with ribbon-ends, locks of hair, and scraps of love-letters. Often would he cut up portions of a lock of hair, and deliberately eat them, which. I found from him, is a favourite way in the East of marking a lover's devotion. It was told me, upon creditable authority, that he lay a whole night on the grave of one of his mistresses who had died. He would recite amatory poetry stanza after stanza, and his own compositions were admired by such as pretended to be judges. Upon one occasion, at the commencement of our acquaintance, dining with Mr. B. and myself, he tried a little while to make use of a knife and fork, but, not managing them well, he threw them away with vehemence, and declared, if he must not eat but with them, he would even go without his dinner. He was an excellent horseman;[1] and one of his feats on horseback was to throw a stick, of the thickness of a broom-handle and half its length, on the ground in a full gallop, and to make it rebound so as to catch it in his hand again. This is certainly difficult, as any horseman may prove by experiment, and requires much force and expertness, but has no use that I know

[1] One of Selim's horses continually moved his head up and down. This is esteemed, in the East, a mark of a high-bred horse, and is supposed to have something holy in it, I believe because it resembles the motion which learned and devout Mahometans put on when reading the Corán.

of, excepting to teach how to exercise the arm with violence without losing one's seat. Of his cleverness there was ample testimony from all quarters; and of his intriguing disposition there could be no doubt; for he was ever toiling to exalt himself, and pull down somebody.[1]

My journey back to Tripoli was more fortunate than the one out had been. Near the city I observed a pretty spot by the road side, the name of which I forget, where I saw certain fish in a pond which were as tame as gold fish kept in a vase, and would eat out of one's hand.

One day (January 12) Lady Hester spoke to me of a plan, which she had been turning over in her mind, of forming an association of literary men and artists, whom she proposed inviting from Europe, for the purpose of prosecuting discoveries in every branch of knowledge, and of journeying over different parts of the Ottoman empire. In fact, she aimed at creating another Institute, like that which Buonaparte led with him to Egypt, and of which she was to be

[1] It perhaps may amuse some persons to know that parasites, or toadies, as they are now called, are as common in Syria as in other countries. Selim, wherever he went, was generally accompanied by a man, to whom, upon all occasions, he was accustomed to appeal for a confirmation of his assertions This man accordingly would attest, with violent asseverations, anything, however hyperbolical or exaggerated, that Selim advanced.

the head. Chimerical as such an undertaking would be for an individual, unless of great wealth, it must be allowed that a society so made up can alone combine all the requisites for thoroughly investigating the arts, sciences, statistics, geography, and antiquities of a country imperfectly known, like Syria.

For a time her mind was entirely engrossed in this new scheme; and she even drew up memorials to be presented to different persons whom she wished to enlist and engage in the undertaking. Wonderful was the facility with which she would square every word to the different tempers and situations of different persons, anticipate their different objections, and (which was no immaterial part,) show how contributions were to be levied on the rich; for she proposed to do it by subscription. The experiments, likewise, which she intended to prosecute on the plague, and on the bites of venomous animals, by means of the bezoar and serpent stones, were now a favourite hobby with her; and she particularly charged me to write about them to certain persons only, lest some one should get hints enough to anticipate her discoveries, and thus rob her of a part of her renown!

As there was nothing to detain us longer at Tripoli, our departure for Mar Elias was resolved on; and, on the 16th of January, fresh muleteers having been hired at three piasters and a half per day, we proceeded

on our journey. We were accompanied, during the first stage, by Mâlem Yanny, the brother-in-law of Mr. Catsiflitz, a gentleman who, on several occasions, had been very attentive to us during our residence at Tripoli, officiating for Mr. Catsiflitz, the consul, who was too old to be any longer active.

CHAPTER IV.

Journey from Tripoli to Abra—Monastery of Dayr Natûr—Grave of Mr. Cotter—Ruins of Enfeh—Batrûn—Renegado priest—Remarks on apostates—Gebayl, the ancient Byblus—Mulberry plantations—Castle—Public-houses—Nahr Ibrahim, the river Adonis—Taberjeh—Ejectment of cottagers in rain and cold—Nahr el Kelb, the ancient river Lycus—Inscriptions—Shuifád—Visit of Lady Hester to the Syt Habus—Capugi Bashi sent to Lady Hester—Mbárak, the groom—His dexterity—Nebby Yunez, the tomb of Jonah—Arrival at Mar Elias—Precautions adopted against the Capugi Bashi.

Instead of taking the direct road, we proceeded along the sea-shore About two hours' march from Tripoli we passed the village of Calamûn, the ancient Calamos: inhabited entirely by sherýfs, or descendants of the Prophet, Mahomet. This was the birthplace of Berber· and he was said to have paid but one visit to it since his elevation to his present greatness, although he often spoke of his humble birth and former occupations: how far he would have liked to hear the same remarks from other people's mouths is not clear. At Calamûn we turned towards the west, and arrived at Dayr Natûr, where it was proposed to halt.

Dayr Natûr was a monastery of plain and rude construction, with a few small vaulted cells: the one wherein my bed was placed would but just contain it. There was a well of rain water in the middle of the yard, and stabling for horses and mules. The church had a few pictures of very ordinary merit: two monks and a rays (or superior)[1] served it. The monastery stood on a point of land projecting into the sea, and forming one of the horns of the bay of Tripoli. It was at this place that Mr. Cotter, an Englishman, in the month of July, 1813, fell a victim to the climate, having, with his companion, Mr. Davison, and their servant, been seized with a bilious fever, which carried him off, but spared the other two. I visited his grave; and, although I knew him not, dropped over it a tear of sympathy for his fate; which, in the name of fellow-countryman and from our common perils in a foreign land, my melancholy feelings made me readily deplore.

As Lady Hester was somewhat indisposed, we remained here during the 17th, and I took this opportunity of accompanying Mâlem Girius Yanny, who was still with us, to a place called Enfeh, one hour's ride from the monastery, due south-west. The path was by the sea-side, through a rugged rocky soil admitting of no cultivation, except on one or two patches which were manured for tobacco.

[1] Rays means a captain of a vessel, or the superior of a community, or the head of any body of persons.

Enfeh[1] was now but a hamlet: formerly the same site had been covered by a large city, probably the ancient Trieris. There was a church still standing, which had been lately repaired, seemingly of Venetian construction: and, on a tongue of land about a quarter of a mile long, at the very extreme point, were to be distinctly made out the ruins of a castle. This tongue of land was cut across, at its root, by a ditch made through the solid rock: the place of the draw-bridge was yet visible, and two small chambers likewise hewn out of the rock were yet perfect. One we found with the door blocked up by stones On pushing them down, it proved to be a storeroom for salt, collected from tanks and hollows close by. The neighbouring rocks were full of excavations, presenting the same appearances as those at Latakia and at other parts of the coast of Syria, having been no doubt sarcophagi.

Mâlem Girius Yanny told me that at the back of Enfeh there was a village called Amyûn, with other similar chambers. All these, most probably, were anterior in date to the castle We returned to Dayr Natûr, where he finally took his leave of us, and returned to Tripoli.

The next day we left Dayr Natûr, and, keeping by the sea-side, passed, at the distance of three quarters

[1] Burkhardt spells it Amfy. His words are, "Below, on the sea-shore, at the extremity of a point of land, is a lone village, called Amfy, and near it the convent Dair Natour."

of an hour, Enfeh, seen yesterday, and a spring called Muggr. The soil, thus far, had been rude and rocky, and, where there was mould, had been red: but here-abouts it changed to black, and the mountain on our left receded, so as to leave a small level, as far as the hamlet of Herry, an hour and a half further. Here finished the district of Cûrah, which is a low mountain south of Tripoli, and celebrated for its tobacco, which has the properties of scintillating, like the Gebely tobacco (or tobacco of Mount Lebanon). At Herry began mulberry-tree plantations, for the nourishment of silkworms.

Having rested an hour at Herry, we ascended the Mesàlah, which terminates toward the sea in a promontory, mentioned above under the name of Ras el Shakâ. This promontory, the Theoprosopon, is considered by Strabo as the termination of Mount Lebanon: and so it is, inasmuch as it is but a western branch at the end of that chain, which, however, appears more properly to finish at that part, where, having attained its greatest height, and being covered with perpetual snow, it abruptly sinks into low hills a few leagues to the north of the Cedars, near Calât Hussn. The soil on the Mesálah is argillaceous, and, as there had been rain lately, was very slippery; so that the mules and asses were continually falling. In wet weather, this hill, as we were told, was considered by the carriers the most difficult road along the country. The ascent and descent took up about an hour and a half: after which we traversed a narrow valley in

which stood a castle, perched on a pointed rock in the centre, and at the foot of which ran a river, called Nahr el Joze, a stream of some depth, but narrow. We arrived in one hour more at Botrûn, the ancient Botrus.

Botrûn is a seaport town, used only by small fishing-boats, as it does not afford a safe anchorage for large vessels. It was in the hands of the emir of the Drûzes, and was governed by a bailiff deputed by him There were few Turkish families in it: the Christians were Maronites and Greeks. There are several excavated tombs; and close to the town the rock shows the marks of the chisel in every direction. Botrûn is a town of the highest antiquity, said to have been built by a king of Tyre.[1]

I was visited in the evening by two persons, both of whom had apostatized to the Mahometan religion, and afterwards recanted. One was a Greek priest, who became a follower of Mahomet for the sake of a sum of money, subscribed by the Turks of Antioch upon his pretended conversion. Having undergone the requisite ceremony necessary on induction to the Mahometan faith, he pocketed the money, fled with it, and recanted. He was now living despised and in wretchedness: nor could he quit the emir's territory lest he should be seized and impaled. The other, a native of Leghorn, had a more pardonable weakness to excuse his conduct. His name was Ducci, and he gave me the outline of his history as follows. He became acquainted, early in life, with Colonel Capper,

an Englishman, who had been sent on some mission to Suez, and whom he accompanied to England: where he remained more than a twelvemonth, and learned the language. By the colonel's interest he was employed to go overland to India with despatches for the East India Company. There he entered into the Company's service, in a regiment called "the Europeans," when Sir T. Rumbold was governor of Bombay, succeeded afterwards by Sir Eyre Coote. He fought in seven engagements against Hyder Ali, when he obtained leave to return to England. In his way overland he stopped at Aleppo, where he married Miss Hayes, the English consul's daughter: in consequence of which connexion he was made English agent at Latakia, to forward government and other despatches to and from India.

After a lapse of some years, he formed a connexion with one of his maid servants, who became pregnant by him: when, to avoid the reproaches of his wife, he turned Mahometan, obliged his maid servant to do the same, and then married her[1] according to the Turkish law. Afterwards, feeling remorse for what he had done, he recanted: but, dreading lest the Turks should lay hands on him, he fled to the mountain of the Drûzes, the asylum of many others who seek to hide their shame, or dread the retributive hand of justice. His first wife's relations made many attempts

[1] This kind of marriage is called in Arabic El Menmah—conjugium temporarium.

to induce him to quit his illicit commerce with his maid servant, but in vain.

When I saw him, he was in great distress, and was keeping a small shop to maintain his family, now increased by the addition of three children: yet Signor Ducci had once been the owner of the fine house which we occupied at Latakia. Lady Hester gave him such consolation as she could, and twenty rubías.[1] We passed the evening together. His manners were gentlemanlike; he spoke English remarkably well, and I had reason to think that, for two or three hours at least, in conversation about India and England, he forgot his misfortunes, and was comparatively happy.

The history of Signor Ducci and that of the other apostate prove that the lot of such persons is not enviable. Indeed, the Turks, as far as I could learn, never overlook a recantation: but, as a set-off to this, they are never very severe with their new converts, if they will only preserve the external forms of their religion; but such as are really sincere in their conversion they will assist on every occasion. Thus, at Jaffa, as will be mentioned hereafter, I saw a venerable shaykh, who, from a Christian wallet-maker, had become a reverend ulemá among the Mahometans. The Scotch private soldier, who, under the name of Yahyah, became physician to the son of Mohammed

[1] About £3 sterling. Roubles, rupees, rubías, are all the same word in different tongues

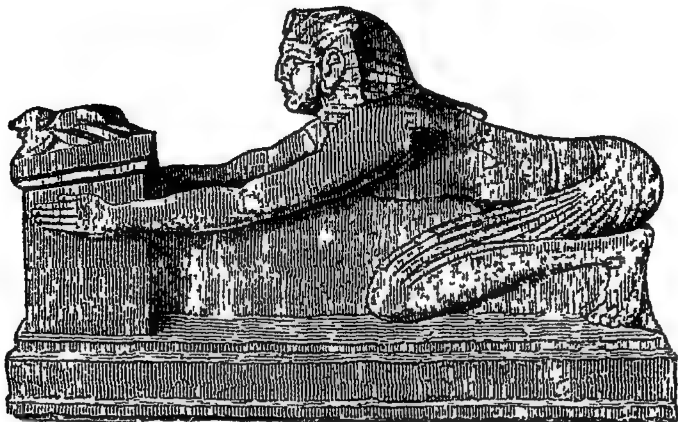
Ali, certainly gained by the change; and, for the general indulgence which converts to Mahometanism are allowed, the whole troop of French Mamelukes in Egypt were standing examples; for they had nothing of Turks about them but the name. To say how far a man may be excused for changing his religion, and whether, upon any grounds, he can be excused at all, is a matter upon which we do not pretend to speak. Pearce, who resided in Abyssinia, seems to have acted on motives of expediency. The groom of Captain H, who purchased horses for the English army, was probably a man of no religion: he became a Mahometan for the sake of gain, and would have made himself pagan for the same reason. Burckhardt had a nobler object in view in his simulation—the advancement of knowledge: yet even his motives have not escaped censure.

We quitted Botrûn on the 19th; and, still keeping the sea-coast, arrived, after five hours' travelling, at Gebayl Through the whole of this distance Mount Lebanon came down to the water's edge, scarcely leaving a mule-path between its foot and the surf of the sea. About two hours before reaching Gebayl, the soil is rocky beyond any part of the coast we had yet passed; but still it was covered with mulberry grounds. The cultivation of these grounds is lucrative, no doubt, but they are disagreeable objects to the eye, as the trees look like so many tall posts; being every year stripped entirely of their branches

Gebayl was anciently called Byblus.[1] It is now a walled town, containing within its circuit perhaps 300 houses, half of which were at this time in ruins. It has a castle, apparently the work of the Saracens or Crusaders, for Gebayl was taken by them. Over one of the gates was an heraldic shield, with a motto or inscription beneath, but too disfigured and too high up to be legible. The castle is square, with ramparts, and a citadel with double walls. It was repaired by the Emir Abd-el-dyn. Hassan, the last emir but one, resided here, and the two sons of Emir Yusef, successor to Hassan, had their eyes put out here by order of their uncle, the Emir Beshyr, who dispossessed them of the sovereignty. It had one piece of ordnance broken in half. There were also two standards preserved here—white, with a green band in the middle. The walls of the town consist of curtains and bastions. The port is very small, capable of sheltering coasting boats only. By means of a mole it might, as could almost all the ports of Syria, be made fit for large vessels. There is also a church, which I went to see, but found nothing remarkable in it. At a subsequent period, the emir of the Druzes presented Lady Hester with a figure of Isis on her knees, holding before her, and between her hands, an

[1] Strabo, xvi 755 1 Kings, v. Josh. xiii 5. Ezekiel, xxvii 9. Ptolemy places Byblus ten miles south of Botrus; this agrees very nearly with five hours' march, ass's pace..

altar, on which was a scarabæus. This perfect piece of sculpture was presented to the late Lord Lonsdale, and is now in England. It was found at Gebayl, by some workmen whilst turning up the soil. Adonis had temples in the city, but I know not of any Egyptian worship having existed here.



STATUE FOUND AT GEBAYL.

Gebayl had a motsellem, but his power hardly exceeded that of an English constable. He was a Turk, which, considering that the place belonged to the emir of the Drûzes, and that almost all the inhabitants were Christians, was somewhat extraordinary; but the presence of a Turkish governor was in some degree necessary, as many capugi-bashis and emissaries of the Porte were continually passing this road. The rocks round the town were every where full of exca-

vated sepulchres; and, in Abulfeda's time, Gebayl had a port, a bazar, and a mosque.

We remained here the 20th and 21st of January, on account of the weather, which was exceedingly tempestuous: on the 22nd we again moved, although the rain fell in torrents. The road was still uneven and stony. From Tripoli, Lady Hester had adopted the plan of breaking the day's journey by an hour's rest at some spot half way; and, for this purpose, it was generally necessary to cause a peasant's cabin to be emptied and swept: but the fleas sometimes swarmed to such a degree, that it was impossible to get rid of them. On these occasions the practice of the servant employed on this duty was to go into the middle of the room, bare his leg, and watch how many fleas jumped on him from the floor. Sometimes they might be seen like iron filings drawn to a magnet, blackening the skin. This day the resting-place was on the banks of Nahr Ibrahim, the ancient river Adonis, in a small public-house, close by the bridge. These public-houses, for no more precise name can be given them, generally consisted of small sheds, the walls of which were bare rough stones or mud, no better materials being used in their construction. Adjoining was another large shed, to afford shelter for beasts of burden. Corn, straw, coffee, and tobacco, were sold in them as well as wine and brandy, this being in the territory of the emir of the Drûzes, where Christians might do with impunity what they dared

not do in other provinces of the Ottoman Empire; nor is there any road, that I recollect, where these places of entertainment are so numerous as on the coast road from Tripoli to Beyrout.

Nahr Ibrahim is two hours' distance from Gebayl. Its stream was, at this time, about as large and as deep as the river Cherwell, where it empties itself into the Isis at Oxford; but we were now in the very height of the rainy season; the stream, therefore, would probably be very much less in summer. It had over it a light elegant bridge of three arches.

One mile and a half more brought us to Taberjeh,[1] where it was intended to pass the night. Whilst Lady Hester was resting at the bridge, I rode forward, and was told by the servant that the cottagers, with tears in their eyes, begged that they might not be turned out of doors in the wet and cold. This hamlet consisted of a few cottages, and, as usual, we were furnished with an order to select the most convenient for

[1] So it is written in my notes, but I am inclined to think the name of this hamlet is Mynat Bergeh, or the port of Bergeh. It was in going to this place, that, finding one of the Turkish muleteers exceedingly careless, I dismounted, and laid a stick sharply across his shoulders. This was the only time, thus far in my travels, I ever struck a Mahometan; and, although he merely vented his dudgeon in words, I was very apprehensive that, on our arrival at Beyrout, he would take an opportunity of raising a mob against me. I would not advise a European ever to strike a Mussulman, whatever the provocation may be.

our lodging. Upon these occasions the tenants were sent for the night to the houses of their friends and relations. But we were so many in number, and the cottages so few, that, the rain falling in torrents, a removal seemed an act of cruelty; this, however, I was reluctantly obliged to enforce. In one cottage a young woman had lain-in five days only, but was up, and, though she did not seem to consider her case peculiarly hard, an exemption was made in her favour: thus, by degrees, and from the hope of a handsome recompense, the cottages were vacated, and contentment was restored. So incessant was the rain, that, for this night, it was fortunate we were not sleeping under tents instead of mud roofs.

Taberjeh is a fishing hamlet by the sea-side, close to a small creek, in which were anchored two or three fishing-boats.

On the 23d we loaded our mules, and continued our journey over a rocky soil, and along a most difficult road. In three quarters of an hour we came to Nahr Mahameltayn, over which was a bridge, the work of the ancients. The river was scarcely knee-deep, and, like many others which obtain that name in sultry countries, was, properly speaking, no more than a watercourse. After Mahameltayn, the soil became sandy. Here began the district of Keserwân (falsely spelt by many authors Casteryan), the most populous, it is said, of all Lebanon. The villages certainly stood very thick, with hamlets and cottages at small inter-

vals between them. The monasteries, also, with their belfries, denoted the liberty which the Christians here enjoyed, a bell being in Turkey a distinctive emblem of their religion, which (as prohibited by the Mahometans) they take more pride in erecting than they would an hospital.

Gûnyh (pronounced Jewny), an hour and a half from Taberjey, is a hamlet by the sea-side, with a small pavilion or pleasure-house to which the emir sometimes resorted. Half an hour farther is a small rocky cape. Passing this, the strand is again sandy, during one hour, as far as Nahr el Kelb, the ancient Lycus, a river somewhat larger than Nahr Ibrahim, and with a bridge over it the precise counterpart of the other, but of a later date. Here commenced the district of Metten. Ascending a rocky cape, which is close to the river on the south side, several inscriptions were seen on the faces of the rock, which had been smoothed for the purpose; but, as it was nearly dark when we passed, I had no time to read or try to read them, and they are very fully described in other books of travel. They are said to relate to the road,[1] which bears marks of having been anciently cut, with great labour, in the solid rock; for in the middle are still seen steps, eight or ten feet broad, each step jagged, to prevent beasts of burden from slipping. There seemed also to have been a causeway on each side, and a parapet on the side next the sea.

[1] Via Antoniana. This road was made by Aurelius. (Pococke.)

After crossing the promontory we again found ourselves on the sandy strand; and, at the distance of one hour and a half from the river Kelb, diverging from the seaside somewhat into the mountain, we stopped at a village called Kunet Elias, in a small Maronite monastery. The shafts of two granite pillars lay at the entrance; but I am not aware what ancient edifice occupied this spot.

On the 24th, we quitted Kunet Elias, and, in one hour and three quarters, crossed the bridge of Beyrout,[1] distant from the city more than a league. The river, which runs beneath it, is the ancient Magoras.[2] Numerous mulberry plantations in every direction denoted the principal product of the district. To cross the bridge we had been led considerably to the W. of our direct road; and, when over it, we inclined to the S.E., and, leaving Beyrout on our right, in three hours, reached Shuifád, a large burgh on the first rise of Mount Lebanon.

Lady Hester's purpose in going thither was to

[1] Beyrout was taken from the Saracens, by Baldwin, in 1111, and lost in 1187. It was anciently a famous school of civil law.

[2] Some say the Adonis (Brown); some the Tamyras (Poc.); but Brown seems to have been exceedingly inaccurate in assigning names to places and things along the coast of Syria; and Pococke places the Tamyras, which we shall presently pass, and which is the modern Damûr, some miles too far North The similarity of Tamyr and Damûr might have saved Pococke from this blunder.

visit the Syt Habûs,[1] a celebrated Drûze lady, sprung from a noble family, who had in her own hands the administration of several villages, which she farmed from the Shaykh Beshýr;—a singular thing in this country, where the women seldom take upon themselves or have any other duties but such as are domestic Shufád, where she resided, was a populous burgh, consisting of three large parishes, separated from each other by deep water ravines, worn by the mountain torrents descending through the burgh. It is distant from Beyrout one league, and commands a fine view both of the forest of olive trees which covered the plains of Beyrout, and of the sea beyond.

If the Syt Habûs was an object of curiosity to Lady Hester, the latter was not less so to the Syt. But their meeting did not take place until the 26th, as her ladyship was much fatigued, and wished to enjoy a little repose. The habitation assigned to her in the first instance was so indifferent that her health would have suffered unless a better could be provided: accordingly we were desired to choose one wherever we liked.

It was at this place that Sir S. Smith gave the meeting to the Emir Beshýr (in the year in which the French retreated from Acre), upon occasion of some festivities which the emir made in his honour. With Sir S landed a corps of marines, who performed the

[1] Dame Habûs

military exercise of the musket, to the great amusement of the spectators, some of whom spoke to me of that event as a very remarkable one; for at that period disciplined troops had not been seen on Mount Lebanon.

In the evening I paid a visit to the Emir Yunez, brother-in-law to Syt Habûs, a talkative old man, but apparently well read in Arabic literature. He showed me some common English pocket-handkerchiefs, whereon battles and figures were printed, which he seemed highly to value. There were present the Emirs Hyder, Emin, and Ali, who were all dressed in gaudy silks.

On the 26th of January, M. Beaudin rode down to Beyrout; and, in the afternoon, returned with the news that a Capugi Bashi was at that town on his road to Sayda, who, it was reported, was going to arrest Lady Hester, and carry her prisoner to Constantinople.

My servant, Giovanni, who had been sent with M. B., coming back late, I questioned him on the reason of his delay, when, to excuse himself, he said, as he was riding through the streets, his mule was *pressed* by a Tartar, to carry the luggage of a Capugi Bashi, going to Sayda from Constantinople. It is usual for all persons travelling on the service of government to have a Tartar with them, who presses horses and mules for the service of his masters as they go along. The muleteer, with Giovanni, deplored the lot of his

poor animal, and entreated him to liberate it: for the Tartars have no compassion, and greatly maltreat the animals furnished them. With tears in his eyes, he begged him to go to the governor's, where, he assured him, the bare mention of my lady's name would be sufficient. Giovanni accordingly went, and, on mentioning Lady Hester's name, was immediately questioned by the great Turk himself (who was sitting with the governor), as to where the English lady could be found, for he had urgent business with her.

As this story agreed with the report which M. B. had brought, I lost no time in telling Lady Hester; but she knew perfectly well what his coming meant; and, having long expected him, was not disturbed by the report. Immediately, although the evening was far advanced, a dragoman was sent for, to write a letter to the Capugi Bashi, appointing a meeting at Abrah; for letter-writing is made a craft in the East, and few are competent to it. Hence comes the name of *katib*, or scribe, as an office in the suite of all governors and great Turks, which is generally filled by Christians. Such a one, indeed, is expected to make himself acquainted with all the forms, official and ceremonial, used in writing letters, petitions, &c.

This event abridged Lady Hester's stay at Shuifád. She had seen Syt Habûs in the morning, and found her to be a money-getting woman, with her keys by her side; clever, perhaps, but with nothing very lady-like

about her. The interview took place in the presence of the Shaykh Beshýr, and I acted as interpreter: for, by this time, I understood Arabic, and could express myself tolerably on ordinary subjects.

On the 27th we left Shuifád, and proceeded towards Abrah. I rode forward with a servant, to find a resting-place for her ladyship, half way on the day's journey. This man, one of the walking grooms, was named Mbàrak, a native of Bisra, the son of the curate, of which circumstance he was exceedingly proud. As he knew this part of the country perfectly, he pointed out to me a retired cottage, in the midst of a mulberry plantation, very proper for our purpose. It was found to be empty, and the door locked with one of the wooden locks used very generally[1] throughout Syria. But he gave me a proof of his cleverness, by cutting a twig of a particular shape, by means of which he picked the lock, and we entered. Suspecting that this invasion of private property would not escape notice, I waited in the orchard, smoking my pipe, to see the issue of it; when a man came running from a village on the slope of the mountain, whence he had seen us enter his grounds. A promise, however, of half a crown for the use of his cottage pacified him; the more particularly as I told him we had an order from the emir for free quarters. I then rode on to Nebby

[1] Vid. Niebuhr or Pococke.

Yunez,[1] a mosque built over the tomb of Jonas, him of Nineveh, said by the Moslems to have been vomited up, and also, after his death, to have been buried here. At this place the arrangements for the night were somewhat difficult; for the rooms, though good, were not sufficient to hold the whole party; and there were, besides, a few pilgrims seeking lodging, many of whom, for the sake of devotion, occasionally resorted thither. The water from the well of the mosque was brackish and unpalatable: but we caused a supply to be brought from Berdja, a village close by, from which likewise fuel was sent to us.

Lady Hester did not arrive; and, somewhat alarmed, I rode back to meet her. She had been delayed by the river Damûr, the ancient Tamyras, which was to be forded; and, not then having a bridge, this was no easy matter on asses. There is, also, great danger from giddiness to those who, in crossing a rapid stream, look down on it. Nevertheless, Wordy, one of the maid servants, a native of Acre, was so intrepid in dangers of this sort, that she often put the very men to shame. I forded the river seven times on this occasion, in assisting Lady Hester and the maids.

On the 28th, we resumed our journey. As the

[1] Supposed by Pococke to be the Porphirion of the Jerusalem Itinerary, eight miles from Sidon: but Nebby Yunez is from fifteen to eighteen, being six hours' ride.

mountain rises close to the sea-shore, the road is on the sands We arrived in four hours at Mar Elias. I hastened to my cottage, which I now looked on as my home. The peasantry came, and crowded round my door. Their felicitations, though unpolished, seemed to have too much sincerity not to please me: and if, as I have grown older, I have since thought that interest might have had some part in them, I still recollect with pleasure their expressions of welcome at my return.

We were scarcely settled, when a messenger came to inform Lady Hester that the Zâym[1] or Capugi Bashi was arrived at Sayda, and wished to see her at the governor's; meaning that a Moslem of such consideration as a Capugi Bashi never could demean himself so far as to go to a Christian's house. But Lady Hester sent such an answer, that the Capugi Bashi, who best knew his own affairs, suddenly ordered horses; and our dinner was just over, when a great bustle was heard in the courtyard, with the trampling of horses' feet and the voices of the servants. The Capugi Bashi was soon afterwards announced. Not yet apprized of the precise nature

[1] Zâym means, I believe, the superior of any order I should translate it by the word *president*. Capugi means a doorkeeper, and Capugi-bashi, a head doorkeeper. But these appellations do not convey to the mind the nature of the duties allotted to such persons by the government. A Capugi-bashi and a Zâym are great men, who are entrusted with the most important missions.

of his mission, I must confess I felt some inclination to believe, with the people, that his arrival portended no good. M. Beaudin, the secretary, was of the same opinion; and when, to my inquiry of Lady Hester whether she apprehended any mischief from his presence, her answer was intentionally equivocal, I communicated my suspicions to M. Beaudin, and we agreed to put our pistols in our girdles, fresh primed, determined that, if we saw the bowstring dangling from under the Capugi's robe, at least no use should be made of it whilst we were there.

To account for these seemingly unnecessary precautions, I ought to premise that, in Turkey, a Capugi Bashi never comes into the provinces, unless for some affair of strangling, beheading, confiscation, or imprisonment. These are the missions upon which the emissaries of a secret court are sent; and their presence is always dreaded, as it is seldom known where the blow will fall, and as their presence rarely portends any good. Various were the whispers which went about: some thought that he was sent to arrest Lady Hester, others to order her out of the country; some to give her money for secret service to the Porte. But his real object will be known in the succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER V.

Probability of the existence of Hidden Treasures in the East—Manuscript pretending to reveal such Treasures, brought to Lady Hester—She obtains firmáns from the Porte authorizing her to make researches—She sends to Hamah for Mâlem Musa—Her letter to the Pasha of Acre—Her plans for raising money—Journey of the Author to Damascus—His Visit to Ahmed Bey—Ambergris—Damascus sabres—Horse Bazar—Horse Dealing and Horse Stealing—M Beaudin's night journey to Tyre—His horse stolen—Detection and punishment of the thieves—Return of the Author to Mar Elias—His dangerous situation in a snow-storm—Interior of a Drûze Cottage.

I will now endeavour to explain the business upon which the Capugi Bashi (or Zâym, as he was more frequently called) had been sent by the Sublime Porte to Lady Hester. In the preceding year, her ladyship, during her illness, had upon several occasions hinted at the existence of hidden treasures, a clue to which she had by some means become possessed of; but, finding me incredulous on the subject, she dropped it,

and never more spoke of it until the day after the Zâym's arrival; when, as I was to assist in the management of the business, she gave me a history of it, as follows:—

A manuscript was put into her hands, said to have been surreptitiously copied by a monk, from the records of a Frank monastery in Syria, and found among his papers after his decease. It was written in Italian, and disclosed the repositories of immense hoards of money, buried in the cities of Ascalon, Awgy, and Sidon, in certain spots therein mentioned.

Persons, whom a residence in the East has made acquainted with the usages of Eastern nations, consider such events as very probable and worthy of examination: for there are causes among them which induce the concealment of riches, not operating in other countries. To make this clearer, it may not be amiss to enumerate the reasons: firstly, the want of paper currency, or the bulkiness and weight of specie; secondly, the non-existence of banks, wherein money may be deposited in safety; thirdly, the insecurity of private property; fourthly, the frequency of wars and tumults; lastly, the particular circumstances of the times in which the treasures in question are supposed to have been buried, combining all these beforementioned difficulties.

Firstly, It is only in Europe and America, that the public confidence in the government and in rich individuals has been sufficient to give general currency

to pieces of paper bearing the value of specie: in the East, no such paper money exists, unless it be in China. Governors of towns send their tribute to their pasha in bags, on mules and other beasts of burden, guarded by soldiers: whilst private persons generally pay their debts where they can in goods and by barter, rather than send specie, which would be too declaratory of their wealth. A rich man, who has not the means of investing his money in the purchase of jewels, houses, lands, &c., feels the hazard of laying up specie in a trunk or closet, especially as the locks and keys in the East afford little security, and as iron chests are no where seen excepting in the counting-houses of European merchants, established among them. Banks and public funds are, generally speaking, unknown. He is, therefore, reduced to concealment, either in a hole, or in some subterranean place constructed for the purpose: more especially if, leaving his house on a journey, he holds his wife so little worthy of trust that he dares not make even her acquainted with the secret of his treasures; a case by no means rare in Turkey, and not uncommon elsewhere.

Not a year passes that a pasha or governor does not lay violent hands on some rich man, whether Turk or Nazarene. Excuses are never wanting, either from the frequent peculations which persons employed under government habitually practise, or from alleged treasonable correspondence with Franks,

or from any other motive which arbitrary injustice holds good enough for its purposes. To such as have imprudently made a display of their riches the ransom will be proportionally high. They have, therefore, no other means of avoiding similar difficulties than by carefully hiding what they possess, even from their nearest connections, among whom instances of treachery have put them on their guard. It is obvious to every traveller in Turkey, how much the extreme of indigence is affected in the dress and houses of rich individuals. The receiving apartment of a Christian, more especially when visited by a Turk, is generally the hall of his house, sometimes a bench at his door, where everything intentionally indicates poverty: whilst a Turk pursues the same course towards everybody. Relatives and intimate friends alone see the interior of each other's houses, and it is before these only that a person displays his smart pipes, his pelisses, his shawls, and his rich silks; so that, in the most tranquil state of such a government, every possible caution is necessary to escape the invidious eyes of oppressive masters.

But, when we add to all this the extreme frequency of popular tumults; of plunder by troops, who own no control; of rebellion, and, its consequences, sieges, pillages, and precipitate flights; we shall not wonder if a prudent man never thinks his wealth safe until it is under ground Let us take Tripoli for an example. Within the last twenty years it had undergone five

sieges, and every siege had terminated by sacking the city. The peaceable inhabitant, if he flies, cannot take his money with him because it is too heavy, if to any amount, even for a mule to carry (considering that Turkish coins are very bulky, as are Spanish dollars, the coin chiefly hoarded); and, if he shuts it up in the strongest chest, he knows that it will inevitably be rifled. He therefore, if obliged to flee, either throws it into the well, the cistern, or the water-closet; or, if he has had prudence and foresight enough to be prepared for such a calamity, he deposits it in some hole made with a view to this particular purpose.

From such like reasoning as this Lady Hester had no doubt of the possibility of the existence of hidden treasures. She next examined the manuscript; and, on observing that it had no signs of antiquity about it, she was told this was a copy of the original paper, which, through fear of losing it, had never been taken out of the house. Keeping the copy, therefore, Lady Hester insisted on seeing the original, and pretended to treat the matter lightly unless she should be convinced by the sight of a more authentic document than that before her.

The inhabitants are strongly possessed with the idea that the Franks who come among them have no other object than to seek treasures concealed in ancient ruins. They look with indifference themselves on the works of the ancients as specimens of architecture, and do

not understand how others can be so eager in researches after what they despise. The admeasurement of an edifice, the copying of an ancient inscription, is, in their eyes, nothing better than taking the marks of a golden hoard. Nor can this opinion have originated in anything else but the certainty, from their own experience, that treasures are often discovered.[1] Can it be wondered at, therefore, that they should often have asked me these questions?—"If my lady is not come to seek for treasures, what is she come for? Is she banished? No: Is she on mercantile affairs? No: Well, but if she is come, as you say, for her health, surely in Syria there are more pleasurable spots to be found than the barren sides of Mount Lebanon."

With this opinion, therefore, so strongly impressed upon their minds, she considered that the document might be no more than a forgery fabricated on purpose by some of the emissaries of the Porte, to make a trial of her eagerness about it, and thereby assure themselves whether she were travelling for such an object, or (which is another very flattering opinion they sometimes have of travellers) as a spy. To

[1] Thus, whilst we were at Acre, there were Roman coins of the middle empire on sale at the goldsmiths' by threes and twos and as one three disappeared another supplied its place. It was plain that a jar of coins had lately been discovered, and it was said that Shaykh Messaûd of Hartha was the fortunate finder.

accept the paper, then, was a less dangerous course than to refuse it. for it is better to be considered as a treasure-hunter than as a secret agent of a government.

The original copy was produced, and considered by Lady Hester as genuine. The donor had, most probably, looked to the certainty of an immediate present for his disclosure, as he had often experienced Lady Hester's liberality: but there were many reasons for not immediately rewarding him; and, knowing the impracticability of a similar attempt without exposing herself to some risk and to more expense than she could afford, she determined on making an application to the Porte, offering them all the pecuniary benefit that might accrue, and reserving for herself the honour only. She accordingly submitted a succinct statement to His Excellency Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Liston, to be presented by him to the Reis Effendi. Whether any correspondence took place on the subject, or whether the business was *primâ facie* considered so well worth a trial as to demand no farther inquiries into it, I do not know: because, as was said before, the whole affair was matured for execution before I became acquainted with it.

It may not be improper to add that much reliance must have been placed on Lady Hester's judgment, since the manuscript wanted the very essential confirmation of a date. Therefore, as no clue could be obtained, after the priest's death, to the records from

which it was copied, it was not clear at what period the treasures were hidden. That they were so, when the mosque, mentioned in the manuscript, was still standing, we gathered from the allusions made to pillars, walls, &c. We might go farther back, and conclude the deposit to have been made before the edifice was appropriated to the Mahometan worship—because Christians are not allowed to enter a mosque, much less to remain long enough to dig a hole, or take the precautions necessary for such a concealment. This therefore carries us back to a period of seven or eight centuries.

How is it possible that a treasure could so long lie untouched, when the secret of its existence was known? The answer is, that digging and rummaging in ruins always excites dangerous suspicions in the Turks. Every traveller in the Levant has heard how certainly the discovery of a jar of money leads to the ruin of the finder, if known. In vain he immediately carries it to the governor his greedy masters suppose that he has concealed a part for his own use; and the bastinado, nay, often torture, compels him to yield up the supposed remainder by sacrificing all he has in the world. His property is confiscated, and poverty and blows are his reward. So much do examples of this kind terrify, that some, who have fallen accidentally on jars of coins, have been known to cover the spot carefully up, and never to speak of it but on their

death-bed; a disclosure more likely to do mischief than good to their heirs.

On the 28th of January, 1815, Derwish Mustafa Aga, the Zâym, arrived, as we have already seen, after a journey of many weeks, from Constantinople, deputed to invest Lady Hester with greater authority over the Turks than was, probably, ever granted even to any European ambassador; certainly, than to any unofficial Christian.

Derwish Aga was a short man, about 50 years old. As soon as he had supped, Lady Hester requested his presence in the saloon, to which he moved most slowly, moaning and whining on entering the door as though he had been ill. Giorgio acted as the interpreter: and the aga and her ladyship remained in private conversation until past midnight. He was the bearer of three firmans or imperial orders, empowering her to demand what assistance she might want for the prosecution of her purpose: one was addressed to the Pasha of Acre; another to the Pasha of Damascus; and a third to all governors in Syria generally. Derwish Aga was to put himself entirely under the direction of Lady Hester, and was to do nothing without consulting her.

On the 29th and 30th he had long conversations with her ladyship, and tried every device to wind about her, in order to judge what were her motives for offering to the Porte treasures which others would

have appropriated to their own use: but he invariably found them to be such as she had professed. He next wanted to make the first excavation at the spot said to be near Sayda, but her ladyship insisted on Ascalon, and it was finally so arranged. Considering that an affair of this magnitude ought not to be trusted entirely to the Capugi Bashi, (and those enlisted into this service by him) she bethought herself of Mâlem Musa of Hamah, father of Selim, in whom she had perceived a vast capacity for business, and on whom she felt she could rely better than on any other native of her acquaintance. Accordingly a letter was sent off by express to Hamah nearly in these words. "You know I am a straitforward person. An affair has happened which demands your presence at Acre. Be not alarmed; there is nothing serious in it: but let nothing prevent your coming, short of illness. In such a case, send Selim, and with him some one who reads and speaks Turkish fluently. But it would be better that you came together; you to give counsels, and he to execute them."

Lady Hester, just returned from a long and fatiguing journey, felt almost unequal to undertake another: but the Zâym of course urged the necessity of her presence, and she probably did not wish him to act without her; so it was arranged that he should precede her to Acre, to make the necessary preparations. He accordingly departed, accompanied by Giorgio, who was promoted to be dragoman, and was furnished

with the following letter to the pasha:—"I send your Highness my dragoman, who will acquaint you with his business, according to the tenor of a paper which I have put in his hands. In a few days I shall be with you myself to explain the whole." The paper was to this effect:—"A person had put into my hands certain indications of a treasure. His object was to get money from me: but, as the benefit was not to be mine, (since I never seek to appropriate to myself the property of others,) it was not for me to reward him. It would have been natural for me to have immediately acquainted your Highness with it: but I considered that there might arise a double mischief from this: first, that, if the treasure did not exist, the ridicule would fall on you; and secondly, that, if it did exist, and you had presented it to the Porte, you might have been suspected of having appropriated a portion to yourself, and would have been avanized.[1] I therefore addressed myself directly to the Sultan, assigning to him the same reasons for having kept you in ignorance that I now give you, and having spoken of you in such terms as, had you been present, you would have approved of."

On Wednesday, February 1st, Derwish Aga and Giorgio departed, and it was fixed for us to follow in ten days.

Lady Hester had considered how she should be able to support the expense which this affair would

[1] "Avanized" is the Levant word for "mulcted."

bring upon her. Her limited income scarcely sufficed for her ordinary expenditure, and she had exceeded it greatly in her late tour to Bâlbec. She therefore came to the resolution of asking (or, as she expressed it, of obliging) the English government to pay her; considering that the reputation which she was giving to the English name was a sufficient warrant for expecting this remuneration. "I shall beg of you, doctor" (she said) "to keep a regular account of every article, and will then send in my bill to government by Mr. Liston; when, if they refuse to pay me, I shall put it in the newspapers and expose them. And this I shall let them know very plainly, as I consider it my right, and not a favour: for, if Sir A. Paget put down the cost of his servants' liveries after his embassy to Vienna, and made Mr. Pitt pay him £70,000 for four years, I cannot see why I should not do the same."

As both Lady Hester and myself were in want of many articles necessary on a long journey, she requested me to go to Damascus for them, as well as to pick up some horses for our riding. Two days before Derwish Aga departed for Acre, I left Abra, taking with me Mbárak, the lock-picking servant, and a muleteer. Our road lay to Bisra, already described, and from Bisra, ascending the mountain upon which I lost myself in October, 1814, we came to the cascade. Here we struck off to the north-east, and ascended another mountain, at the back of a village called Ayn Matûr,

from the top of which there is a view of the plain of Bisrà, of the glen through which the river Ewely winds, and of the mountains in which these romantic scenes are embosomed. We then turned to the east, continuing over a rocky but somewhat level ridge, and reached, about sunset, a village where Mbárak, the servant, had some respectable relations. I was taken to their house; a warm room was immediately provided, and in due time a hot supper made me forget the fatigues of the day.

This village was the highest to be seen hereabouts, before reaching the summit of the mountain. It had some good substantial stone dwellings, and the inhabitants, I was told, were all above want, or, in other words, in comfortable circumstances. The plague was raging at another village half a mile off, even at this unusual season of the year. I retired to rest, whilst, in the adjoining room, Mbárak's relations sat the greater part of the night listening to the recital of his adventures in the journey to Bâlbec, to which he did not fail to add as many marvels as he could conveniently invent.

The next morning, having thanked my hospitable hosts, I proceeded on my journey. Half an hour brought us to the foot of the last and highest chain of mountains, where the snow now lay very thick. When almost at the top, we met two women on foot, one of whom had neither shoes nor stockings. I stopped her, and, having a pair of yellow shoes loose

in a bag, I gave them to her, and received her thanks. We soon afterwards arrived at the summit, and, descending rapidly into the Bkâ, inclined to the left, until we fell into the same track which we had followed in 1812. The passage over the mountain by which I had now come lies two or three leagues to the south of that of Barûk. Passing Jub Genýn, we did not halt until we reached Aita; and on the third day, we arrived at Damascus.

We had scarcely reached the precincts of the orchard grounds, when we were stopped by an officer of the excise, who, with a follower or two, was lurking about the road for the purpose of preventing smuggling He was attracted by the sight of my camp-bed, which, in the manner it was rolled up in its case, looked like a bale of raw silk. Nothing short of opening the case would satisfy him that it was not silk, and, after giving me much trouble, he grumbled at his disappointment, and allowed us to proceed. I rode straight to the house of M. Chaboceau, the French doctor, of whom I have spoken in a former part of my journal, where I had reason to suppose I should be hospitably welcomed—nor was I mistaken.

One of my first visits was to Ahmed Bey. His son, Sulymân, of whom mention is made so largely at my first visit to Damascus, was no more. Some months before, in looking too eagerly over the edge of the housetop, he fell forward, and, unable to save himself, was dashed to pieces. Yet he had survived

the plague in 1813; although Ahmed Bey at that time lost twenty-one persons of his family, among whom was his amiable wife. But how was I gratified, yet afflicted, by the visit of the lovely Fatima! whose exceeding beauty and amiable character, known to me during the protracted illness of her mother, whom I attended when at Damascus before, had almost made me forswear the faith I was born in, and become, for her sake, a convert to Islamism. Informed of my arrival, she hastened, with the aged Hadjy Murt Mohammed Aga, to see me. I was shocked to find her blooming youth poisoned with a sickly yellow hue, and her large and once brilliant eyes now deprived of their lustre. She had had the plague, and was yet, though so many months had elapsed, labouring under its terrible effects.

I took Shukhr Aga, one of the bey's people, with me, and went from bazar to bazar making purchases. I was shown the largest piece of ambergris I ever saw. It was of the size and nearly in the shape of a human skull, which it resembled also in being hollow, this form being given by the calabashes in which it is collected. It is much used by the wealthy and luxurious to perfume coffee, which is done by fixing a piece the size of a pea at the bottom of the coffee-cup. Each time the boiling coffee is poured upon it, it imparts an agreeable flavour to the beverage. Ambergris enters frequently into the composition of aphrodisiacal stimulants, much used by Mahometans.

I purchased a Damascus sabre for 172 piasters. It was of that kind called in Arabic *tabane*, which means tempered. It will not be amiss here to advert to the, sabres known in Europe by the general name of Damascus blades, but which are more accurately distinguished in Turkey, either from their temper, their metal, their form, or their age. Their temper is known by the clearness of the waves which cover the surface and indeed penetrate the metal; and the more dense these are, the better is the metal: to such is applied the term of tabane. If the blades are very black, then the Turks name them kara Khorasàn (black steel of Khorasàn): if they are of a lighter hue, tabane Hindy or Indian-tempered, in which case the waves are farther apart, and their outline is sometimes broken.

In looking along the blade, the back more especially, a flaw or crack may sometimes be discovered This is caused by hammering out the blade from two eggs, or balls, of metal instead of one, or from thickening, or from piecing, the blade where defective. Gilt letters engraved on them are often placed to conceal some such defect, and, in Turkey generally, detract somewhat from their value, unless the legend happens to mark great antiquity or the name of a celebrated possessor.

The form most admired, and which peculiarly belongs to those blades called Damascene, is the narrow blade, curved with an equal bend. The broad one

is called the Stambûl or Constantinople blade, and is double-edged from the point up to one-third of its length. There is a blade of a more silvery gray and of a broader wave than the Indian tabane, which is called nerýz, as I conjecture from the name of some place where a celebrated manufactory was. All the above mentioned blades are, in a certain degree, ancient; for the modern Damascus blades, of which I possess one, are inferior in every respect, and are known by looking somewhat like blades made wavy with aquafortis.

I was desirous of buying a shawl for a turban; and, from the inquiries I was led to make on that occasion, compared with what I have observed since my return to England, I have no doubt cashmere shawls are cheaper here than in Turkey, as are, at this moment, Damascus sabres, since the peace has thrown a great many of both into our market.

The horse bazar was held every morning about half an hour after sunrise, in an open space in the middle of the town. I resorted thither, and looked about for such horses as I was in search of. I found that horse-dealing was a system of cheating as extensive in Damascus as in London; but the public regulations to prevent the ignorant from becoming the dupes of knaves were good, and, as I was told, generally speaking, rigidly enforced. I saw, among many ordinary horses which were sold, a Bedouin filly of two years fetch 500 piasters, or £25.

She was iron-gray, which is rather the prevailing colour of Arab horses; and, although not of the finest breed, still it was evident that she was eagerly caught up. On coming into the bazar, you are surrounded by several delàls (brokers.) These men endeavour to find out what your wants are, and busily set about satisfying them. Horses are ridden at a walk, trot, and gallop, backward and forward between the double rows of spectators, whilst the delàls, mounted on their backs, cry aloud what has been bidden, and thus sell them by auction.

Shukhr Aga, always with me, sought out the delàl generally employed by Ahmed Bey, and told him what I was in search of. Forthwith he brought before me several steady mares, among which I selected one, stout, bony, and in good condition; and, having seen her tried, after much altercation with the owner, the bargain was struck, and the mare paid for. The delál was paid at the regular market agency about one and a half per cent; and there was besides a fee to the bazar. Horses thus bought are subject to three days' trial, within which time they may be returned, and the money reclaimed. But the best illustration of horse-dealing in Damascus will be in relating the adventures of M. Beaudin's horse, stolen from him, and sold in that very market.

M. Beaudin had left Mar Elias for St Jean d'Acre on business for Lady Hester. He rode a brown bay mare, and carried under him his saddle-bags.

His heavy luggage was on an ass conducted by a driver. Night overtook him near old Tyre, at Ras-el-ayn, a village in which are the celebrated waters, called by Pococke and other travellers Solomon's springs. They turn several water-mills; and one of these he entered, with a determination to sleep out the night, and pursue his journey when day broke. He tied up his mare, hung the corn-bag to her nose; and, putting the saddle-bags under his head as a pillow, covered himself with his abah, and attempted to sleep. The miller was attending to his business at the hopper. M. Beaudin had scarcely made himself comfortable when he heard the footsteps of persons entering the mill; and, lifting the abah off his face, he saw two ill-looking men, who had come in, as they said, to escape the rain which was falling very fast M. Beaudin thought their appearance suspicious; but he argued with himself thus: "My saddle-bags are under my head, my mare's bridle is almost in my hand; they cannot do *me* much mischief, and let the miller look to himself;" so he covered up his face, and went to sleep; the ass-driver probably had better secured his own animal, and went to sleep also.

An hour or two afterwards M. Beaudin awoke, and, looking from under his cloak, saw, to his utter astonishment, that his mare was gone. He sprang up, and accused the miller, who was still at work, of connivance in the theft. The poor man seemed as much astonished as M. Beaudin at the

audacity of the thieves, and ran out immediately in pursuit of them; but they were already far away: and, although Beaudin strongly suspected the miller of being a party in the crime, it was afterwards proved that he was altogether innocent.

The night was dark and stormy: M. Beaudin resolved, nevertheless, to gain the town of Tyre, and hire a horse to pursue his journey. Accordingly, desiring the muleteer, as soon as it should be daylight, to go forward on the Acre road, he set off on foot by himself for Tyre, distant about three miles from Ras-el-ayn. He knew that the way by the seashore was the surest in the dark; but he had not proceeded far, when he found himself embarrassed among several rivulets; and, inclining inland to avoid walking through them, he lost his way. He had a brace of pistols at his girdle, heavy Turkish trousers, and an abah or cloak. The weight of his clothing was increased by the rain, which continued to fall, while its pattering drowned the roaring of the surf, and prevented him from regaining the seashore. He wandered about for some time, until at last he came to a sugar-loaf hill, well known to such persons as have passed near Tyre, which stands in the middle of the plain, and has on it a mosque crowned with a double dome, called, from the similarity of the two, El Ashûk w'el Mashûk (the lover and the beloved). This mound formerly was the site of some ancient edifice, as there are portions of an

aqueduct still remaining which led from old Tyre to it, whilst vast stones which lie scattered about its foot bear evidence of masonry of no modern date.

From El Ashûk a road leads to Tyre. M. Beaudin followed it, and arrived at the gates of the town before they were opened. He seated himself on the outside, and waited patiently until daylight, when he obtained admittance. He then proceeded to the motsellem or governor, and informed him of what had happened. The motsellem despatched people in search of the horse and robbers, while M. Beaudin hired a mule and continued his journey to Acre. On arriving there, Mâlem Haym, the pasha's minister, was informed of his loss. M. Beaudin (after he had executed his commission at Acre), was about to depart for Mar Elias when he was furnished with a buyurdy or government order to the motsellem of Tyre, enjoining that officer to give him his own horse until the stolen one should be found. The particular horse so assigned was twice as valuable as M. Beaudin's, who, therefore, politely told the motsellem that he did not require the pasha's order to be executed to the letter, and accordingly received a common horse for present use, until his own could be recovered. Whilst delayed at Tyre in these arrangements, he received a small scrap of paper from Lady Hester, whom he had informed by a letter from Acre of his loss. Upon this scrap of paper was written, "*Si vous avez perdu votre jument trouvez la.*" The motsellem promised, and was

bound, to make every exertion to bring the robbery to light. M. Beaudin then proceeded to Mar Elias, and had a severe reprimand from her ladyship for his negligence!

Some months elapsed, and M. Beaudin still rode the motsellem's horse, when it happened that he was despatched by Lady Hester on business to Damascus; and, on his way back, was stopped by the snow, which had blocked up the roads. He formed part of a caravan; and, as he was sitting in the caravansery, during the evening, conversing with a horseman who was one of the number, to pass the time he related the story of the loss of his mare. A muleteer, who was listening, asked him to describe her, and then said he thought he knew where she was.

It appeared that the robbers had immediately taken her from Tyre to Damascus, where, in the public bazàr, they sold her to a Persian for 600 piasters (about £30). The laws of the bazàr are, that every horse sold there must be warranted as known not to have been stolen; and responsibility, to its full value, falls on the company of *delàls.* So the stealers, unable to produce a security, had her returned on their hands In selecting a Persian, who might be setting off immediately for his own country, they thought to have evaded this requisition: but the dealers, who have their eyes on everybody and everything that passes. felt that they might be called upon for the money, and so prevented the sale. The stealers tried a second

and a third time, but without success. At last an aga or gentleman, who had seen the mare more than once in the bazâr, and who suspected something wrong in the business, pretended to bid for her, and inquired where she was brought from. The stealers mentioned a village in the Metoualy country: but, as some persons were known to the aga in that very village, he put some questions respecting them; and, when he found that the stealers could not give correct answers, he seized the mare's bridle, and said—"My friends, I take this mare home to my stable. When you can prove to me that you came by her fairly, I will then restore her." Guilt, we may suppose, made the men fearful: for, after some words, the aga led the mare away without any resistance.

M. Beaudin was informed by the muleteer of the residence of the aga; but, on account of the inclemency of the weather, deferred going thither at that moment. He returned to Mar Elias; and, in a few days, went after the mare The aga, on hearing his story, delivered her to him; and information was laid against the pretended owners. They were apprehended, convicted of being the stealers, and one of them was hanged, without any law expenses whatever. The peculiar variations, from beginning to end, in the suspicions, discovery, and punishment of the theft, compared with a similar event in England, are too obvious to make it necessary to point them out to the reader.

To return to my narrative, I was much surprised to find Mâlem Musa at Damascus; and, knowing that an express messenger had, as I have before mentioned, been sent off to him to Hamah, I told him of it, and repeated from memory the letter, the contents of which I knew, as having been privy to the writing of it. The conduct of Musa on this occasion will show how wary Levantines are in incurring the suspicion of being in secret correspondence with Europeans. Although the business concerned nobody but himself, and was known to nobody else, he immediately communicated it to the Jew serâfs, Mâlem Yusef and Raffäel, pretending that he was all astonishment at what Lady Hester could mean by wanting him. I, however, judged it proper to send off a letter to her ladyship, informing her that he was here, and begging a corroboration, under her hand, of the communication I had made him. The muleteer was, on the 10th of February, despatched with this letter, and with another from Mâlem Musa During his absence, which was six or seven days, I completed the purchases I had to make. When Sulymán (that was the muleteer's name) returned, Mâlem Musa received permission from the pasha to go to Acre, where he was to meet Lady Hester; and, having finished my business, I set off for Mar Elias.

Much snow had fallen in the interim. There were two mule loads of baggage, and I was mounted on my newly-purchased mare. The highest part of the

Antilebanon is very elevated ground; and we suffered greatly from the wet and cold, when, on the first night, we arrived at Halwell, where I slept almost under my horse's legs, in a place no better than a shed. The second night we reached Júb Genýn, where we were informed that the pass of Mount Lebanon was impracticable, owing to the snow. However, as my return, I knew, was waited for impatiently by Lady Hester, I resolved to attempt it on the following day.

From Júb Genýn we arrived at the foot of the mountain early in the day, when we began to ascend; and at noon we had reached the part where the snow lay. There was no fresh track, by which we plainly understood that none but ourselves had made the trial that day. We had nearly reached the summit, when, as we were advancing, a storm of snow, or what is called on the Alps a *tourmente*, came on, and in a moment the view around us was bounded to fifteen or twenty paces. Sulymán was a daring and resolute Drûze, and promised yet to carry me through it. We had advanced about a hundred yards, when one of the mules slipped into a hole, which the snow had covered, fell, and could not, from the weight of his load, rise again. We unloaded him; and, when extricated, replaced his burden on his back. We had not advanced much farther when my mare sunk in up to her belly; and, in plunging about, caught the end of my cloak in her fore-foot, and pulled

me off. The mule, that had fallen before, at the same time swerved from the path, and rolled over. Being unable to rise, the girths were cut to relieve her.

It has been mentioned more than once, that stockings and gloves are not worn in Syria. Mbárak, from the exertion he had used in assisting the muleteer, became afterwards very cold, and now complained that his feet and hands felt almost frozen. We made many ineffectual attempts to reload the mule, but the snow and wind were so rigorously sharp, that we began to think, if we delayed any longer, we should be lost altogether. I therefore resolved on abandoning the luggage, which was accordingly put together in a heap on the snow; and on the heap was a species of otter, alive in a box, which I had brought from Damascus as a curiosity. As we had evidently lost the track, we took the direction which we thought would bring us to it; when, after wandering about for half an hour, every moment tumbling into holes and over stumps of trees, we found ourselves, to our dismay, close to the luggage again. Sulymán's courage now became desperation, and, drawing his yatagán, he was going to stab his mules, saying it was better to kill them outright than leave them to be frozen to death. This design I prevented, insisting that we must now try to retrace our steps to the plain of the Bkâ as the only chance we had of saving our lives. Mbárak, by this time, had begun to complain most bitterly, and could scarcely be persuaded to advance. We were unable

any longer to discern the footsteps we had ourselves made in coming; for the snow had already effaced them. Fortunately, the bend of the trees, caused by the prevalence of a constant wind, suggested to Sulymán the direction we ought to take, and, guided by this, we slowly returned. Providence assisted us. We had gone on for about half an hour, when the *tourmente* ceased, and a comparative serenity in the atmosphere enabled us to regain the path by which we had ascended. but Mbárak was now helpless, and we had much ado in keeping him from sitting down, for I opposed his riding, as the only chance of preventing the fatal effects of the cold on his extremities.

It was dark before we reached the foot of the mountain, and some lights directed us to a few wretched cottages, which Sulymán knew to be the hamlet of Khurby,[1] and where, when at Jûb Genyn, we had been informed the plague was raging; but, I believe, if worse than the plague had then faced us, we should have thought it preferable to what we had just left: so we knocked at the first door we came to, and requested that some empty stable or outhouse might be given us, where, having made a fire, we sheltered ourselves. We had scarcely entered when Mbàrak fainted away. Sulymán was much astonished when I insisted on his being laid in the corner farthest from

[1] "We reached the plain near a small village, inhabited only during the seed time." Burckhardt, v. ii. p 207. This village was that where we now sought shelter.

the fire, where we rubbed his limbs and his feet, until he came to himself, when, from pain and fear, he kept up a grievous moaning. Sulymán next procured some barley for the animals, and I endeavoured to find a dry spot to lie down on, but it was impossible. The villagers at first refused to give us anything to eat. but there is a law which subjects any place wherein a person dies from want to a considerable fine; and the apprehension of Mbarak's perishing during the night, which, as he lay, seemed likely, frightened them, and they brought us some bread and porridge.

What a miserable night did I pass! Morning at length came; and then the person calling himself the bailiff of the hamlet offered, for a reasonable reward, four men to assist us in recovering the baggage. These people are well acquainted with the mountain. They guided us up, and we were fortunate enough to find every thing as we had left it. The otter was alive, nor did he die until some time afterwards. The luggage was carried on the backs of the peasants and of Sulymán, until we reached the descent to the west; when, having reloaded, I rewarded the peasants, and in a short time we reached Barûk, where the snow disappeared. In order to make up for the loss of time on the preceding day, Sulymán was told to hurry on. We left Dayr el Kamar on the right of us, and arrived at sunset at Ayn bayl, a Drûze village, inhabited chiefly by muleteers, among whom was one who had served Lady Hester in the journey to Bâlbec.

To his house Sulymán led me to pass the night. The wife gave me the best entertainment in her power; and to convey some idea of the interior of a Drúze cottage, I will relate how I passed the evening.

A narrow carpet, kept doubled up, excepting on days of ceremony, was spread on one side of the clay floor, which, from being well rubbed with a smooth round boulder, shone like a mirror. The cottage was of stone, one story high, and flat-roofed, with a shed close by which served for a stable, and no other out-houses whatever. The cottage was divided in two, by a partition not reaching to the ceiling, which was of beams and rafters, trimmed with an adze only. Round the room were several sun-baked clay barrels, about three feet high, but of small circumference: these were filled with wheat-flour, figs, borgûl, lentils, rice, &c. The muleteer's wife busied herself in preparing my supper at a fireplace, made of a few rude stones outside of the door. As she came in and out to fetch the different articles which she wanted, she carefully concealed her face by pinching together her veil, which was of long white crape, falling gracefully from the point of her horn, so that only one eye was seen. In the same room with me sat Sulymán and Mbárak, with six or eight Drûzes, who dropped in one by one on the news of our arrival, and to whom Sulymán was earnestly relating the adventures of the preceding night. They invariably, as they entered, civilly saluted everybody, and there was much decorum

in their manners, which is, however, not peculiar to the Drûzes, but is universal among the different classes of society throughout Turkey. Whenever the husband spoke to his wife she answered in low feminine accents, for it would have been discreditable to her, had she, whilst strangers were by, laughed or vociferated.

When supper was ready, which consisted of a dish of boiled rice, some dibs and leben, and a few figs and raisins for the dessert, it was served up on a wooden table about two feet in diameter, and six inches from the ground, with boxwood spoons alone to eat with. After supper, my own travelling stock afforded coffee, with which the whole party was regaled, smoking their pipes, and appearing as soberly merry as pious Christians round a winter fire; for nowhere will you see so much cheerfulness without loud laughter, and sedateness without gloom, as among this people.

CHAPTER VI.

Journey of Lady Hester from Mar Elias to Ascalon—Bussa—Acre—She prevails on Mr Catafago to accompany her to Ascalon—Illness of Ali Pasha—Professional visits of the Author—Abdallah Bey, the Pasha's son—Extraordinary honours paid to Lady Hester—Her departure from Acre—Tremendous storm—M. Loustaunau; his prophecies—His history—Don Tomaso Coschich arrives with despatches from Sir Sydney Smith to Lady Hester—Substance of them—Presents sent to the care of Lady Hester by Sir Sydney—His character in the East—Cæsarea—Um Khaled—Village of Menzel—Jaffa—Mohammed Aga, the governor ordered to accompany Lady Hester—His character—Arrival at Ascalon.

The next morning we resumed our journey, and arrived at noon at Mar Elias I found Lady Hester busily occupied in preparing for our departure for Acre, which, now that I was arrived, was fixed for the next day In my absence she had purchased a gray mare from Mr Taitbout, the French consul of Sayda. The next morning she departed with nearly the same attendants, as she had taken with her to Bâlbec.

not being quite ready, I followed her the next day, which was the 16th of February, 1815.

I shall pass over the names of places on the road to Tyre, as having already described them when coming this way before. The weather was still tempestuous and wet; and, a very few hours after her ladyship's departure, there was a hail-storm, which, had glass been in use for windows, would have broken every pane. She slept at El Khudder. About noon, I overtook her there, and found the tents just struck for marching. so, without dismounting, I joined company.

There are two roads from Sayda to Tyre, as also from Tyre to Acre, from which circumstance, as being not generally known to travellers themselves, there is often an apparent discrepancy in the names of places and their relative distance. In the winter season, it is customary to follow the windings of the strand of the seashore, where the sand always affords a firm footing for the animals: in the summer, a strait road, sometimes close to the sea, and sometimes, from the bends of the coast, two, or three hundred yards, or a quarter of a mile distant from it, is preferred: but it is too full of holes and too deep in mire to be passed in the wet season.

We slept that night at Tyre. The rains still continued. I departed next morning earlier than Lady Hester, to provide the evening station. Passing Rasel-ayn, I came to the promontory called Ras el Nakûra.

Ascending this, and riding through a level beyond it covered with underwood, I came to the Guffer or toll-house, on the left hand of which, as mentioned in a former place, is the village of Nakúra. This I thought a convenient distance for a halfway station between Tyre and Acre. Accordingly, inquiring for the shaykh's house, I produced the *buyurdy*, by which we were to be furnished with lodging and entertainment on the road. The shaykh very civilly professed his willingness to do so, but said that the station was specified in the order for the village of Bussa, which was farther on. I thanked him, perceived my error, and, remounting my horse, descended the hill by the Burge Msherify into the plain of Acre. At the foot of the hill, the road to Bussa turned short to the left. The incessant rains, for some weeks past, had so soaked the ground that my horse could with difficulty get along.

Bussa was about one mile from the Burge Msherify, and was a small village surrounded with olive grounds, in which it seemed to be particularly rich. The soil appeared lower than the seacoast; so that, on my arrival at the village, the street was fairly flooded. I was directed to the *menzel* or khan, as strangers generally are: but I inquired for the shaykh's house, and was, as it always happened, followed by three or four people to learn my business there.

The shaykh, in compliance with the buyurdy, desired me to choose what cottages I liked best: but,

here the choice was truly puzzling. Each cottage had a courtyard, where dung and wet lay in the same manner as in the old-fashioned farmyards in England: each cottage likewise consisted of a single room, half of which contained a yoke of oxen, and the other half, somewhat raised, the tenant of it and his family. Finding that they were all alike, I caused three to be cleared out, and set the peasant women to work, to sweep and carry off the dung and other filth. Mrs. Fry, Werdy, and the black slave, soon afterwards arrived; and, by the aid of mats, carpets, and other contrivances, metamorphosed the sheds into something like a habitation.

But there had been a mistake, on the part of M. Beaudin, as to the meaning of the buyurdy; and he conducted Lady Hester, who departed late from Tyre, to Nakûra, where she was informed that I had gone on to Bussa. The night had already set in, when she arrived at Nakûra: but, she was obliged to continue, on account of the luggage· and, for her protection, the shaykh of Nakûra and two armed horsemen accompanied her. I waited anxiously for her, until, owing to the extreme darkness of the night, I became alarmed, and resolved to ride back in search of her The road, which was no better than a slough, presented a most formidable obstacle in the dark, and my horse had already floundered half a mile through it, when the welcome sound of voices reached my ears. Nor was Lady Hester herself less glad to

hear mine: for fatigue, wet, and apprehension, had agitated her more than I well remember to have seen on any other similar occasion.

Bussa is inhabited by Mahometans. The women had somewhat the appearance of Bedouins, in dress, more especially in the pointed shift sleeves reaching almost to the ground. We left this place next morning for Acre. As the road had now diverged a mile from the sea, we had an opportunity of observing the fertility of the plain. It must, however, be unwholesome, since the seashore is plainly higher than the soil inland, which prevents the rains from running off; so that there are many stagnant pools. The plain is semicircular, and the horns of the mountains which enclose it are, Mount Carmel to the south, and the Nakûra, over which we had just passed, to the north. We soon arrived at Acre. A small house had been provided for Lady Hester, where she lived with her female attendants only. M. Beaudin and myself had apartments in the corn khan.

In order to avoid all foul play on the part of those with whom she might have to do, her ladyship engaged Signor Catafago, at whose house she lived on her first visit to Acre, to go with her, as being a cunning man, and used to the intrigues of the country. We remained at Acre until the 17th of March. In the mean time, Mâlem Musa arrived from Damascus, having with him two men servants. Lady Hester saw from day to day Mâlem Haym, the Jew; and she

paid a visit to the pasha, who received her with peculiar affability. Whenever she went out, she was followed by a crowd of spectators; and the curiosity and admiration which she had very generally excited throughout Syria were now increased by her supposed influence in the affairs of government, in having a Capugi Bashi at her command.

She was returning one day from the bath, in which she often indulged, muffled up to keep out the cold air, and mounted on her favourite black ass, with a groom on either side to support her, when the ass took fright, and, turning suddenly round, threw her. The man on whom the fault chiefly fell was named Harb, a Mussulman, who had been hired expressly for this journey, at Sayda, as a janissary, he having been janissary to the French Consul. Although Lady Hester was not hurt, the Jew Seráf caused him to be bastinadoed on the feet, that he might take more care of his mistress in future. No Turk now paid her a visit without wearing his *benýsh*, or mantle of ceremony: and every circumstance showed the ascendency she had gained in public opinion.

I have already described the caravansery in which I was living (called Khan el Kummah) on a former occasion. I was lodged in a room the window of which overlooked the harbour, which is no more than a small nook sheltered by a dilapidated mole. During this time there was a most violent storm, and I was witness to the stranding of a polacca, which,

although moored by two cables through portholes in the mole, rode so uneasy that she broke the cables and drove on shore.

About this time, an order arrived from the Porte to the pashas of Syria, desiring them to enforce the wearing of kaûks, the cloth bonnet of Constantinopolitan Mahometans; and which, more especially, was affected in the Levant by government officers, or by Turks, in contradistinction to the natives, with whom the turban was the favourite covering of the head.

On our arrival, a request was made me to attend on Ali, pasha of Tripoli, whom we have before spoken of as residing with Sulymán Pasha in preference to residing on his own pashalik, and who was, at present, dangerously ill of a pulmonary complaint. He had been treated by eight doctors, all at variance with each other in their opinions: and, during three weeks previous to my arrival, the merits of bleeding had been discussed in consultations held before the pasha's friends, whilst the patient's malady was gaining ground. The casting vote was given to me, and I decided for it. One of the anti-phlebotomists, however, who performed the operation, made the orifice too small to give issue to the required quantity of blood: this was a *medium anceps*, which appeased both parties; the arm was bound up, and the trial was not repeated. I generally visited him twice a day; and never surely had I seen the path of death so smoothed to a dying man.

He was attended by a certain Shaykh Messaûd,

spoken of heretofore as head of an ancient family and governor of Beled Hartha. Seeing this gentleman and one Hassan Effendi always with Ali Pasha, I inquired the reason of their close attendance; and I was answered—"They are two clever persons who are kept near the pasha to amuse him, to pacify him when his temper is ruffled, to give the tone in conversation, and to raise his spirits when depressed by melancholy forebodings." The office of *toady* in Turkey at least requires some talent, where an unlucky observation may lead to a bastinading: but, when this talent is exerted in alleviating the sufferings of a sick bed, a toady ceases to be a despicable person.

His complaint was pulmonary, and his intervals of ease were few. When I paid my evening visits, an attendant, in waiting in the antechamber, would lead me to the door of the room where he was sitting, and, drawing aside the red cloth curtain embroidered in gold, would in a low whisper tell me to enter. The salute to a great personage in the East, on entering his presence, is by walking up to him, and kissing the hem of his garment or his hand, when he makes a sign to him who enters to sit down. All this was dispensed with from me, as a foreigner; but I saw it done by every one else. When seated, I was asked how I did, and how her Presence, or her Felicity, the dame, the emiry[1] did, which civility I acknowledged by a προσ-

[1] Emiry is feminine, emir masculine.—These were the titles the pasha always gave her in speaking of her. I therefore con-

κύνησις.[1] I might then look round the room, and, in dumb show, by carrying my hand to my mouth and forehead, recognize those whom I knew. There were generally present the chief men of the place; such as the mufti, the divan effendi, some ulemas, and always Mâlem Haym, the Jew seràf, the minister, that wonderful man who was present everywhere, and directed everything. The pasha was seated in an arm-chair (a very uncommon thing unless in illness) and on each side of him stood a page, one holding a pocket-handkerchief, and the other a small vase to spit in. The rest of the party were seated on the floor: for who

ceived they were what she was legitimately entitled to in that country. Her *Presence* is no more an absurd title than her Highness, her Grace, his Excellency, his Worship, and many other terms and qualities which use has consecrated to rank.

[1] By προσκύνησις I understand the salutation, in use among the Romans, of carrying the points of the fingers to the mouth, and kissing them, which is the customary mode still practised throughout Turkey from an inferior to a superior. Our word *adoration* (os, oris) is derived from this gesture, and by no means implies prostration or genuflexion Sir R. K. Porter, in his Travels in Persia, p 665, I think, makes a mistake, in attributing this mode of salutation to another cause His words are—"In front of the sovereign appears a man in a short tunic and plain bonnet, carrying his right hand to his mouth, to prevent his breath exhaling towards the august personage" Sir R. seems not to have been aware that the answer to every question put by a great man to an inferior is accompanied by this very gesture Facciolati (*Tot. Lat. Lex.*) defines *adoratio* by "precatio, manu ad os admotâ et flexo corpore facta."

would dare sit on the sofas when the pasha himself did not? who, so to say, would presume to sit higher than the pasha!

Awful indeed was the moment of feeling the pulse, when it was necessary to render an account of every pulsation: and how is it possible not to dissimulate on such occasions? At every favourable turn which manifested itself, happiness and complacency seemed to illumine every countenance, and a bystander would have said, "The pasha will be well to-morrow." When the visit was over, I was generally taken into another room by Haym, to confer with Abdallah Bey, the pasha's son.[1] Here I found the young lord, sitting between two venerable shaykhs, who were expounding to him the Koran, or commenting on some abstruse points of faith. When with the bey, pipes and coffee were served to me, the latter of which alone was given me in the pasha's presence. The state of his father's health was then inquired into, plans for the next day were devised, and so the cure was conducted.

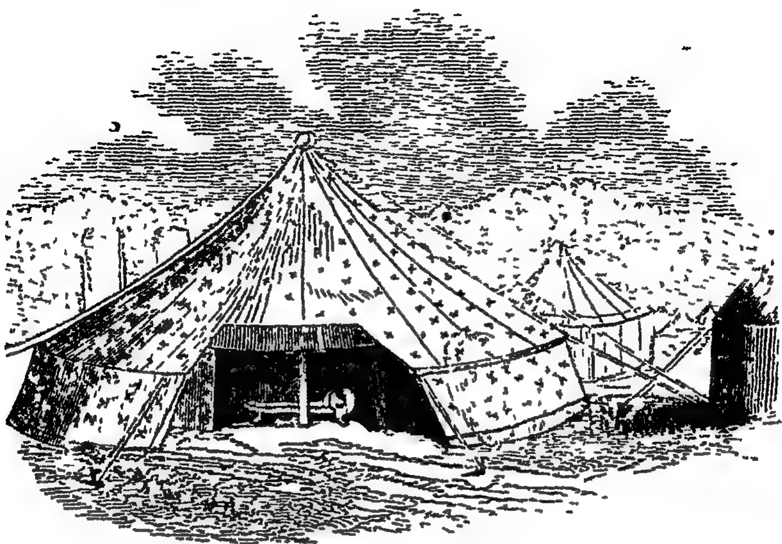
On one occasion, when ushered into Abdallah Bey's room, I observed an unusual degree of gaiety in the conversation. Inquiring the reason of this from one sitting by me, I was told that the bey had, in the course of that day, made a very clever throw with his girȳd or javelin, on horseback, and that nothing had

[1] Afterwards Pasha of Acre, until taken prisoner by Ibrahim Pasha.

since been talked of but his great skill as a perfect cavalier.

Soon after our arrival at Acre, the weather became fine for a few days, and it was resolved to remove Ali Pasha to a pavilion which he had built a few miles from the city. I rode over to see him, accompanied by the kumrûkgi or collector of the customs, Ayûb Aga, who was very attentive to me during my stay at Acre. There was an extensive garden round the pavilion; a thing of easy creation in Syria, where. as was the case here, copious springs and running streams were found. It was from this spot that the aqueduct, destroyed by the French in their invasion of Syria, conveyed water to Acre. But Ali Pasha received no benefit from his removal, and was soon conveyed back again.

In relating the case of the pasha, I am forgetting Lady Hester, who was now ready to depart for Ascalon. In compliance with the orders contained in the firmans of the Sublime Porte, she was honoured with distinctions usually paid to princes only. In addition to her own six tents, about twenty more were furnished, one of which was of vast magnitude, and under which Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales slept, on her journey to and from Jerusalem. As a part of the alleged misconduct of that princess was said to have taken place beneath it, and as its particular shape excited some discussion in the House of Lords, a sketch of it is annexed.



PRINCESS OF WALES'S TENT

This tent was double, like the calix and corolla of a flower inverted, the same post supporting both; and, when planted, the distance between the two at the bottom was about twelve feet. It was of a green colour on the outside, studded with yellow flowers and stars. In the centre of the inner tent was placed a sofa, behind which, and bisecting the tent, was suspended a curtain made of broad bands of satin of the most vivid colours. Nothing could be more showy or more elegant. There were twenty-two akáms or tent-pitchers to accompany us, headed by one Mohammed, a person whose activity, as I afterwards heard, made him conspicuous in the suite of Her Royal Highness

traordinary seasons, when every sensible person remained in-doors.[1]

I did not arrive until after sunset, when I found the encampment, in consequence of the tempest, in the greatest confusion, which continued to augment as the night advanced.

The station was at the western gate of Hayfa, on the outside, being that which we had occupied on our previous passage. On entering the dinner-tent, I observed a stranger, in a long threadbare Spanish cloak, whom, by his salutation, I guessed to be a Frenchman. He seemed to be nearly sixty years of age, his hair grizzly and uncombed, and his whole person apparently very dirty. He held under his left arm a book, which he never seemed to let go or lay down. We took our dinners in great haste, as the storm increased so much that the lights could not be kept in, and it was necessary, in the sailor's phrase, to make all snug, and prepare for a busy night. The stranger soon went away; and I then learned that he was a

[1] The obstinacy of the English, and of Europeans in general who visit the East, often leads them into disagreeable and dangerous situations When endeavours are used to divert them from any purpose where the difficulties which are represented are not quite obvious, and can only be foreseen by persons used to the country, they fancy their advisers are playing with them, and thus persist in their purpose, until they find themselves attacked by robbers, carried away by a torrent, or embedded in snow.

Frenchman, who had now, for two years, lived in a shed in the orchards of Háyfa, where the alms of the inhabitants maintained him. The book he carried constantly under his arm was a Bible, which he read incessantly, and, whenever questioned by any one who knew his failings, he would interpret texts from it as applicable to the existing state of the world. But Buonaparte was the chief subject of his prophecies.

No sooner had Lady Hester made her appearance at Acre, and the town-talk of Hayfa had informed him of the preparations that were making for her escort, than, ignorant of her real destination to Ascalon, he fancied, like many others, that she could be going nowhere else than to perform the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He accordingly searched out a number of texts wherein he pretended that her coming was announced, and was prepared to greet her with them on her passage through Hayfa. Her ladyship had admitted him just before my arrival, and had treated him with that kindness which the unfortunate ever obtained from her. His history has already been related in a recent publication.[1]

The storm continued, and the wind was so powerful that it blew up the tents like so many umbrellas. Mâlem Musa's, which was twelve or fourteen feet in diameter, was thrown down on him, and he lay buried under it for some minutes, roaring for assistance, until

[1] Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope, 1st edit, vol. ii p. 184

extricated by the tentmen. Lady Hester, for better security, had betaken herself to her own tent, and had quitted the large one. In spite of the additional precautions which were used, by fixing stakes on the windward side of it, and by placing large stones on the pickets, she was twice half smothered. Anxious for her safety, I remained on foot the whole of that night, and was exposed to the fury of the contending elements. Early in the evening, Signor Catafago had taken refuge in the town at the Carmelite monastery: Derwish Aga, the Zaym, had done the same; and not a soldier was left. The mesalgy's beacon could not be kept alight, and the akkâms or tentmen were worn out by so often setting up the blown down tents.

About midnight, Wurdy, one of the women, came in haste to inform me that there was a Frank in the dinner tent, just arrived from Acre: I repaired to him immediately, and I found a young man in the act of putting on a British naval uniform coat. I saluted him in Italian, without reflecting that I was addressing him in a language foreign to his dress: but I was right. He told me in the same breath that he was a Dalmatian, in the English service, who had accompanied the Princess of Wales in the capacity of dragoman from Palermo to Constantinople, in her voyage of 1813, and that he was now come to conduct Lady Hester and all of us to England. I was rather surprised at his embassy: more especially when I learned from whom he came: but, having given

orders for providing him a supper, which was no easy matter in such a storm, I took his despatches, and carried them to Lady Hester. In the midst of the hurricane, she immediately read them. They were from Sir Sydney Smith, and were most voluminous, relating to matters very different from Lady Hester's return: but, as they are foreign to this narrative, I shall not enter into particulars.

Sir Sydney, however, had taken this opportunity of sending various presents to persons whom he had known in Syria. These were a pair of pistols to Abu Ghosh, the chieftain who lived on the mountains of Judea, in the road to Jerusalem from Jaffa; a dressing-box for the Emir Beshýr's wife; an English bible to the public library of Jerusalem (there being no such institution); and a picture of the pope for the Holy Sepulchre. He likewise displayed his indignation at cruelty, but not his prudence, in telling the Emir Beshýr, in a letter which he wrote to him, how much he regretted that the sons of his brother had been deprived of their eyesight by his order. The picture of the pope which he gave was to be in the keeping of the Copt, Greek, Syrian, and Catholic bishops; but, in so doing, he showed little knowledge of the state of things at Jerusalem. These different sects have nothing in common among them but their quarrels.

The following memorandums of the correspondence contained in the despatches which passed between Sir Sydney Smith and Lady Hester Stanhope, by the

hands of M. Thomaso Coschich, were written down at the time. They contain the substance of all the letters.

Sir Sydney Smith to Lady Hester Stanhope, Latakia.

Vienna, Dec. 8, 1814.

My dear Cousin,

I received yours from Latakia. In my way to England I spoke to Fremantle, whom I saw at Gibraltar, to send you a frigate; for I am at present no longer in command. My nephew, Thurlow Smith, has got the Undaunted (the ship which carried B. to Elba), and he will contrive, if possible, to come to you, as I say all I can of the necessity of guarding our trade in that quarter.

I send you Don Thomaso Coschich, with despatches, &c. I have paid his passage, and agreed with him for one dollar a day, having left forty dollars unpaid (as he is a man of whose character I am ignorant in a moral point of view), to leave him something to look to. I shall leave Vienna after the Congress, for Florence and Leghorn, where I hope to meet you in the month of April.

I remain, &c.

A second communication begged to charge Lady Hester with delivering certain despatches to the Emir Beshýr. They were, to ask him to send the 1,500 soldiers which had been promised him through Mr. Fiott, who vouched for the prince's having said so in word and in writing, and to inform him that these troops were to be employed in attacking the Algerine pirates. For the purpose of rallying them, he sent flags of different descriptions, with plans for encamping.

His plan (he added) had been submitted to the emperors of Austria and Russia, to the kings of Prussia and (through Talleyrand) of France; who all approved highly of it. He had also held conferences with the crowned heads in ball-rooms and assemblies as well as he could have done in their closets; but nobody would advance money.

He went on to say that, finding his debts pretty large, he had given up his goods and chattels to his creditors in England, and had brought his all to Vienna on eight wheels: that he was so far reduced as to be obliged to beg a loan from his Syrian friends; and he charged Lady Hester with the commission.

He advised Lady Hester not to go to Naples, which was not orthodox, owing to the presence of a certain person (the Princess of Wales), whose follies she recollected at Plymouth. He observed that his nephew had seen the King of Rome, who was at Schoenbrun, wearing a wooden sword, and that he was a pert lad.

To confirm the feasibility of his scheme, he said he was in correspondence with the Emperor of Morocco, who would second these views, being, *par force*, just then no pirate. The dey of Tunis had also been consulted on the business; but, as he was since dead, Sir Sydney recommended it to Lady Hester to visit the coast of Barbary, and see what sort of a man his successor was. The deceased dey was too liberal-minded for his subjects, and had been poisoned.

There was a letter to the Emir Beshýr, which was in French, nearly as follows:—

Au tres puissant et grand prince Beshýr. I have heard with much pleasure from certain Englishmen (Mr. Forbes, Mr. Gell, who were never there, and Mr. Fiott, now Dr. Lee, were the names mentioned), of the continuance of your health and prosperity. It grieves me to learn that the sons of the Emir Yusef labour under your displeasure, and that they have lost their eyesight. (N.B It was the Emir himself who had blinded them). I hope you will not suffer them to want your protection. You are answerable to them, and more particularly to me, for their safety.

The letter then went on in a style which will show that Sir Sydney's vanity sometimes made him fall into hyperbole.

I have dismantled my ships, having no farther occasion for them, owing to the pacification of Europe. I have written to the Prince Regent of Portugal, whom I had induced to take refuge in America, that he may now return to his capital· and, after having paid a visit to the son of the king of England, I am come to Vienna to assist at the Congress. Mr. Fiott, an English gentleman, has informed me that you are ready to furnish me with fifteen hundred men· I have just now occasion for them, to subjugate the Barbaresque pirates, who impede the transmission of corn from Egypt to Christendom; so Captain Ismael, Mahomet Ali's envoy to Malta, has told me.

I send your highness a dressing-box, containing a few trifles for your ladies (N.B This dressing-box was in ebony, studded in steel, furnished with pins and needles, thread, &c); also a black cloak for yourself, or for the officer you may choose to appoint commander of your troops To these

things I have joined a pair of pistols, with an Arabic inscription partly defaced

Lady Hester disapproved of the whole plan, from beginniyg to end, and answered Sir Sydney's letters as follows:—She told him, that to send for troops from the Emir Beshýr was endangering that prince's life; as he was employing the force of one province against another, both being parts of the same empire. Such a thing could only be done by a direct application to the sultan, enforcing the request by saying that, if he would not lend his aid to stop the piracy of his subjects, then other measures would be resorted to. Alluding to the flags which he had sent, and which were no more than so many German stuff shawls, she asked him, who was the king of pocket-handkerchiefs? She said, the mountaineers would fight very well on their own dunghill, when they had their mountain to retreat upon; but that they would never quit their firesides.

Lady Hester might have added likewise, that the Emir had too many enemies of his own to dare to send his troops away; nor could he, as he wanted a seaport in his own territory, have embarked them without permission from the pasha of Acre.

Of her own and Sir Sydney's letters she sent copies to Mr. Liston, English ambassador at Constantinople; and to Mr. Barker, English consul at Aleppo; desiring the latter to stop all letters passing through his hands, which he supposed to come from Sir Sydney to the Emir Beshýr.

She then wrote to the Emir himself, to say, when her journey to Ascalon was over, she would see him on business of importance.

There was great indelicacy in Sir Sydney's conduct in sending such a man, giving out wherever he went that he was to take charge of Lady Hester, and conduct her back to Europe.

The perusal of these papers and the necessary deliberation upon them lasted until morning. In the mean time, Signor Thomaso Coschich (for so the Dalmatian was called) had made but a poor supper, and could not conceal his discontent, when the servants told him no wine was ever served up at Lady Hester's table when she was travelling with Turks.

When daylight came. I gathered, by reports already in circulation among the people, that Signor Coschich had arrived at Acre after my departure; that he had addressed himself to Mâlem Haym with an exaggerated story of the importance of his mission, alleging that he bore despatches declaratory of war between Turkey and Russia, in which England would take a part, and that he was, therefore, come to convey Lady Hester to a place of safety; with many other strange inventions of a hardy cast: upon which Mâlem Haym had caused the town gates to be opened after the usual hour, and a treasury messenger had been ordered to conduct him to Hayfa. The imprudence of such conversation induced Lady Hester to get rid of him

forthwith. She accordingly ordered a halt at Hayfa; and, stopping there three days, she wrote answers to Sir Sydney Smith's despatches, laying open the whole transaction to Derwish Mustafa Aga, in order to set his mind at ease on a subject which must otherwise have excited a multitude of suspicions. When the answers were prepared, Signor Coschich was ordered to depart; and instructions were given him to ship himself for Cyprus as speedily as possible. The courage of this man on the sea, nevertheless, was wonderful. He had crossed the Mediterranean, in the most perilous part of the year, in a boat no bigger than a nutshell; so that, on entering Larnarka roads, in Cyprus, seafaring men would scarcely credit their eyes. He had quarrelled with his guides on the road from Tripoli, exposing himself more than once to be assassinated.

Upon examining the different articles which Sir Sydney Smith had sent as presents, farther incongruities were discovered. The pistols were of Persian make: this was sending coals to Newcastle; for, when Turks ask for pistols from England, it is English pistols they want. There was an abah made of black satin, with Sir Sydney's arms emblazoned on the shoulders on a white ground He seems to have known as little of the dress of the country as he did of its politics or religion. A satin abah could no more be worn by a man in Syria, than a pair of chintz breeches by a man in England.

To have done with this subject altogether, it may be as well to say here how it terminated. Lady Hester, on her return to Mar Elias, sent her secretary to the emir Beshýr, who translated to him as well Sir Sydney's letters intended for him as her ladyship's answers, and then gave him the presents. The emir, as might be supposed, did not like to be lectured about his nephews, whom he had barbarously mutilated. But this was of little note in comparison with the mischief which a supposed league with European nations would do him in the eyes of the Porte; and, had it not been for Lady Hester's prudence, he felt that his head would soon have been no longer on his shoulders. The presents he received; but, contrary to his usual custom of showing everything that he had, which was curious or foreign, to people who went to see him, these he never exhibited to a soul.

Lady Hester thought that the ebony dressing-box would best befit the Shaykh Beshýr's wife, who was young and coquettish: but the shaykh, fearful of being mixed up in such a business, returned it immediately, and never mentioned the giver's name.

Sir S. Smith never passed in Syria for a man of talent. He spent a good deal of money, and always carried his point by bakshyshes, or presents. Yet, with a squadron to back him, he failed in raising himself a reputation; and, as for a politician, he was considered a miserable one; for, when he interfered in Gezzàr's war with the Emir Beshýr, and took that

prince on board his ship, to save him from the hands of Gezzàr, he knew not that he was lending protection to a man who afterwards showed himself to be one of the most sanguinary tyrants of modern times. Gezzàr Pasha said, "Here is a man who comes and attempts to destroy in a day what I have been labouring to effect for fifteen years," and he was right; for, now that the plan was consolidated, the expediency was manifest, and the emir and shaykh Beshyr were as completely under the thumb of the pasha as two servants; which, however abject a situation in the abstract, is what, by the nature of their tenure from the Porte, they were required to be.

Some persons will blame Lady Hester for disclosing a private correspondence to the Zaym; but, when Sir Sydney had said that he had written to Constantinople and to the emir, she knew it must soon be blown. Besides, from the strange rhodomontades of Signor Coschich, it was necessary to tell the truth, or to incur the suspicion of being an emissary and a spy.

On the 23rd of March, in the morning, we left Hayfa. The weather was cloudy, and a misty rain now and then fell. In four hours we arrived at Aatlyt, but here an accident happened which damped our joy for the evening. Turkish cavalry are accustomed, on all occasions of festivity, to show their feats of horsemanship, one of which is to fire off their carbines at each other in a full gallop. Just before reaching the encampment at Aatlyt, a soldier, among others who

were merrily disposed, galloped up close to his comrade, when, firing his carbine, the wadding lodged in the shoulders of a handsome youth of fifteen, the son of the *bin bashi*, or colonel. I was immediately called to him, and found an ill-looking wound in the deltoid muscle, but it was superficial, and there was nothing serious to be apprehended. I bound up the wound, and the young man went the following morning to his mother at Nazareth, where, as I afterwards heard, he speedily recovered.[1]

Lady Hester was lodged in a cottage, to avoid the repetition of the inconveniences suffered at Hayfa. Whilst supper was cooking by Um Risk, a serpent, unperceived by her, entwined itself round her naked leg. I had seen other proofs of courage in this withered old woman, but was astonished most at this. She felt the serpent, and, looking down, calmly seized it by the neck, held it so until she had unwound the tail, and then killed it.

On the 24th we departed for Tontura, where we arrived in two hours. We observed several Arabs under tents, pasturing their flocks. Here we experi-

[1] I here lost a glass-stoppered bottle, which I had entrusted to the hands of some one standing near me; and I observed, on every occasion where crystal bottles with glass stoppers *once got* into the possession of any one in Syria, they were never to be recovered. It was an article not attainable there but by *gift*, and possessed in the eyes of the inhabitants great value for holding elixirs, essences, &c.

enced much civility from the shaykh. As our encampment, next day, was to be among the ruins of Cæsarea, camels laden with rice, bread, fuel, and other necessaries, were sent forward; for Cæsarea, a ruined place, could furnish nothing but water. From Tonturá to Cæsarea proved a distance of two hours' march.[1] We reached it on the afternoon of the 25th. As the night threatened to be very tempestuous, Lady Hester's tent was planted under the vault of a ruin, our horses were stabled in caves, and every preparation was made to guarantee us from the inclemency of the weather. We experienced, in fact, a storm not less dreadful than that at Hayfa; and those who had not ventured to brave it on the former occasion, now, having no town to flee to, were much worse off. Our squadron of horse soldiers lay exposed to the wind and rain, without any covering but broken walls, and Signor Catafago was so terrified, that he wished himself safe back at his house in Acre. Ruins are very uncomfortable places to encamp in, under the most favourable circumstances, owing to the reptiles which are continually crawling about.[2]

The 25th continued too rainy to allow of resuming

[1] Yet it had required three hours fifteen minutes to do it in, on a former occasion.

[2] In hot climates, for an encampment no soil appears to me so good (and I had some experience) as a sandy soil, covered with tufted grass or turf.

the journey, or even of examining the ruins among which we were encamped. One of the Hawàry soldiers took this favourable moment for being bled, having, as he told me, neglected to undergo his annual spring venesection before quitting Acre. Accordingly, he seated himself on a stone in the air; and, as is generally pretended to be done by the barbers of the country when they bleed a person, begged me to let the blood spout until I saw it change to a good colour.

On the 26th, we had fine weather, and struck our tents. We arrived at Um Khaled. The shaykh called to mind our passage three years before, and complimented me on my beard. The peasants were turned out of their cottages, compelled to remove every article of furniture, and moreover to sweep the cottages for our reception. I got my breakfast early, and, accompanied by a courier, proceeded on before to Mharrem. We passed the sandy tract called Abu Zabûrrah, which, to a traveller in an unprotected state, is not a place devoid of danger. A pasha named Ismael was stripped and robbed by the Arabs at this spot; and, in Gezzàr pasha's time, a patrole was kept here. It was no slight proof of the good government of the reigning pasha, that the greatest security prevailed in every part of his pashalik.

At Mharrem, the shaykh immediately pointed out the sanctuary of the saint as the best place for lodging us; and indeed the building was more respectable than

those which usually cover the sepulchres of the santons of Islamism. Lady Hester arrived soon afterwards. I renewed my acquaintance with such of the peasants as recollected us in our former journey. We now had an opportunity of judging of the moroseness of men, and of their disposition to inflict pain where they can. On the former occasion we paid largely for every thing, but were served reluctantly, and were by no means well treated: whereas now, when every article was furnished by requisition, the utmost alacrity and apparent good-will was demonstrated, although they received nothing but blows in payment.

It seemed an act of oppression, on first thoughts, thus to oblige a small village to furnish nearly 200 persons and their animals with food and lodging, for one or more nights; yet, in reality, it was less so than it appeared to be. The reason is this. Every village shaykh has remitted to him so much of the imposts falling on it, in consideration of the number of persons who may be likely to be guests, from government orders, or otherwise, during the year; and, in consideration of this, he is bound to receive and entertain them for the space of three days. In this way, that noble institution of the *menzel* or alighting-house is maintained throughout Syria, (where I have often profited by it,) and elsewhere in Turkey, as I have been informed: in consequence of which a traveller, who is a stranger, rides boldly up to the house of the shaykh, and, in nine cases out of ten,

is entertained for the night, and sent off next morning with a prayer for his safety, without the cost of a farthing.

The next day we reached Jaffa in three hours. One hour from El Mharrem is the river Awgy. The news of our approach had reached Jaffa already, and curiosity was awake, as I could perceive, among the inhabitants. The town-gate was thronged with spectators. This gate, if I recollect rightly, the only one, was handsome, and highly ornamented with a diversity of colours fantastically painted in arabesque. The governor had a small kiosk, or pavilion, near it: and, seeing me pass from his window, requested my presence the moment of my arrival. He received me with a very distant air, recalling to mind, in all probability, the refusal of his present, which refusal he recollected to have occurred through me in Mr. B.'s name, three years before.

When I told him I wished immediately to have quarters assigned for us, he gave me one of his archers, with a command to turn out any family at my pleasure Knowing, however, the delay and distress that always attended these measures of force, I preferred going to the Latin monastery, but found it too small for all of us. The Greek monastery (where I had lodged before) was more spacious, and I here took six rooms opening on the terrace that overlooks the port. The English consul's house had been previously prepared for Lady Hester, and was at once airy and

agreeable. She arrived in due time (on her gray mare), and rode strait to Signor Damiani's, who received her in the same gold-laced cocked hat which afterwards so much excited the ridicule of her royal highness the Princess of Wales and of Signor Bergami.

Jaffa was at this season very dull, as the pilgrims had already passed to Jerusalem. Their influx and return from that place, I have already said, are the chief support of the inhabitants; for the trade is little without them.

Much bustle occurred a day or two afterwards, in consequence of the arrival of a courier from Egypt on his way to Constantinople, to announce the defeat of the Wahabys and the imprisonment of Abu Nukta, their chief. It was reported that there was among these Wahabys a valiant maiden, named Gâly, who performed prodigies of valour.

Mohammed Aga, the governor, was ordered by the firman of the pasha to accompany Lady Hester to Ascalon; a mission he would willingly have avoided, as it cannot be supposed he liked her ladyship, who had before treated him with such contempt: nor did she now pursue more conciliatory measures; for never was she known to bend to any man, neither had Mohammed aught in him to secure her esteem.

He was astute, false, and insinuating. Bought, as a Mameluke, by the tyrant Gezzàr, he had, like those

who had survived of that number, been elevated to considerable situations, in which the present pasha had continued him; but, like them, without relations or domestic connections to chain him to the soil, he lived but to enrich himself. Hence he was often guilty of rapine and oppression; and the energy of his administration, for which he was sometimes praised, was nevertheless founded in cruelty. The thief was punished with the loss of the offending hand, the libertine with the severest castigations; yet he was not disposed to set bounds to the indulgence of his own depraved tastes and propensities. He was married, nevertheless, to the daughter of that Kengi Ahmed, whom formerly we saw as governor of Jerusalem, which post he still filled. With all this, Mohammed Aga was reputed a warlike chieftain, and was thought by some as likely to succeed the present pasha

Signor Damiani, the English vice-consul, had a budget full of anecdotes tending to prove how perfidious and how base the governor was. I noted down two; one as serving to show how much the simplicity of the Mahometan worship had been perverted; such perversions being common in the course of time to all institutions He happened to be greatly taken with a handsome horse belonging to a chorister in one of the mosques. The chorister liked his horse, and would not sell it, which refusal Mohammed Aga pretended not to resent, and seemed to have forgotten

the matter. On the first day of Ramazán, the new moon was not visible, upon which the chorister deferred the commencement of his fast until the morrow. Mohammed Aga wanted nothing more than a pretext to ruin him, and this seemed a good one. He sent for the singer, reproached him loudly for his relaxed principles and his breach of public and divine ordinances, inasmuch as the new moon had been seen by several persons on the prescribed day; fined him in a large sum of money; and confiscated his goods and possessions, among which, of course, was the horse.

On another occasion, a man offended him grievously. He pretended to have forgiven him; and a few days afterwards, as the offending Turk was sitting under a tree, a servant of the governor's drew his pistol and shot him. The servant made a pretence of hiding himself for three or four days, and then resumed his situation in his master's family as if nothing had happened.

We remained at Jaffa until the 30th of the month; and, on the last day of March, set off for Ascalon, our party being now increased by the addition of Mohammed Aga, Abu Nabût, and suite, and by Signor Damiani, together with a host of cooks, and loads of shovels, pickaxes, baskets, and whatever was necessary for excavating the soil. The country from Jaffa assumed a rural appearance, resembling the cultivated parts of England; the undulating soil, covered with

wheat in leaf, barley in ear, and high grass, gave proofs of its fertility. No part of Syria is so beautiful; which manifests how erroneous is the argument of Gibbon, who founds on the supposed barrenness of Palestine, compared with its former population, a doubt of the authenticity of the bible.

In four hours' time we arrived at Ebna, a village not less miserable than those to the north of Jaffa. Three hours' farther was a hamlet, El Lubben or Lubden. Leaving this, with the village of Haremy on our right, we arrived, in one hour and a half, at Mejdel, a populous burgh,[1] whose shaykh bore the name of Shubashy, which is a Turkish word, indicating a degree higher than simple shaykh. Ascalon was no more than a league off, and we proceeded thither on the morrow. Arrived at our destination, our tents were fixed in the midst of the ruins, whilst a cottage was fitted up for Lady Hester at the village of El Jura, just without the walls of Ascalon. Orders were immediately sent to the surrounding villages to furnish workmen, in gangs, at the rate of 150 per day, for the excavations. But, before I narrate the proceedings which took place, it will be necessary to say a few words on the history of this once celebrated city, and on the revolutions to which it has been subject; now, last of all, to be the scene of operations of

[1] "Two miles south of Majdil are the ruins of six Roman baths of mineral water." — *Mangles and Irby's Travels*, p. 299.

a singular and surprising nature, if it be considered that Mahometan governors were to act under the commands of a helpless Christian woman, in a barbarous and fanatic country.

CHAPTER VII.

History of Ascalon—Ruins—Encampments—Forced labour of peasants — Excavations — Fragments of Columns — Discovery of a mutilated statue—Apprehensions of Signor Damiani—Lady Hester orders the statue to be destroyed—Excavations abandoned — Lady Hester's narrative of the motives and results of the researches — Auditing accounts — Mohammed Aga a fatalist—Return to Jaffa—Derwish Mustafa Aga and Lady Hester's black female slave—Patients — Mohammed Bey; his story — Return of Lady Hester's servant Ibrahim from England — Khurby, or the Ruins — Remains near that spot — Return to Acre — Altercation with muleteers—Excavations at Sayda—Reflexions on researches for hidden treasures.

The antiquity of the city of Ascalon is clear from the sacred writings; for we read of it in the book of Joshua,[1] the book of Kings,[2] and elsewhere; so that as early as nineteen hundred years before Christ it was known as one of the chief places of Palestine. It became afterwards a part of the Assyrian, then of the Persian, monarchy; and was subdued, together with all Syria, by Alexander the Great. After his death, it fell to the lot of Ptolemy Lagus, king of Egypt;

c. xiii, v. 3. [2] I. Kings, c. vi

and by Antiochus the Great it was incorporated with the empire of Syria. In Strabo[1] it is said that "Ascalon is a city not spacious, and built in such a sunk situation as to seem to be in a hole." William of Tyre informs us that "it resisted our arms for fifty years and more, after Jerusalem had fallen; until, in the year of our Lord 1194, on the 12th of August, after a bloody siege, it was surrendered to king Baldwin by its Saracen inhabitants."

Herod, king of the Jews, respected Ascalon as the native place of his family; and, from this circumstance, and from the splendid baths and peristyles which he built there, he obtained the appellation of Herod the Ascalonite. William of Tyre informs us that "this city, from the inaptitude of the seacoast, neither has nor ever had a harbour or safe anchorage for shipping."[2] Abulfeda, quoting from El Azýz, and speaking from his own knowledge, says: "Ascalon is a city on the seashore, in which there are vestiges of antiquity." and again,—"It adjoins the sea on a bank; it is one of the most illustrious places of the plain on the seashore, and has no port." What was the fate of the city from this time I have no documents to show, excepting that it is probable it fell gradually to decay, until the time when it was visited

[1] Lib 10.

[2] The above notices of Ascalon are extracted from Noris, de Ep. Syromac, to whose learned researches the reader is referred for more copious information.

by d'Arvieux, a Frenchman, who gives us the following account of these ruins in 1659. "We departed from Gaza, about eight in the morning. We kept the shore as far as the ancient city of Ascalon. It is situated on the sea, in a country level and very fertile. The prodigious thickness of the walls and towers, which are all fallen, and which have filled the ditches, show it to have been formerly one of the strongest places in Palestine. It is at present as ruinous as Cæsarea or St. Jean d'Acre. There are only a few spaces of wall still existing towards the sea, in which are embedded (*endossés*) several columns of granite, or, as the vulgar fancy, cast stone. This city has no port. nor any houses sufficiently entire to be habitable, so that it is wholly abandoned..............We found nothing remarkable in it but an old well half filled up, and constructed in the style of Joseph's well in the castle at Cairo: and, towards the middle of the city, seven or eight pillars of marble still standing upon their pedestals, which appeared to be the remains of a temple. We quitted the seashore, in leaving this desolated city, and took the road to Rama, over a most beautiful and highly cultivated country." I may add that, so late as thirty years ago, there was enough of the great mosque standing to afford a dwelling to a shaykh of Barbary.

The city of Ascalon, as we found it, differed little from the account of d'Arvieux, excepting that no

marble columns, or portions of an edifice, were now standing; and those which formerly strewed the ground had, for the most part, been carried away.

Palmyra is an instance how long structures will remain when left to the slow effects of time and natural decay. It is to the hand of man that they generally owe their greatest dismemberment: and, thus Ascalon was stripped of all that was useful in it to rebuild Jaffa and Acre. Its neighbourhood to the seashore afforded great facilities of conveyance: and blocks ready cut, columns ready shaped, and slabs of marble that required but to be laid, would not be spared when so near at hand. Hence rose the seraglio of Gezzàr, the mosque, and the public baths; where granite, prophyry, and marble, are huddled together in rich but bungling confusion. When that which lay on the surface had been carried off, they proceeded to dig, and their labour was rewarded by the discovery of materials equally useful, although less easy to come at.

According to a rough calculation, from the time required to make the circuit of the walls of Ascalon on horseback, its circumference is two miles. The shape is somewhat triangular, and the side towards the sea is a little longer than the others. The assertion of Strabo, that the city is built as if in a hole. and Abulfeda's account that it stands on a bank, may be reconciled on an actual view of the spot. For, when approaching it from the east, hillocks of drifted sand, accumulated round the walls, have obtained an

elevation almost equal to them, so that the ground within the walls is lower than that without. But, towards the sea, the plain closes abruptly in a precipice of some height; so that, viewed from that quarter, Ascalon may even be said to stand high. The coast runs nearly north-east and south-west. The wall on the seaside rises almost from the water's edge, and is intended to prop the crumbling precipice. It was probably raised on an emergency; for it is composed of rude masonry, where shafts of granite columns are stuck in, so as to represent at a distance the cannon of a ship or the artillery of a fortress. At certain distances on the walls were towers, which. by the parts that still remain, appear to have been of good masonry. The walls themselves are five or six feet thick.[1]

Ascalon is mentioned by Strabo as famous for its onions, and it enjoys at this day a reputation for the same root, which is considered by the neighbouring peasants as a delicious article of food.

Within the ruins, all was desolation. Fragments of pillars lay scattered about, and elevations here and there showed how many more might lie concealed beneath the surface of the soil.

[1] How far this justifies the epithet of "prodigious thickness," used by d'Arvieux, is for the reader to decide Indeed, they are so much covered with sand, that I should not wonder if any cursory observer conceived them to be of four times that thickness

Early on the first of April,[1] Lady Hester, Derwish Mustafa Aga, and Mohammed Aga, accompanied by the interpreters and myself, rode over the ruins, seeking for the indications given in the Italian document. The mosque was immediately recognized by the *mahreb*, or niche, looking towards which the imám stands to direct, as fugleman, the kneeling and prostrations of Mahometans in prayer. This was still standing, but, in other respects, no more than a stone or two of the foundations remained above ground. Although there was little doubt that this was the spot meant, still it was difficult to know at which side or end, in a building fifty-five paces long and forty-three in breadth, to begin. At the north-west corner of the ruins was a santon's tomb, covered with a small building. Here dwelt a shaykh,[2] the only inhabitant of the place; and, seeing his solitary reign thus molested by horsemen, tents, soldiers, and *corvées* of peasants, he very soon became acquainted with the motive, and readily mixed with the spectators. He was consulted as to what he knew of the building. He said that formerly a Barbaresque had visited the shrine, and had lived with him eleven months, always lurking about, doing he knew not what: but that, in conversation, he had assigned to two

[1] Looking at the result of Lady Hester's search, some wag may be disposed to say—"Certainly, the fittest day in the year."

[2] Named Ashur, if there be such a name in Arabic; for I do not recollect the like to it.

different spots hidden treasures, both within the circuit of the mosque. It was finally resolved to begin on the south side.

The tents were then fixed in the following manner. On the east side, close to the mosque, were planted Signor Catafago's, Mâlem Musa's, M. Beaudin's and my own, each as large as an English marquee: and, close to them, a *sewân*, or open tent, for meals. The meals were to be served three times a day, consisting of two services at noon and sunset, and of a light breakfast at sunrise. No where in Syria did I fare better than here. At the south side of the mosque, on an eminence or mound, was fixed a large tent of observation, in which Mohammed Aga, when present, sat. But the tents of Mohammed Aga and the Zaym were without the city walls, close by the Eastern gate, in a sandy bottom. And here, too, were the tents of the cavalry, the kitchens, the water-carriers, the horses, &c; presenting a scene of showy gaiety almost as lively as a race-course. All the tents were either green or blue, and the principal ones were conspicuous for flamings swords, flowers, stars, and other ornaments, worked upon them. Couriers were coming and going every day from and to Jaffa.

It has been said that to the north of the ruins there was a small village, called El Jura, two hundred yards from the walls. Here two cottages were swept out, matted, and carpeted for Lady Hester and her female attendants: for to have encamped in

the midst of the men would, by Mahometans, so far as related to women, have been thought improper, and her ladyship now required the strictest decorum of behaviour in her women, and on all occasions consonant to Mahometan usages: so that, not even Mrs. Fry, her English maid, was suffered to open the door of the courtyard of the cottage without veiling her face. Between the village and the ruins was fixed a tent, and here Lady Hestor sat in the day-time, and received visits from the agas, the mâlems, &c. At two she generally mounted her ass, and rode to see the workmen. On these occasions they would shout, and renew their digging with fresh activity.

I have mentioned that, for this purpose, the neighbouring peasantry had been put in requisition. These poor men were pressed by government, and received no pay, but they were treated well; for two meals were served up to them in the day-time, and no severity was used towards them. They generally came about one hundred a day, many, where they could, alleging causes of exemption, and worked until about an hour before sunset. Signor Catafago, Signor Damiani, M. Beaudin, Giorgio, the *governor*, and myself, superintended them, with overseers immediately among them: and it was no small exertion to sit or walk six or eight hours, sometimes in the rain, and sometimes under a burning sun. The peasants, who laboured and perspired, suffered less. It would seem impossible to an Englishman that they could have worked hard, when told that these men drank nothing but water.

The very day of our arrival, a gang was immediately set to work: and I shall now proceed to detail, day by day, what the excavations brought to light. As a beginning, nothing more was done than just to remove the surface of the ground.

April 2nd. After digging down three or four feet, some foundations were laid open, running east and west. On removing the earth between them nothing was found but mould and loose stones, with two or three human bones. Three fragments of marble shafts of pillars were bared and a Corinthian capital. There were appearances showing that the ground had been disturbed at some former period, particularly in the south-east corner, where there was a ditch of a very recent date, which (it was whispered by the peasants) had been made by Mohammed Aga himself. Two small earthen phials, about three inches long, some fragments of vases, and a bottle of lapis specularis, or talc, were dug up: shards of pottery were found here and there, but none of them of fine workmanship.

On the 3rd day, the excavations were continued along the south wall. The men worked with great animation. The idea of discovering immense heaps of gold seemed to have an effect upon them, although they could not hope for a share in it. On this day there was a great fall of rain and hail, and the weather was so tempestuous as much to impede the labourers. A pipe and tabor were therefore brought, to the tune of which they worked, sung, and danced. Cross foun-

dations were met with, running east and west, seeming to have served for the support of rows of pedestals. About fifteen feet from the centre of the south wall were discovered several large fragments of granite columns, which lay one on another in such a manner as to render it probable that they were placed there.

On the 4th day the work was continued nearly in the same direction. At three in the afternoon, the workmen struck upon a mutilated statue. I was immediately called, and felt exultation at the sight of a relic of antiquity, which I thought might give celebrity to our labours. The soil around it being removed, it was drawn up by ropes, without damage. There were at the same spot some imperfect remains of the pedestal on which it had stood. The depth of the mould and rubbish which lay over the statue was six or eight feet.

On examination, it proved to be a marble statue of colossal dimensions and of good execution. It was headless, and had lost an arm and a leg; but was not otherwise disfigured. It seemed to have represented a deified king:[1] for the shoulders were ornamented

[1] "Participa ella del colosso, avanzando molto l'ordinaria statura d'uomo; sapendosi per osservanza degli eruditi, che cosi erano soliti farsi per i ré e pergli imperadori."—*Statue antiche e moderne, No.* 15.

It appears that the sculpture on the Gate of the Lions, as it is called, at Mycenæ, had a strong resemblance to the centre ornament of the statue.—See *Hughes's Travels*, v. i. p. 229.

with the insignia of the thunderbolt, and the breast with the Medusa's head. There was every reason to believe that, in the changes of masters which Ascalon had undergone, the place in which we were now digging had originally been a heathen temple, afterwards a church, and then a mosque. The statue probably belonged to the age of the successors of Alexander, or it might be that of Herod himself. At the depth where the statue lay was a marble pavement and also a tympanum of a porch of the Corinthian order. To the East, close to the South wall, was found the trunk of another statue. As the mould was cleared away, a modius was discovered, which probably had surmounted the head of one of the two statues. It was chipped off at the top, and evidently, at the bottom, had been forcibly separated from the head to which it had belonged: it was nine and a half inches long. The statue, from the acromion to the heel, was six feet nine inches.





STATUE FOUND AT ASCALON.

On the fifth day the outline of the foundations of the entire building was made out. It was amusing at this time to find how many wise men, some calling themselves astrologers, and some fortune-tellers, started up on all sides to foretel Lady Hester's success. This was fortunate: for the workmen had begun to relax in their labours, and their overseers sneered at the business. Mohammed Aga found his own purposes answered in the number of marble slabs that were discovered. These he shipped, in a coasting boat, for Jaffa. On the outside of the West foundation, three subterraneous places were opened, which at first, it was thought, would lead to the object we were in search of. But they proved to be cisterns or reservoirs for rain water, with no appearance of antiquity about them; and, both in the round mouth upwards, and in the conduit which led the water into them, resembled those in use throughout Syria at the present day.

In the mean time, Signor Catafago and myself were much amused by the exceeding apprehension of Signor Damiani, lest he should be poisoned. The governor generally dined with us: but Damiani would neither eat nor drink in our tent. He affected an air of mystery in every thing, and soberly advised her ladyship, if she wished to succeed, to sacrifice a cock of a particular colour, and at a particular hour of the day, to ensure success. Derwish Mustafa was too phlegmatic to be acted upon by any hopes or

fears. He expected the issue (in appearance at least) with as much indifference, or, I might say with more, than he did the uncovering of a dish at dinner: for here his philosophy sometimes forsook him, and he occasionally showed undue joy. News of Ali Pasha's death reached us this day; but the Turks did not mourn outwardly; yet, where they were not called upon to do so, there were sometimes touches of feeling to be observed, rare in more formal exhibitions of sorrow.

This and the following day produced nothing new. In riding over to Megdel, to visit Signor Damiani, who lived in a dirty cottage there, I observed that the place had a market which was well attended.

On the following day, which was the eighth from the commencement of our labours, the cisterns were emptied. Digging in the line of the West wall, two stone troughs of considerable length were discovered about four feet under the surface, and upon them lay, cross-wise, four gray granite columns, closely packed to each other, as if done methodically. This discovery revived the people's hopes; for it was supposed that huge masses of granite could not have fallen in such a position accidentally, and would not be laboriously placed so, unless to conceal something. The removing was deferred until the morrow, the men requiring ropes to do it, because horses are never put into harness in Syria. Near the North East angle was also found a marble pavement, and by it seemed

to have been another door. Under the pavement ran a continuation of the same canal which conducted water to the cisterns.

I had by this time made a pen sketch of the statue, and had represented to Lady Hester that her labours, if productive of no golden treasures, had brought to light one more valuable in the eyes of the lovers of the fine arts, and that future travellers would come to visit the ruins of Ascalon, rendered memorable by the enterprise of a woman, who, though digging for gold, yet rescued the remains of antiquity from oblivion. What was my astonishment, when she answered—"This may be all true; but it is my intention to break the statue, and have it thrown into the sea, precisely in order that such a report may not get abroad, and I lose with the Porte all the merit of my disinterestedness"

When I heard what her intentions were, I made use of every argument in my power to dissuade her from it; telling her that the apparent vandalism of such an act could never be wiped away in the eyes of virtuosi, and would be the less excusable, as I was not aware that the Turks had either *claimed* the statue or had forbidden its preservation. It was true, that, whilst sketching it, the people had expressed their surmises at what I could find to admire in a broken image; and I heard some of them conjecture that it might be a deity of the Franks, as it had been of the Romans and Greeks. But no idle notions, I insisted,

ought to have weight on her mind; and I begged hard that, if she could not with decency carry it away, she would at least leave it for others to look at. She replied, "Malicious people may say I came to search for antiquities for my country, and not for treasures for the Porte: so, go this instant; take with you half a dozen stout fellows, and break it in a thousand pieces!" Her resolution was not a thing of the moment: she had reflected on it two days; and knowing her unalterable determination on such occasions, I went and did as she desired. When Mohammed Aga saw what had been done, he could not conceal his vexation: for it is probable that Lady Hester had read what was passing in his mind, and had thus prevented many an insinuation against her. Indeed, reports were afterwards circulated that the chest of the statue was found full of gold—half of which was given to the pasha, and the other half kept by Lady Hester. In England, where her motives were unknown, people naturally have decried her conduct, although it is plain that her strict integrity ought to prove her justification.

On the 9th, when the granite pillars were removed, a work of no trifling magnitude, considering the means by which it was effected,[1] the troughs were found

[1] The labours of Mr Belzoni, in removing and embarking the head of Memnon in a barge, entirely set at naught all boasting of what was done at Ascalon Columns of granite, indeed, are much heavier than Memnon's head; but they are round, and may be made to roll easily in any direction.

empty. The disappointment was very great: and the more so, as the excavation of the four following days produced nothing but two granite columns at the North West angle, six or eight feet below the surface, a white marble pedestal, some bones of animals, and two earthenware lamps. A small excavation was likewise made in one of the towers of the East wall of the city. With respect to the area of the mosque, almost all of it had been turned up. The North foundation wall had been traced throughout its whole length; and, in that direction, the shafts of two small marble pillars, about six feet in length, and with rude capitals, had been the only reward. Other masses had been broken up, to see if they had concealed anything. But, when every research was fruitless, the closing hand was, by Lady Hester's consent, put to our labours on the 14th of April, being a fortnight from the commencement. The conclusion that her ladyship came to was, that when Gezzâr Pasha embellished the city of Acre, by digging for marble and other materials in the ruins of Ascalon, he was fortunate enough to discover the treasure. That Gezzâr enriched his coffers by wealth so got was generally affirmed: and it is probable that his pretended mania for building was no more than a cloak to conceal this real motive for excavating. Thus ended this most interesting experiment; which failed in its primary object, but had the desirable effect of establishing Lady Hester's popularity throughout Syria, and of con-

firming the belief, already grown up, that she was a person of some consideration, even in the eyes of the Sublime Porte.

I am enabled to subjoin Lady Hester's own account of these excavations, which she sent to Lord Bathurst, then Secretary of State.

Lady Hester Stanhope to the Right Hon. the Earl Bathurst, &c.

My Lord,

A curious document, once in the hands of the church, fell by accident into mine It was an indication to considerable treasures in Syria. Having made this known to the Porte, a confidential person belonging to the sultan's household was sent from Constantinople to investigate the business I proceeded with him to Ascalon but the mosque, in which the treasure was said to be hidden, was no longer standing. One wall only remained of a magnificent structure, which had been mosque, church, and temple at different periods After having traced out the South West and North foundation walls, and after digging for several days within them, we came to the under-ground fabric we were looking for: but, alas! it had been rifled It was, as nearly as one could calculate, capable of containing three millions of pieces of gold—the sum mentioned in the document Whilst excavating this once magnificent building—for such it must have been by the number of fine columns and fine pavements we discovered under ground—we found a superb colossal statue without a head, which belonged to the heathens It was eighteen feet below the surface Knowing how much it would be prized by English travellers, I ordered it to be broken into a thousand pieces, that malicious people might not say I came to look for statues for my countrymen and not for treasures for the Porte.

This business has taken up a good deal of my time for these three months past I have had a thousand honours paid me, which it is not worth while to enter upon. The authenticity of the paper I do not doubt; but, as many centuries have elapsed since the Christians hid treasure there, it is not very surprising that it should have been removed Had it escaped observation, in the same way the statue did the eyes of the Turks, when this spot was converted into a mosque, it would have been a fine thing for the Turkish government.

I have the honour, &c.

H. L. STANHOPE

During these fourteen days many circumstances took place which were not mentioned, in order that no interruption should take place in the narrative. It happened that the time of auditing the accounts of the district over which Mohammed Aga was governor occurred during this period; and the katibs, or under-secretaries, of the pasha were sent for that purpose. They and the katib of Mohammed Aga were for two days closely at work. When they had concluded, and all was found right, the two secretaries were dismissed, with a present from Mohammed Aga, between them, of 700 piasters, and their servants with 100. It is certainly matter of surprise with how few books they manage very extensive concerns; such as must be those of the civil and military command of a district vested in the same person; and it is equally a cause of astonishment to an Englishman to hear gentlemen put the question one to another, at the close of a

pecuniary arrangement, of "Well, how much did the governor give you, and what did your servants get?"

On the 12th, Signor Catafago left us, upon pretext of business at Damascus.

It was said, in a former page, that Mohammed Aga was a fatalist: a conversation, which took place in the presence of Mâlem Mûsa, the dragoman, and myself, will prove it. I had attended professionally on him and one or two of his people; and I observed to him, "One of your Excellency's servants has the itch; it would be well if you kept him at a distance from your person." "Oh, my good sir," he replied, "I take no precautions against this sort of thing; it were a matter of indifference to me if I even wore the shirt just pulled off his back. Who created that disorder, if you please?—was it not God? and, if so, it is of very little consequence what precautions I take; for, if God intends me to have it, &c., &c." At this time, there were so many of his people infected with it, that I avoided feeling any one's pulse until I had first closely inspected his fingers.

The race of peasants in the villages near Ascalon is ugly, with skins of a dirty brown. I saw not one pretty nor even one engaging woman; a rare occurrence in those parts, where the human form has generally some one feature to boast of, and where all the females strove to be pleasing in their manner of speaking.

Lady Hester lodged in a cottage in a village two

or three hundred yards from the ruins. To get to it there was a path, of course little trodden until our coming: to return home from it after dark was always at the hazard of broken shins.

There being nothing farther to detain us at Ascalon, on the 15th we returned to Jaffa. An unlucky accident happened through the negligence of Mbárak, who, being caffegi, or coffee-server, laid a complaint against a peasant for stealing a silver coffee-cup stand, or zerf, which was missing. The peasant was bastinadoed at Mejdel; when, on our arrival at Ebna, the cup was found. I made Lady Hester acquainted with the circumstance, and reprimanded Mbárak severely. A sum of money was sent to the poor peasant to recompense him for the injustice that had been done him; but the soles of his feet were not to be healed by money. Oh! ye men in authority, be not too hasty in awarding stripes!

I bought a few coins at Mejdel, but of no value: none were found during the excavations. Silver or gold coins of Ascalon are so rare that it is said one of either of these two metals would be worth from ten to fifteen guineas.

When we returned to Jaffa, Lady Hester wished to enjoy a little quiet; and a cottage belonging to Signor Damiani, and situate in a garden half a league from the town, was made comfortable for her as far as time and its ruinous condition would allow. I lodged as before in the monastery.

One thing had troubled Lady Hester very much during the whole journey, which may be mentioned as showing the system, pursued universally throughout the Turkish empire, of making it impossible for Christians, however favoured, to enjoy tranquilly the concession of any right or immunity ordinarily belonging to Mahometans only. One of these was to have black slaves, whom Christians are not allowed to buy, but which Lady Hester had been privileged to do. Derwish Mustafa Aga had not been many days acquainted with Lady Hester, when he heard of her possessing a black slave, and her ladyship told him how much pains she had bestowed in having her instructed in the principles of her religion; adding, that he might question her, if he would, to see if she had profited by the lessons she had received. The Zaym did so, and expressed himself so satisfied with her progress, that he thought it a pity (he said) she should be left among Christian servants, who would contaminate her mind and expose her to the temptation of wine, &c. The fact was, that the old man found her young and beautiful, though black, and, according to the usages of his country, would have very willingly made her his concubine. He, therefore, often renewed the subject: and, half joking half seriously, would say to Lady Hester that she was aware that the first duty of a Mussulman was to get a true believer out of the hands of infidels; and that, when the business was over, he should require her at

her hands. Then he would say, "Tell me her price, that you may not be a loser by her;" and would continually be making many similar speeches. Lady Hester used to remark upon this subject: "This man puts me in an awkward predicament:—what can I do? He will make me give her to him at last, for, when he says that he will buy her of me, that means nothing; I can't take money of him. To give her to a man like Mûly Ismael, who has wives and a harým, might be harmless; but to this man, who I know will make use of her for his own purposes on the road, it is a disgrace, and I cannot do it." Nor did she; but it will be seen how, to the last, he tenaciously persisted in demanding her; and, in her stead, obtained one of less beauty and value indeed, but still recommendable for both.

Among the merchants of Jaffa, I had a few patients, and in visiting their houses I saw somewhat of the domestic society of the place. One of these was a blind Turk, whose conversation I found very interesting. He had been converted to Islamism from Christianity, and passed for a learned man. Not thinking that his apostacy from the religion of Christ ought to make me decline his visits, we often saw each other; although some people in England, for whom I have a great respect, and to whom I mentioned the subject, were of opinion that I ought to have done so.

One day, whilst I was sitting in my room at the

convent, Mâlem Mûsa and M. Beaudin being with me, a young man, about twenty-two years old, entered, and, giving me the salutation, used between friends when they meet, of a kiss on each cheek, set himself down in the highest place, with the air of a man who knew that he had a right to it. He was handsome and of a pleasing countenance. It is customary in the East not to ask the business of a person who presents himself as a stranger, until he has been welcomed by some refreshment. Conformable to this usage, I bade the servant bring coffee and pipes, and stared with some degree of inquisitiveness, trying to guess, in my own mind, who he could be. Mâlem Mûsa, I have said, was a man acquainted with the world, and he saw at once that the stranger was unfortunate: thinking, therefore, to relieve the young man's chagrin, he began a long story on the fickleness of fortune The youth, encouraged by his apparent sympathy, by degrees took courage and told his tale. He said his name was Mohammed Bey, son of Daher Tabû, and nephew of a pasha; that he had been motsellem of Killes, near Aleppo, but had been driven from his home by the persecution of Gelal-ed-Dyn, pasha of Aleppo. The account he gave us of his misfortunes was as follows.

This Gelal-ed-dyn had been sent on a mission from the Porte, commissioned to punish the rebels at Aleppo. He passed the night, on his way thither, at Killes, and was magnificently entertained by Mo-

hammed Bey, whom in return he honoured with great apparent civility; and professed so much satisfaction with his treatment that he invited the bey to accompany him on his expedition. The bey went. During the whole of the siege of Geser Shogr, which preceded the attack on Aleppo, he manifested an unusual liking to him. Topal Ali and Sayd Aga having fled from Geser Shogr, Gelal-ed-dyn marched for Aleppo, where by artifice he succeeded in prevailing on the chiefs of the rebels to trust their persons within his camp, and then massacred them. The bey told us he was witness to the massacre, and that he stood by, his knees trembling and his teeth chattering, in an indescribable way, whilst the pasha's only remark was: "Well, now it's over, what do you think of all this?"

In the evening of the same day, the kekhyah sent for him, and he immediately repaired to his tent. "I want," said the kekhyah, "thirty-three purses of you." The youth was astounded, and cried "where am I to find such a sum?"—"You best know," replied the kekhyah; and he was led from the tent to prison, where he was chained. Here he found himself in company with several others in a similar situation. The prison doors were opened in the night, and, soon after, two or three reports of guns gave the signal of the death of more victims of the pasha's sanguinary cruelty. This uncomfortable scene was renewed for several nights. At last the bey's turn came. He

was conducted by some Albanian soldiers into a room. where he was again told he must find the sum of money demanded of him. Upon declaring it to be impossible, he was put to the torture by means of a rope, twisted tight round his head, and pressing on two phalangeal bones placed on his temples. Overcome by extreme pain, he promised to do all they asked, though he knew not how. He returned again to prison, and time was given him to raise among his friends what he could. Half the sum required was finally paid, and he was set at liberty.

He fled from Aleppo to Antioch, from Antioch to Hamah; thence to Damascus, Acre, and Jaffa. "Here, gentlemen," he continued, "I am come to throw myself at the feet of the English lady, and ask succour at her hand" He then exhibited his sherwals, (brogues) and the other parts of his dress torn and dirty, as proofs of his situation. He said that Mûly Ismael had given him 200 piasters; Bekyr Aga of Antioch 500; and that Kengy Ahmed Aga had, since his arrival at Jaffa, taken care that he should not want for a meal

By this little history, it will be seen that the pride, which forbids an Englishman well-born to demand charity, however great his distress, is unknown to the Turks; but what we wondered at was that he could submit to beg from a Christian. Lady Hester gave him ten guineas, which sum enabled him to embark for Egypt, where he hoped, at the court of Mohammed

Ali Pasha, to find some honourable employment. Throughout his story there was occasionally an appearance of falsehood. But, whether true or false, it serves as a picture of the measures of arbitrary governments; since no man who wishes to be believed invents occurrences that have not a similitude to truth, and to the usages of the people of whom he is speaking.

Lady Hester was much surprised one day to find that a man, who had sent in to say he wished to be admitted to her presence, should prove to be that same Ibrahim who went from Egypt to England with two horses as a present from her to H.R.H. the Duke of York. He had saved a considerable sum of money whilst there, arising from the generosity of the Duke and of several other distinguished persons. This money he had converted into cutlery previous to his return to Egypt; but, arriving at Malta when the plague was raging, he got into difficulties, was detained a long time in Sicily, where he lost his merchandize, and was reduced, by the time he reached Jaffa, to a penniless state. He related many amusing stories of what he had seen in England, by which it appeared that he had been much caressed by the great; but his astonishment at the novel and wonderful sight which a metropolis like *London* would be supposed to excite in the eyes of an untutored Mahometan did not appear to have been *remarkable*. Two things, however, had struck him as scarcely *credible*; he never saw a flea, and very few people told lies.

Whilst Lady Hester sojourned in the gardens of Jaffa, Mâlem Musa could not resist the temptation of performing the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, now that his vicinity to that place afforded him the opportunity. We do not in Europe feel the same ardour with those in the Levant to pay this meritorious debt. I believe that Mâlem Musa would have wept like a child, could he not have gone. As my servant, Giovanni, had never been there, he was allowed to accompany him.

There was another place mentioned in the MS. given to Lady Hester, where a second great treasure was said to be concealed, viz. in the ruins of Awgy, and it was resolved that I should go alone, and examine it. Upon the edge of a river, still known by the name of Awgy, and at the distance of an hour and a half from Jaffa, bearing north-east and by east, once stood this city. Its site is called El Khurby or *The Ruins*, and, when I visited it, a peasant was ploughing over it. Loose stones, thickly scattered on the surface, marked the spot: an indication the more certain, as the surrounding country was of a fine mould, and stoneless To the right of the ruin was a hillock called Tel Abu Zytûn. The river Awgy empties itself into the sea three miles north of Jaffa Its source is about a mile and a half from the foot of the mountains in ten or a dozen springs: these, uniting, form at once a river from twenty-five to thirty feet broad. It is augmented on the left side by the river Messalelah, (which is much swollen in the rainy

season), and perhaps on the right bank by other streams. There was a village just above the Messalelah on the right bank, called Shaykh Gemás. Over the Awgy, distant one hour from Jaffa, were the remains of a long bridge with the centre arch broken down, which arch seemed to have been built subsequent to the two ends. At the extremity of the bridge were several ruined buildings that appeared either to have been water-mills, or portions of a castle, they being surrounded by a moat Close by was a hamlet of wretched cottages Ascending the stream, three quarters of an hour higher up, was the village of Mlebbes; and three quarters of an hour farther, Kalât Ras el ayn, (or the Fountain Head Castle) close to the sources of the river. The castle was in tolerable preservation, and worthy of being visited. it appeared to be of Saracen construction, from having a mosque in the centre. it was of a square form, with a tower at each angle, and had two rows of long narrow apertures for bow-shots and musketry: it was now used for folding cattle. The mosque was so full of fleas, that above a hundred leaped upon me the first step I set in it I was consequently unable to look for inscriptions, commemorative of its date The country, hereabouts, is of a red soil, and very rich Near the Awgy, I saw abundance of colocynth plants, and of what I thought to be stramonium The Messalelah had also the ruins of a bridge, making a line from the bridge of the Awgy to Jaffa. There were many proofs that this

district was once highly populous; but, with respect to Lady Hester's particular object, no one indication was left, and I ventured to assure her that her attempts at a search on these ruins would necessarily be fruitless.

Under these circumstances, she had nothing to do but to return to Acre. Before quitting Jaffa, the governor attempted to effect a reconciliation with her; but she always treated his advances with neglect. How justly Lady Hester appreciated this man's character will be seen from what took place shortly after.

Sulymán Pasha and Mohammed Aga Abu Nabûd had been bred up together, and, no sooner was Sulymán raised to the pashalik of Acre, than he advanced his friend by degrees to power, until he made him governor of Jaffa, a post of considerable importance, and which at some former period had been designated as a separate pashalik, although latterly merged in that of Acre and Sayda. Sulymán Pasha was desirous that Abu Nabûd should attain yet greater honours, and it was thought by many, now that Ali Pasha was no more, that he looked to him as his successor. Accordingly, as a preparatory step, he wrote to the Porte to ask for him the dignity of *Two Tails.* At this very time Abu Nabûd had secretly written to the Grand Vizir, and, after pointing out the incapacity of Sulymán Pasha on account of his advanced age and bad health, had offered to raise a much more considerable revenue than Sulimán Pasha

now remitted, if he were made pasha in his place. The Porte had known from many years' experience the fidelity of the old pasha, and, feeling satisfied that a person so treacherous towards his benefactor was little to be relied on, enclosed Abu Nabûd's communication under cover to him, with the simple observation of—"This is the man for whom you ask the title of pasha of two tails."

Sulymán Pasha, enraged at such duplicity, despatched Abdallah Bey with a body of troops to Jaffa. Abu Nabûd happened just then to be absent on a circuit, and the news soon reached him that he was shut out from the city. Suspecting, probably, that his machinations were discovered, he had the sagacity not to trust himself to require an explanation or attempt to recover the place, and fled to Egypt. It was surmised that this traitor was the first who suggested to Mahômet Ali the feasibility of conquering Syria, afterwards effected through the intrigues of the Emir Beshýr, a greater Machiavelian than either

It may be supposed that Lady Hester felt some disappointment in the unsuccessful results of her researches, which tended to vex her. The tone of one of her letters, written whilst here, sufficiently indicates a feeling of fallen greatness, and a sense of her loneliness, which fresh schemes from time to time made her forget.

Lady Hester Stanhope to ———.

Jaffa, April 25th, 1815.

My dear ———

You must not think that I am ungrateful, or that the interest I felt in your concerns is in the least diminished, although I am less anxious about you, knowing you to be in the midst of friends who love you. I received your kind letter written at different periods, just as I was about to leave Mount Lebanon for Balbeck. I returned to my convent the end of January, having made a long tour Upon the very night of my arrival there, the great person mentioned in the enclosed paper paid me a visit, indeed took up his abode in my comfortable mansion for some time Then I proceeded to Acre, to pay my respects to the pasha, and my guest from the Porte accompanied me to Ascalon Therefore you see that from last October I have never had a quiet moment I could call my own; and besides, occasions either by sea or land are scarce and unsafe in the winter season, and, intending to send a person to England when all my business was over, I have deferred answering most of my letters to profit by this conveyance

I have at last decided upon sending for James to take me away from this country; for I know so little of the state of the Continent, and feel in my own mind so doubtful of its remaining quiet, or, if it does, that I shall like it as formerly, that, before I break up a comfortable establishment to form another at random, I wish to have the opinion of one who knows my taste, and whom I can depend upon.

If Lord Mulgrave ever mentions me, pray remember me kindly to him for I really believe he had a friendship for Mr Pitt, though artful Canning formerly used to take great pains to make me believe it was all affected, but, since he has

turned out himself a perfect political chameleon, one may be permitted to mistrust a few of his opinions. How unhappy it makes me to hear that the dear duke of —— is over head and ears in debt. With such a fine family just coming into the world, it must hurt him very much, not to be in a situation to give them all those advantages which they are born to.

The Pasha of Acre and all the leading people in this country continue to be vastly kind to me, even more so than before, if possible; and I am upon the whole as comfortable as a *hermit* can be.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely and affectionately,

H. L. S.

On or about the 1st of May, we reached Acre, having, on our route back, enjoyed very fine weather. The same honours were paid Lady Hester on her return as when going.

The night we arrived at Um Khaled I had well nigh embroiled myself with Derwish Mustafa Aga in the following manner A servant happening to be very impertinent, I had recourse to the usual remedy for this in Turkey, which was laying my stick about his shoulders. The man was one Ayd, a muleteer, who, it will be recollected, was dismissed from Lady Hester's service on a former occasion, and who had been afterwards taken back for the purpose of this journey. Upon being beaten, he flew to the tent of the Zaym, claiming protection. I desired the Zaym's servants to send him out, which they refused to do, saying that no gaûr (or infidel) should touch those whom Moslems protected. The Zaym took the part

of his servants, and kept Ayd in his tent the whole evening; which assumption of so extraordinary a right led to a warm discussion between him and Lady Hester, who took my side in the dispute.

From Acre, Mâlem Musa was allowed to depart for Hamah, with a present from Lady Hester of 1000 piasters. His way home was through the district of Suffad to Damascus. Hadj Mohammed, the Akám Bashi, was handsomely rewarded for his extreme care and attention with 300 piasters. The captain of the Hawárys and the officers divided about 1000 more among them.

When the time came to quit Acre, I was curious to observe whether the subtraction of the numerous suite and the loss of tents, palanquins, and other emblems of greatness, would affect Lady Hester's looks or spirits. But neither was there to be observed mortification nor melancholy, and she rode out of the city gates with as much serenity as any human countenance could put on Being now reduced to eight or ten persons, we encamped in a field close by the Nakûra; and, on the following morning, resumed our march for Tyre. From Tyre we departed the next day for Abra. Wishing to arrive somewhat early at Abra, I rode on alone, and overtook the baggage mules, stopping at a place short of that where our people had been desired to unload, and I commanded them to go onwards. Some expressions, which escaped one of the muleteers, of the great hardship of loading

and unloading so frequently, led me to think that they would stop here if I left them. I therefore desired them to proceed before me, when one of them refused, and, letting his cords slip, threw down his load. Upon this, wishing to punish him in a way not uncommon there, I drew a sort of small yatagan from my girdle, and in stooping from my horse, to cut the breast-band of the mule's harness, so that his saddle might for the time become useless, and he be left alone on the road until a saddler should repair it, I drew the knife with such force, that it came home, and ran into my own horse's neck to a great depth just under the vertebræ. by the mane. The horse shook his ears—the other muleteers were frightened—and at last went on. Farther on I halted them, and, leaving them there, rode on to Abra. The wound of my horse bled freely, but he showed no symptoms of weakness. it was, however, some weeks before it healed entirely.

Lady Hester arrived on the following day. When she was refreshed from the fatigue of so long a journey, the Zaym proceeded, under her direction, to excavate near the river Ewely, close to Sayda. Two hundred yards above the present modern bridge are the remains of an ancient one, which, as hid from the view of travellers, who pass the usual road, is never mentioned by them. Hereabouts, the manuscript signified that there were treasures, and here, by *corvées* of peasants, the digging was renewed, but with much less alacrity than at Ascalon, and with no better suc-

cess. After a few days it was therefore abandoned; and, Lady Hester having written the despatches which occupied her a short time, and having presented the Zaym with a black slave and a Cashmere shawl, which, added to the presents, he had received at Jaffa and at Acre, made up something considerable, he departed with his suite for Constantinople.

Thus ended this very extraordinary affair, which, however, I should not have ventured to introduce into my narrative at such length, or accompanied with so many comments, had I not thought that it related closely to a subject always treated much too lightly by travellers. There is every reason to suppose that hidden treasures in plate, coins, or jewels, are frequently found under old buildings, in gardens, and in the open country. But, whether they are or are not, this is certain, that no European traveller in Turkey is seen wandering among ancient ruins, without being suspected by the natives to be in search of such deposits; for it is imagined that he bears with him private marks or indications written at the time of concealment, and which have been since handed down from generation to generation as family papers, until a fit moment presented itself for going in search of them. It is therefore necessary he should be apprised that, although he may one day be angry and another laugh at this unjust suspicion of the motives of his researches, still he will never alter their belief; and a true relation of the manner in which the Turks of all

ranks lent a willing hand to such researches in our case puts this past doubt. In a word, it is the part of a prudent traveller to take this notion into account in all his dealings with the natives, that he may understand much of their conduct, which will otherwise be seemingly mysterious.

Lady Hester, in providing for the expenses which the Ascalon affair brought on her, had, as we have seen, recourse to Mr. Barker for a loan of money. As she had throughout proposed to herself no advantage but the celebrity which it would bring on her own and, as she thought, the English name, and had acted with the cognizance of our minister at Constantinople, she fancied that she had a claim on the English government for her expenses: she accordingly sent to our Ambassador at Constantinople a succinct account of her proceedings, and, in showing that all which had been done was for the credit of her country, she asserted her right to be reimbursed.

She, however, was unsuccessful in her application, and the expenses weighed heavily on her means. Yet hitherto she never had been in debt, and by great care and economy contrived still to keep out of it.

CHAPTER VIII.

Visit of the Author to the Maronite convent in the village of Joon—Abyssinian man and woman—Black horses—Lady Hester fixes herself at Meshmûshy — Solitary wigwam—The Author wishes to return to England—He sets out for Egypt —Destruction of Tyre, not so complete as travellers represent—A self-taught lithotomist and oculist—Seaweeds used for dyeing—Embarkation for Egypt in a vessel laden with wood—Impalement—Passengers on board—Cyprus—Revolt in Gebel Nablûs—Frequency of insurrections there—Arrival at Rosetta—Smoking during Ramazán—The Author is joined by Burckhardt, or shaykh Ibrahim—Mutiny of troops at Cairo —Departure by land for Alexandria—Lake Edko—Stay in Alexandria—Coasting voyage to Damietta—Burckhardt not considered as a Turk—Foreigners betrayed by their speech.

The supernumerary servants were again dismissed, and Lady Hester resumed the retired mode of life which she had adopted in the spring of last year. There was no plague, consequently nothing to interrupt those pursuits which are most interesting to a traveller. Professionally, I was about this time chiefly called upon to vaccinate the children of the neighbouring villages.

It was about this period that I rode over, one day, to pay a visit to the patriarch of Antioch at the monastery of Dayr Mkallas, near the village of Joon. I had retired to rest in one of the cells, when I was wakened, in the middle of the night, by the noise of horses fighting. I called my servant. Receiving no answer, I descended into the stableyard myself, when I was somewhat startled by seeing a black man separating the horses. He told me in bad Arabic that he was an inmate of the monastery, and, when I had seen him tie them up, I returned to my chamber.

In the morning my first inquiry was to know who this man of colour could be. The superior of the monastery told me he was an Abyssinian, who, together with his sister, had, when on their pilgrimage to Jerusalem, been shipwrecked at Suez, and with difficulty escaped with their lives. Having found their way to the tomb of Jesus, they were, by the charity of a few countrymen, enabled to reach Dayr Mkallas, in which they sought an asylum, until, as they said, they could receive aid from Abyssinia.

With this story I returned to Mar Elias; and Lady Hester, on hearing it, asked me to bring them over that she might see them. On the following day I again rode over to Dayr Mkallas, and went to the cell in which the woman lived. She was of a dark colour, approaching to black, with regular features, lively intelligent eyes, and white teeth. I told her, through her brother, what the object of my visit was;

and she consented to accompany me the next day. I visited her again in the afternoon, and the interest I seemed to take in their welfare induced them to be open in their conversation with me. They gave me to understand that in their own country they were people of rank,[1] and that their shipwreck had deprived them of much property in money and slaves, of which latter they pretended to have had several.

When the morning came, Mariam (that was the name she chose to go by, although it afterwards proved not to be her real one)[2] was put upon an ass; and, with her brother Elias by her side, accompanied me to Mar Elias. Lady Hester received them with much kindness, and with her accustomed humanity told them they should no longer be dependent on the priests, for she would feed and clothe them, until

[1] Those who have read Bruce's and Salt's travels will recollect that both of them speak of a particular rotundity in a certain part of a woman as a criterion of noble birth, and as giving an air of high breeding and gentility to the happy possessor. In this respect it must be allowed that Mariam might lay claim to a descent from a distinguished race.

[2] For Mariam, the Abyssinian woman's parentage, see at page 164 vol. 3rd Lord Valentia's travels, what is said of Ras Ayto, who raised Tecla Georgis to the throne. Subsequently, Elias gave me his Abyssinian name as Elias Jegurgos lidj, or Elias the son of George, and hers as Trungore Rashyelo lidj—urarefs or curnakyb Dinkanesh Râshyelo lidj—yeroda midjt—confusing all these terms in a way that left me in the dark as to which of them was her own name, and which that of her parents.

they could find means to return to their native country. They were accordingly put into one of the rooms of the house.

Having with me at this time an abridgment of Bruce's travels in Abyssinia, I questioned the Abyssinian on all those passages in it which, as descriptive of the manners and usages of the country, admitted of affirmation or negation: and it is just to say that every allusion, or name, or description, was perfectly intelligible to him. He spoke of Mr. Salt as a person whom he had seen very frequently in Abyssinia.

Ibrahim was now raised to the post of cook, which he filled with considerable credit, and his residence in England had made him less delicate in the use of lard and other parts of hog's flesh, which circumstance is generally a great obstacle to the employment of Turks in European houses.

It was during this summer that Lady Hester was for the first time enabled to obtain a true, thoroughbred Arabian horse. On my journey to Damascus, I had, at her desire, looked through Ahmed Bey's stables, to ascertain whether a tall black stallion, which had caught her attention when at Damascus, was still alive. When on my return she learned that he was, and that Ahmed Bey had, from ill health, grown less fond of his steed than formerly, she resolved to endeavour to get this horse for herself. Accordingly, M. Beaudin was sent to offer a reasonable price for it: and, not many days afterwards, he returned, bringing it

with him, mounted by the Abyssinian, who had gone with M. Beaudin for the purpose. What price Lady Hester gave she would never tell me: but it was something considerable.

Madame Lascaris, of whom nothing had been heard for more than a year, came one day to Abra. It appeared that her husband had left her, and was gone to Constantinople; and she was now living on the liberality of her friends, more especially of the pasha of Acre; that viceroy being a fellow-countryman of hers, carried away, as she had been, in his childhood, to be sold as a slave. But fortune put him in the road to greatness; and, like many others in the East, he had no reason to regret the chance that removed him from his native soil into a strange country. Madame Lascaris obtained a small sum of money, and I afterwards heard that, on leaving Mar Elias, she embarked for Cyprus, where she put the society of Freemasons under contribution, as being of that order herself.

At the beginning of June, Lady Hester had found the weather extremely hot; for she could not live comfortably but in a temperature of from sixty to eighty degrees; and, now that it was higher, she resolved to repair to a more elevated situation, as she had done the preceding year. Meshmûshy was accordingly chosen, and three cottages were taken for the accommodation of servants, the Abyssinians, &c. On the road, a romantic spot was selected for the first day's halt, at

a hamlet overhanging the river Ewely, in the deep ravine through which it runs after quitting the vale of Bisra. The hamlet is named Musrat et Tahûn, or the mill-field. Here dwelt a miller named Abu-Tanûs, who became from this time a sort of purveyor to her ladyship; until, by making an improper use of her name at Acre, to gain preferment to the place of shaykh of the hamlet, he fell into disgrace.

On arriving at Meshmûshy, Lady Hester fixed herself quietly for the autumn, resolved to find amusement in wandering among the rocks and precipices and in beholding the beautiful and magnificent views which surrounded us. The Abyssinians also occupied much of her time; and, in the numerous anecdotes she heard of the chief men of that nation, and of the productions of the country, she found herself almost induced to undertake a journey to it, and revolved in her mind the practicability of the scheme. Her success would not have been doubtful, had she undertaken it; since her plans were generally laid, as a prudent builder raises an edifice, upon a sound foundation; but other events intervened.

Towards the end of July, to amuse myself, and relieve the sameness of our rides, I caused a sort of rural wigwam to be constructed of stakes and branches of trees, in the midst of the forest of firs which lay at the back of Meshmûshy. For, although on the side of Bisra plain the mountain seems like a sugar-loaf, it is in fact no other than a promontory belonging to

a lofty ridge, which runs south, with a gradual ascent, until it reaches the province of Suffad, where it begins to decline. This ridge afforded pleasing excursions for a great distance. To this wigwam an occasional ride in the course of the morning diversified the monotony of the life we led, where, sitting for an hour or two, one might peruse a favourite author, or indulge in one's own reflections, for which there was ample food. Meshmûshy is by nature so inaccessible, that no person, from mere idle curiosity, would think of ascending to it. There, her society was literally confined to myself; for the priests were too unmannered to gain access to her presence, and the shaykh of the village was a farmer, without any other knowledge than that required for his agricultural occupations.

That Lady Hester had no thoughts at this time of going to Europe, much less of returning to England, is pretty evident. It might be supposed that she had almost now resolved to spend the remainder of her days in the East. I therefore, with much reluctance, had communicated to her my wish, as soon as some one could be procured to supply my place, of returning to my native country, from which I had now been absent nearly six years; and it was resolved that Giorgio, the Greek, should be sent to England both for the purpose of bringing out my successor, and also to execute a variety of commissions for his mistress, which could not be accurately made known by letter.

On the 30th of June, he sailed from Beyrout to Cyprus, where he found a vessel to Malta, and thence took his passage to England. He was charged with several presents, in sabres, wines of Mount Lebanon, brocades, and other productions of the manufactures and soil of the Levant

It was about this period that a malicious paragraph found its way into the English newspapers, copied from the French, stating that Lady Hester was surrounded by children whom she educated. The fact was, that she had three servant boys of from ten to twelve years old, sons of peasants of Abra, who were useful to run on messages, where the different parts of the family were scattered in different cottages, and who took it by turns to walk by the side of her ass when she rode out, to hold it when she alighted, and to perform the duties of groom-boys in the stable.

When not animated in the pursuit of some interesting affair, Lady Hester now sunk into an extraordinary lassitude and inactivity of body, but never of mind. She had been accustomed ever since her illness at Latakia to be carried up stairs by two men-servants, and could, on no occasion, support the slightest exertion of an unusual nature.

Time passed on in this way. Her ladyship was in constant correspondence with Mâlem Haym Shâdy at Acre, to which end M. Beaudin was continually going backward and forward. The project of my journey to Egypt, so often put off, was now defini-

tively arranged; and on the 1st of August I left Meshmúshy for Abra, in order to embark.

Signor Volpi, an Italian, professing medicine at Tripoli, was sent for, and engaged by Lady Hester to attend on her until my return.

As there was a constant resort of vessels from Egypt to Tyre, for the purpose of loading with wood, I resolved not to wait at Sayda for an occasion, which was at best very uncertain, but to go to Tyre. Accordingly, on the 6th, accompanied by my man Giovanni, I departed, and arrived at Tyre in the evening. I took up my abode at the house of the Greek bishop, and, sending Giovanni to the captain of the port, desired him to inform me as to the Egyptian craft I saw lying at anchor. He soon afterwards brought to me the rais of a *shekhf*, burden 250 ardeps of rice, not decked, and with a crew of twelve men—the master named Mohammed el Ketáb. As he was not to sail until the 8th, I employed the whole of the 7th in examining the town, about the miraculous decadence of which so much has been said, and continues to be repeated by travellers. Yet, to an unbiassed observer, it appeared to share only in the general fate of all the cities of the coast, and could indeed claim a more prosperous fortune than Gaza, Ascalon, or Cæsarea, all famous cities in their time.

Tyre therefore, described as so ruinous by some travellers, was now a flourishing town, to which addi-

tions were daily making in houses and inhabitants. Its population might be estimated at 2,000 souls, consisting of Metoualys, Greek Catholics, and Greeks. The quarter of the Metoualys was on the isthmus near the gate; that of the Christians to the north-west side of the town. The Greek families amounted to no more than a dozen: they had, however, a monastery, in which there was but one secular priest, who had now resided twenty years in Tyre; and there I was lodged. I had before heard of this man, who was remarkable, as I was told, for the retired life he led, and for his spare diet. On observing him, I remarked that he ate everything but fruit, sweets, and pastry, which he refrained from, not because he did not like them, but because he was a martyr to flatulence, for which he consulted me. I found him to be a complete valetudinarian, to which state he had brought himself by gross feeding, wine-drinking, and absolute inactivity. So much for worldly reputation!

The walls of Tyre, in the state in which I saw them, were a very recent and insignificant work; but in parts might be discerned the remains of a wall of older date. There was also a dilapidated palace, in a corner of which the governor still contrived to reside: this might be considered as the castle. The houses were of stone, and some of them had very handsome upper apartments, commanding an extensive prospect. At this time houses and warehouses were building on the strand to the north, facing the basin. The isthmus

was, in appearance, a heap of sand; beneath the surface, however, according to the report of the inhabitants, were hidden masses of ruins. So lately as fifty years before, this part was covered with gardens; now it was built upon. To the south and to the west, on the sea-shore, the rock, which forms the peninsula, was bared by the continued action of the sea, impelled by the western gales; but to the north, wherever workmen dug for the purpose of laying foundations, the rock was never met with.[1]

[1] Pococke, who saw the flourishing state of Tyre, even in 1737, not knowing how to reconcile with it the words of Ezekiel, xxvi. 14; and xxvii. 19, says, that the prophecy must be understood of the ancient city on the continent. He adds, "It is a place where they export great quantities of corn, and Malta itself is supplied from this place." Vol. ii. p. 82, fol. Surely a port which supplies Malta must be a populous and thriving one! I know that evidence contrary to this may be brought from the relations of other travellers, and I believe the particular bias of a person's mind has much to do with the colouring which he gives to objects. It would be well if commentators on prophecy would consider that Antioch, Ascalon, Berytus, Cæsarea, Decapolis, Emesa, Famagusta, Gebayl, Heliopolis, or Bâlbec, Laodicea, Palmyra, or Tadmûr, and other cities, the rivals in commerce and luxury of Tyre, will be found fallen from their flourishing greatness, many of them lower than it; and yet against the greater part of them there is no denunciation at all in the prophetic writings. On the other hand, we read (*Isaiah* v. 1, c. xvii) — "Behold, Damascus is taken away from being a city, and it shall be a ruinous heap:" yet, in spite of its doom, so emphatically pre-

Tyre has two ports. The inner seemed to have been formed by two moles, enclosing a basin perhaps 250 yards across. The moles were now partly washed away by the sea, and the towers which flanked them were tumbling down. The basin contained at most half a fathom of water. On the outside of the mole, running West and East, were to be seen, under the surface of the sea, on a fine day, about a dozen fallen pillars, which probably formed a colonnade to some ancient edifice. To the West, likewise, were various fragments. There were men whose occupation it was to dive to the bottom of the basin, or to rake the strand for whatever they could find. They came to me, at

dicted, Damascus has flourished from that time until now. The editor of "The Monthly Review" for November, 1822, looking at the account of Tyre given by Mr. Buckingham, whose Travels he is reviewing, and who states that he saw 800 substantial houses, containing full 5,000 inhabitants, is staggered at the assertion, and confronts with it the testimony of Maundrell, Bruce, Jolliffe, and some others He observes. very justly, that what were good comfortable houses in the eyes of Mr. Buckingham, accustomed from the age of nine years to roam about the world, might not be so in reality. But perhaps a means for settling his doubts may be found when he is told that the houses of Tyre were equally good with those at Jaffa and Acre, two neighbouring towns, which have not fallen under the prophet's interdict, and that therefore no manifestation of the Divine wrath can be said to have descended more on it than on the two others. Cæsarea, where the good Centurion lived, has not now one house standing, yet the walls which encompass it were built by Saint Louis:—but then he was a Catholic

the instigation of the harbour-master, and produced, out of their findings, about a hundred and fifty copper coins, some agates and cornelians, pieces of lead, like the heads of arrows, or the balls of slings or of the balistæ, &c. The coins were so corroded by the salt water as to be totally defaced. Among the stones was the fragment of an intaglio of a horse, the head only and the end of the warrior's spear remaining: but this portion was so beautifully cut, that, had it been entire, it would have been invaluable.

The outer port or road is considered as one of the best along the coast of Syria. It is formed by a broken ledge of rocks running North from the peninsula. Were the intervals between the rocks filled up, so as to make a continued breakwater, a capacious and nearly a safe port might be formed. The depth of water between the rocks varies from a fathom and a half to three fathoms. In this road the bottom is sand as far out as the ledge runs. To the South of Tyre, there is a bay which is very deep and dangerous, having at places sixty fathoms of water. The trade of Tyre was, in 1815, in corn, tobacco, wood, and charcoal, all exported to Egypt.

For two piasters I hired a boat with four men, for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, some specimens of the Tyrian dye. The man who steered her was the harbour-master, Rais el myna, who, brought up to the trade of a fisherman, had, nevertheless, acquired considerable celebrity along the coast of Syria

for his skill in lithotomy. His name was Bûlus Abu Hanah. From the moment of my arrival at Tyre, he had hung about me, hoping to obtain from me an English penknife, that being the instrument with which he operated. He showed me a stone of seventeen drachms Turkish, or an ounce and a half English, and another a little smaller, which he had extracted. His operations amounted to twenty-five, and his average of deaths was not different from those on record by some celebrated European surgeons. He acknowledged that no previous study had led him to undertake this bold operation; but that, having observed with what facility it had been done by some itinerant lithotomists who came to Tyre, he ventured to undertake it first upon his own nephew. His success in that instance emboldened him, and he now refused no case that presented itself, where he saw a prospect of cure. It will scarcely be believed that the very delicate operation for the cataract is likewise performed in Syria by itinerant oculists.

Our search after the Tyrian dye was unsuccessful: this not being, it was said, the proper season for fishing for it. But a promise was made me that I should be supplied with some in the spring of the ensuing year; in return for which I was to send the harbour-master an English penknife. He did not execute his promise the following year, but I did mine.

As I desired him to bring to me everything that his nets caught, one of the men bethought himself that a

collection of sea-weeds would interest me. He showed me thirteen sorts. Two of them are used for dyeing; of these one, called *hashýsh ed dúdy*, or *sindean el buhr*, dyes a crimson, and is of a purple hue. Although the history of the Tyrian dye is a certain one, I would nevertheless ask whether there might not have been a crimson extracted from a sea-weed as well as a fish.[1]

On Monday, the 8th of August, I embarked, about one in the morning. At sunrise we weighed anchor, and, coasting the shore, came to the Nakúra (of which mention has been made in former passages) about four leagues South of Tyre. Here the vessel was anchored in a nook close in to the shore, for the purpose of receiving her cargo of wood, consisting of cordbats as thick as a man's leg, and about a yard long, which were cut on the mountain close to the villages of Nakûra and Alma, and sold on the spot for from five to eight piasters the hundred.

Whilst the vessel was loading, which was done by the crew, who carried the wood on their shoulders through the surf, the passengers went on shore, and I among the number. We were about one mile to the North of the Nakûra toll-house, when, at a little distance from the sea-shore, I observed two pillars standing, the remains of some ancient building. The name the ruin goes by is Um el Hamûd; but I was surprised to find that two such objects should have hitherto escaped my notice, when I had now passed

[1] Murex

this road three times I have not, therefore, inserted them in our itinerary, in their proper place. On a line with the pillars, close to the sea-shore, so as to be washed by the surf, were two or three small springs of water, which from their situation are constantly brackish.

Some Metoualys, who were inhabitants of the mountain hereabouts, came down to look at us. They had muskets, the use of which Gezzàr Pasha had prohibited at the time when he laid waste their country, and put their chiefs to death. But their rough and almost insolent manner towards Moslems here argued very clearly that they had in a certain degree recovered their independence.

Gezzàr persecuted this race of people almost to extermination. The troops which he sent against them were commanded by Selim Pasha, a Mameluke, who afterwards headed the insurrection of the Mamelukes against that pasha. Upon this occasion, Faris and Nasýf, two chieftains of a Metoualy family, in which had been vested the government from time immemorial, were put to death, and others were imprisoned at Acre. Selim Pasha sent 745 heads to his master, which were piled up outside the gate of Acre.

But the greatest cruelty was exercised on those who were led to Acre as prisoners; for Gezzàr Pasha ordered them to be impaled immediately. This horrible massacre was recounted to me in the following

with that we advanced a little. But, on Tuesday, the 9th, a West wind, the prevailing one of the season, sprung up, and obliged us to alter our course to North and by West, upon which rhumb we kept the whole of the day and the following night. The wind freshened considerably, and we furled our mizen. Giovanni was very ill, and incapable of doing anything for me; and, in the usual strain of the sea-sick, recommended himself to the Virgin, and considered his case as desperate.

On the 10th, about ten in the morning, we got sight of Cyprus, bearing North. Through the day we had a fresh breeze, and went, as I suppose, at the rate of five knots. Our vessel was leaky, and the crew baled her twice (for there was no pump) before noon. Every passenger was sick but the soldier, the Egyptian shaykh, and myself. A little before sunset, we anchored in a nook to the East of the island. After sunset the wind freshened; but we were in perfectly smooth water.

On the 12th we weighed, and coasted the island towards the south. We doubled a small cape, and came in sight of the bay of Limasol, into which a gentle breeze brought us after sunset. Smooth water and the sight of the lamps in Limasol (for it was Ramazán) had revived the passengers, and Giovanni begged to be permitted to go on shore with the boat which was hoisted out to fetch water. When he returned, he brought me a supply of grapes, honey, fresh

bread, eggs, and other articles, which made the rest of the passage very tolerable: but the water we took in here was extremely bad.

The island of Cyprus looks from the sea very picturesque and of varied scenery. Its grand features are a chain of mountains which runs through its whole length, and which is rendered remarkable by a sugar-loaf elevation in one part, and a lofty long summit in another. These large mountains detach themselves into smaller ones, and these into hills, of conical and other shapes, which come down to the sea-coast. The point, that forms the bay of Limasol, is a cape of flat land, running into the sea to a considerable length. As we coasted the island, the face of it appeared variegated with trees and pastures, and rising in fair slopes. Half a league from the shore, near our first anchoring place, we saw a village, which resembled those I had left in Syria.

About midnight, a light breeze sprung up: and, taking advantage of it, we set sail for Egypt. It may be remarked that, at this season of the year, when the west winds prevail[1] very constantly, the country vessels seldom attempt to beat down by short tacks: but they make a long tack to Cyprus, and a second brings them to Egypt.

Saturday, the 13th, was a cloudy day. Sunday,

[1] The Arabic saying is, "The month of August, the month of wind and wave."

Monday, and Tuesday we kept close-hauled, our course being S.W. and S.W. and by W. At sunrise there was generally a calm, and a sea as smooth as a mirror: about ten a breeze would come on, which would freshen until about sunset, when it usually became as strong as the vessel could well bear. The captain, one morning, frightened me somewhat by leaping into the sea: but I found that his intention was only to bathe, and, after swimming about the vessel, he returned on board. I was not tempted to follow his example, although very fond of swimming.

As my provisions failed me somewhat, I was surprised to find that the Jew produced from his store many excellent things, such as sweet biscuits, cakes, dried fruit, &c. He was a native of Tiberias, and was now on his way to Gibraltar, and perhaps to England, to beg for the Holy City. I found some relief to the tiresomeness of the passage in his conversation. His name was Yudy (Judas?) Among other things, he gave me the details of a revolt which took place in Gebel Nablûs during the preceding year, at which he was present in the capacity of secretary to Málem Sulymàn, who was seràf to the forces on the occasion: which I thought it worth while to write down, as descriptive of the petty wars which often take place in the Turkish provinces.

In the autumn of each year, Mûly Ismael and his mercenaries were generally hired by the pasha of Damascus for the purpose of marching through the

southern districts of the pashalik, where there had been for many years past a refractory spirit, and a disposition to throw off allegiance to the reigning pasha. This had more particularly manifested itself on Gebel Nablûs, the ancient Samaria. The Mûly proceeded on his march, as was customary; but, on approaching Suffýn, a village that could raise 400 muskets, he was told to retire, or he should be received as an enemy, as they would no longer submit to the oppressions of the government. The Mûly accordingly halted and encamped. He did not attack the village, but sent a courier to acquaint the pasha with the resistance which was opposed to him, and to demand fresh troops. In the mean time, it was whispered that Mûly Ismael had received a bribe to induce him to remain passive. Fresh troops, however, were sent from Damascus; and, lest these should not be enough, aid was required from the pasha of Acre and afforded. With these latter troops, Sulymàn, the banker, went, and with him his secretary, Yudy. Thus the forces of two pashas were united against one village.

No sooner did these reinforcements reach the encampment, than, on a sudden, their leaders also became pusillanimous, and declared it impossible to attack the village. An interrupted cannonade was carried on from a great distance, but no demonstration of resistance was made by the village, unless when the troops approached too near, on which occasions they were warmly received. The peasants had no other

protection than a trench carried round their village: but the place itself was on an elevated situation, and presented natural difficulties. This warfare continued several days. Despatches from the pashas cried shame on their conduct, saying that they would be loaded with infamy if they suffered themselves to be baffled by so few men, and those not soldiers.

During this suspense, the regular forces were more than once on the point of running away. On one occasion a report was industriously circulated that the peasants intended to attack the camp by night. Accordingly, the horses were kept bridled, the troops lay on their arms, and the seràf Sulymàn was seized with a diarrhœa from fright, and had taken his measures to escape with the gold, intending to drop some silver about on the road, as a trap to stop the pursuit.[1]

It will be recollected that, in relating the occurrences at Damascus, a certain Hamed Bey, son of Yusef Pasha, was mentioned, as commanding a corps of mercenaries. This man had now been sent by the pasha of Damascus, and, not having shared in the bribes given to the other leaders, resolved on distinguishing himself by a spirited attack on the village. He was joined by an aga, who was also aware of the treachery of Mûly Ismael and his colleagues. These two, then, forming a body of horse and foot, advanced to the

[1] Yet it may be safely affirmed that this gentleman had never read the story of Hippomenes and Atalanta

trench. The peasants received them by a general discharge along their whole line, which threw Hamed Bey's cavalry into disorder: but, whilst they were re-loading, the infantry rushed forward sword in hand, passed the trench, and mixed pell-mell among the peasantry. It being harvest time, there was a great quantity of straw lying near the spot where the attack was made; and, the wind being high, the Turks got to windward, set fire to it, and, following the smoke which blinded their adversaries, they discomfited them completely. Thirty-one heads were cut off; for which a reward of 100 piasters each was given, and, as is customary, a stamped piece of tin, which the gainers wear afterwards in their caps or somewhere about them, as a sign of their prowess. Two shaykhs and several peasants were made prisoners, and for them 150 piasters each was awarded.[1] The Albanians directed their attention chiefly to the women, whom they violated wherever they caught them: the *delûty* plundered for effects.[2] The prisoners were conducted

[1] Mohammed Aga Abu Nabût, actuated by a more sanguinary feeling, was accustomed, in his petty wars, to give 150 for a head and 100 for a prisoner. The consequence was natural.

[2] The mode used by the soldiers, when plundering a village, to discover where the peasants have hidden their corn and effects, is ingenious enough. They know that such things are generally concealed in holes in their cottages, but the difficulty is to discover where to dig The floors are of clay mixed up

to the camp, and, on as many as chains could be found for, chains were put. The rest were tied with their hands behind them, and made to lie on their backs: from which position, if they dared to stir, a soldier with a whip lashed them cruelly. Others were bound together with a long cord in nooses round their necks: so that if one attempted to stir he tightened the noose round the neck of the man next to him, and might eventually strangle him. The women, who were not comely, or who were somewhat old, were sold back to the old men for five, ten, or fifteen piasters: and thus the affair terminated.

There was not a year, during our stay in Syria, that some part of Gebel Nablûs was not in insurrection. This spirit of resistance to the lawful authorities we may suppose to be often fomented by persons attached to the government. The rabbin Yudy told me an anecdote in confirmation of this, which was as follows. When Abdallah Pasha was governor of Damascus, an attack was made by one of his officers on a village of about twenty houses in the district of Nablûs, which was unsuccessful. Enraged at this repulse, the pasha in person assaulted the place at the head of seventeen men and took it. He found in

with chaff. The soldiers make three or four piles of stones in different parts of the room, each pile consisting of several large stones placed one upon another. They then jar the floor by jumping or stamping on it, and wherever a pile falls there is the hole, because the jar is felt only where there is a hollow.

it one of his own ammunition chests which had been sold by his gunners to the enemy, whilst encamped before the village. Such treachery the rabbin said was common in Turkish warfare.

On the 15th of August, at sunset, our rais suspected we were approaching the land, and hove the lead to see what bottom it was: by it, and by the freshness of the water, he knew that we were near the Egyptian shore. He accordingly shortened sail, stood cautiously in, and anchored late in the evening in sight of land, which he distinguished, no doubt, easily enough: but my eyes, less used to reconnoitring a flat coast, more especially in the dark, beheld nothing but a heavy sky and a gloomy sea.

In the morning of the 16th, I was turned out of the small boat, which was my berth, just as we were coming upon the bar of Rosetta, and, to lighten the vessel, it was lifted out, and loaded with wood: but, in going over the bar, it swamped, and the painter was cut in an instant to prevent the hindrance it caused to the progress of the shekýf. We touched several times in crossing the bar; and signs were made to us by vessels within that our course was too far south: but the rais appeared to rely on his own skill, and we finally got into smooth water.

The Delta was now flooded, as the Nile was at its height, so that the houses and villages seemed to be inaccessible but to boats. There were, however, children, who kept up with us by the river side,

sometimes on a dry knoll, sometimes up to their knees in water, and sometimes wading and swimming over canals, eagerly following us, to catch the bread and other refuse provisions which were thrown to them from the vessel. A cap was handed round to collect coffee-money for the crew, in consideration of our safe passage over the bar.

On arriving at the quay of Rosetta, the busy scene, though not novel to me, had lost none of its attractions. I had seen the Nile before when empty: I now beheld it brim-full, and enlivened with an increased degree of activity from the number of vessels and from the animation that commerce excites.

It was Ramazán time, and I sat on the quarter, smoking, and viewing the scenes around me. But, had the vessel not been from the sea, and of course the passengers considered as persons travelling, I could not thus, in the face of everybody, have presumed to smoke. For travellers and for the sick there is an exemption in the Korân.[1]

I had sent a letter on shore to the English agent, Signor Lenzi, requesting him to provide me a lodging. His diagoman came instantly down to inform me that the plague was in the town, otherwise Signor Lenzi would have accommodated me at his own house, but that he had secured apartments for me at

[1] This fact, and what occurred to me at Latakia, will enable travellers to judge when and where they can smoke openly in Ramazán time.

the Terra Santa monastery, where Padre Luigi would entertain me. To prevent the danger of contagion, the dragoman had provided some rush mats, in which the whole of my baggage was wrapped, and then carried by porters to the monastery, where they put down their burdens at the door and took away the mats. Thus, they having touched nothing that remained, all danger of infection was prevented.

I retired to a gloomy cell, where I was devoured by fleas; and resolved to escape as speedily as possible to Alexandria. So I went to rest, deliberating how this was to be managed; as both land and sea conveyances would expose me to the contact of the infected. In this mood I fell asleep, and was wakened next morning by a violent knocking at my door; when who should enter but shaykh Ibrahim, better known as Mr. Burckhardt, who was on his way from Cairo to Alexandria. We renewed our acquaintance, (which had been but momentary at Nazareth) and agreed to go thither in company. He was glad, I believe, to have me for a companion, as his health was far from re-established since a dangerous fever that had attacked him at Mecca: and, in return, I was pleased to study the character of a man who was reputed to be an adventurous and enterprising traveller, and, moreover, highly gifted with the talents necessary for rendering his researches useful to the world.

As we could not depart immediately, we were com-

pelled to be very careful in our walks and visits about Rosetta.

On the 18th of August, in the evening, we departed for Alexandria by land, mounted on asses. Shaykh Ibrahim had with him a black slave[1] named Fadl Allah, and Giovanni and he, both accustomed to travelling, left us nothing to do but to smoke, eat, converse, and sleep. Arrived at Lake Edko, we hired a boat to cross it, and here I was determined to leave the whole conduct of the passage to the shaykh, who knew so much more of Egypt than I did. But he could not be a match for the cunning of an Egyptian. The director of the ferry deceived him both as to price and as to the nature of our passage. He had bargained for a boat to be occupied by ourselves only; yet, we found, on getting on board, that it was already full of passengers; and, whilst he was charging the director with duplicity and cheating, the boatmen were setting the sail and seemed not to heed us. For, it must be observed, these lakes are very shallow, and a boat that draws only three feet water cannot approach within fifty yards of the shore. Hence it is customary for men to ply at the landing places, to carry passengers and luggage to and fro on their shoulders. They wear nothing but a blue smock frock, and this they tuck up, even if there are females on board, as high as the waist.

[1] This slave was bought in Upper Egypt and cost fifty dollars—four dollars were paid as dues at the towns coming down the Nile, and two at Cairo: making the total cost fifty-six.

We crossed Lake Edko and the isthmus, and then re-embarked in another boat of a similar build. We were finally landed at the block-house, on the dyke between Lake Madia and Lake Mœris, where, three years before, I passed, in company with Mr. Henry Pearce, so disagreeable a night We here hired asses, which were waiting on the shore for the arrival of boats, and proceeded strait to Alexandria, which we reached at sunset. Colonel Missett, the British Resident, received us both into his house, and expressed his obligations to me for coming so far on his account.

The plague had committed some ravages in Alexandria this year, but they were now over, and, in the language of the Levant, people had opened their houses; that is, those who had shut themselves up in rigid quarantine had now resumed their accustomed occupations and intercourse.[1]

Shaykh Ibrahim showed a strong disposition to revisit Syria at this time, and expressed himself as half inclined to accompany me when I should go back. My time passed away most delightfully in Alexandria. Banished so long as I had been from European society of all sorts, I entered again, with infinite relish, into the parties and evening *conversazioni*, which were both gay and instructive. Colonel Missett's urbanity drew to his house whatever was respectable in talent or rank. So great was the esteem in which the British Resident was held, that the greatest title

[1] The Gazette of the battle of Waterloo reached Egypt a day or two after our arrival.

to consideration and gratitude, from all ranks at Alexandria, for me would have been in restoring to the Colonel that health of which he had been long deprived. But some dietetic rules, with a few remedies as palliatives in the most distressing symptoms, were all the relief that a confirmed paralysis of the lower extremities, now of seven years' standing, would admit of.

As it was Ramazán, Shaykh Ibrahim, in the character of a Moslem, was bound to fast from sunrise to sunset: but, when he got to Colonel Missett's, he thought he might resume his Frank habits without the risk of being detected. We were seated one morning at one of those sumptuous breakfasts for which the Colonel's table was celebrated, when a young Turk, named Sadiz Effendi, and well known to Shaykh Ibrahim, suddenly entered, and caught the shaykh with his mouth full. Evasion or denial was useless: and this discovery, no doubt, did the shaykh great harm among those Moslems who had almost made up their minds to identify him with themselves.

Much amusement was afforded us about this time by the facility with which some French gentlemen, presuming on the restoration of the old nobility by the return of Louis XVIII., assumed pretended dormant titles in their families; so that Cairo and Alexandria had on a sudden many noble names to boast of.

M. Drovetti, ex-consul of France, was residing at

Alexandria, and gratified us with a sight of his collection of antiquities, which he hoped one day to sell in Europe. He estimated it at three thousand guineas, probably somewhat more than its value.[1]

The commerce of Alexandria had revived since Buonaparte's downfall. There were more than a hundred European ships in the west harbour during my stay. Of these, a few came fully laden with European commodities; but as yet there was not a market for them.

Signor Belzoni, who afterwards rendered himself so celebrated for his discoveries in Egypt, was, at this epoch, just arrived there in search of employment. But the person who excited most conversation among the Franks was Mr. J. Silk Buckingham, who to considerable natural abilities united much activity and research, which, not being well seconded in Egypt, obliged him subsequently to repair to India, where he found his talents better appreciated. There was also a Scotchman here, who was left after the affair of Rosetta, and from a soldier had made a doctor of himself. He secretly told me that he wanted to abandon Egypt and his religion; but Shaykh Ibrahim dissuaded him from doing so.

Towards the end of September, after a stay of five weeks, I quitted Alexandria. As Shaykh Ibrahim had never seen Damietta, he resolved to accompany

[1] This collection was afterwards bought for the Royal Museum at Munich.

me thither; and we jointly hired a coasting boat to convey us to that city, for which we were to pay 100 piasters.

We embarked in the evening of the 25th, but the wind was fresh, and we could not quit the port until the next day. Our boat was roomy, and we had it entirely to ourselves, such being the agreement. Both our servants became so ill the moment they were embarked, that we were obliged to dress our dinner for ourselves. The passage was favourable Shaykh Ibrahim performed his prayers on board, but the rais never could make up his mind to address him as a Turk, and through the whole passage persisted in calling him Khawágy[1] Shaykh Ibrahim, ludicrously mixing the Christian appellation with his Mahometan designation.

Shaykh Ibrahim, it is generally believed, passed everywhere, unsuspected, as a Mahometan. That is possible. All Turkey is full of Italian and French renegadoes, who, of course, speak but indifferently a language which they generally attempt to acquire when the organs of speech have no longer the pliability of childhood; and, exclusive of these, Syria, Egypt, and Arabia, abound with Albanians and other

[1] Khawágy is the appellation given to Christian merchants or gentlemen, its meaning is *merchant*, and it is the most civil title that Christians, whether subjects of the Porte or Europeans, ever get from Mahometans Aga, Bey, Mûly, Shaykh, &c, they reserve for themselves.

natives of European Turkey, who have, of course, nearly the same difficulties to encounter in learning Arabic as a Swiss or an Englishman. It was, therefore, no cause of suspicion that he had an accent, or that he could not pronounce certain letters, and overcome those (we may call them) insurmountable difficulties for grown persons in speaking in Arabic. But, that he ever passed as a native is not true; and, although he spoke Arabic better than any European traveller upon record, still he was incapable of opening his mouth for ten sentences without being detected as a foreigner.

Mr. Burckhardt himself often related an anecdote, which went to prove the belief of the pasha of Cairo that his character of a Moslem was an assumed one; but this anecdote rather regards the purpose of his disguise. It was, that, on having obtained permission of the pasha to go to Mecca, the pasha sent a message to him by his hakým bashi or chief physician, (Hanah Bozaro) desiring him to keep his own counsel, and not to go and say he had made a fool of the pasha.

After quitting Alexandria, and before reaching Aboukir bay, we passed an eminence called Tel Agûl; and farther on is Nelson's Island, as it has been named by the English, but which the native sailors called Gezýra Ghoro.

We arrived at that mouth of the Nile, marked, on d'Anville's map, *Ostium Taniticum*, crossed the bar, and reached the custom-house, where a party of Albanian soldiers was put on board to be conveyed gratis to

Damietta. The shaykh, as well as myself, had enough experience of this sort of gentry to know that, if they discovered us to be Franks, they would probably usurp our places, and send us to the forecastle. We therefore seated ourselves in a sort of authoritative manner, smoked our pipes, spoke little, and carried on the farce of Turkish gentlemen (to which, so long as our tongues betrayed us not, our costumes lent every assurance) so well, that when we arrived opposite to the quay of the town, and were inquired after by the dragoman of the English agent, who was apprized of our coming by letter, the Albanians were furious to think how they had been imposed upon.

CHAPTER IX.

M. Surûr, English agent at Damietta—Patients—Excursion to Lake Menzaleh—Mataryah—Melikýn—Pounds for cattle—Ruins of San—Broken pottery—Conjectures on its original use—Tennys—Dybeh—Botarga fishery—Fowling—Running deemed indecorous in a Turk—Menzaleh—Haunted house—Disdain of pedestrian travellers—False door—Departure for Syria—Vessel, cargo, and crew—Charms to raise the wind—Arrival at Acre, Tyre, and Abra.

We were taken to the house of Mâlem Michael Surûr, the English agent, a young gentleman of considerable abilities and property, who did everything that Oriental hospitality, so fertile in resources, dictated, for the entertainment of his guests. He had several fine horses, upon which we rode out daily. Mounted himself on a superbly caparisoned stallion, his grooms preceded him on foot, bearing perpendicularly each his *zan*, or white staff, in the right hand, with which, as he went along, they beat the walls, and, at every curvet which his horse gave, cried, Mashallah, how wonderful! This, being the style of the principal Mahometans, and absolutely

prohibited to Christians, becomes one of the distinguished privileges of a Consul; and it is only to be regretted that the restraint under which the Christians live should have given a value to such empty distinctions.

I became acquainted here with the most fascinating lady that I had known during my long residence in the Levant. Her name was Syt Fersûn (or Euphrosyne) Karysáty. She and her infant daughter Benba came daily to Málem Surûr's to consult me; and Shaykh Ibrahim used to express very pathetically his chagrin that, whilst I was admitted into the harým to converse with these ladies, he was excluded. I had several patients at Damietta, and a consideration of some of the cases which fell under my care leads me to say, that I am not disposed to accede to an assertion made by Mr. Brown in his travels—"that in no country are pulmonary diseases so rare as in Egypt." Mr. Brown was not a medical man, and, therefore, of course makes similar remarks as the result of what he heard from the natives. It would seem that there is as large a proportion of them here[1] as in some or any European countries.

[1] My stay at Damietta was short, yet, among the sick whom I was called upon to see, were six with pulmonary complaints. These were Hyláneh Karysáty, with spitting of blood, Khawágy Isaac, with asthma, the brother of Hyláneh Karysáty, with consumption, Michael Surûr, bronchitis; his sister, with that disposition confirmed, Khawágy Kharysáty, the husband

Mâlem Surûr had three black slaves and fifteen servants in all.

Shaykh Ibrahim had meditated, among the objects of his visit to Damietta, an excursion on the lake Menzaleh, and I agreed to join him in it; the more especially as there was no vessel ready to sail for Syria, to which country I was now anxious to return.

Lake Menzaleh is not of great antiquity: Macrisi speaks of it as having been made to prevent the recurrence of invasions on the side of the Syrian desert. The ruins which are still to be found in and about it have rendered it an object of curiosity. In my first visit to Damietta, in company with Lady Hester, I was prevented from indulging the wish I entertained to see it, owing to the shortness of our stay, and to the hurry which our preparations for the voyage to Syria occasioned.

Mâlem Surûr made such arrangements as he thought would render us comfortable, in furnishing us with a basket of provisions, and sending his janissary as our guard. Just before sunset, on Sunday evening, the 30th of September, we traversed the beautiful environs of the city, for about two miles, down to the edge of the lake at the place of embarkation, called

of the lady, with spitting of blood. In Alexandria, Mrs Schutz died of consumption; her sister was ill, and lived in daily apprehension of sharing her fate: Miss Maltass, an English lady, died of it, and there were other examples, both of natives and foreigners, which I neglected to note

Mehúb, where we found a small barge, of the kind common to these waters, waiting for us. It had a temporary awning made of rush mats. The solid construction of the boat itself rendered it so far from crank that we could walk or sit in it anywhere without rendering it lapsided. Our boatmen were three brothers: two men, Ahmed and Segáwy, and Metwelly, a lad. Shaykh Ibrahim had with him his black slave, Fadl allah and Shâaty, a servant he had hired at Damietta, and I had Giovanni. The crew were furnished with poles, to push the boat over the shallows, and to force her onwards when there was no wind. In this operation, the poles are rested against the shoulder; and, considering the great force occasionally used, it is wonderful that no injury ensues. The servant, with the provisions, not having yet arrived, we amused ourselves in observing Mâlem Surûr, who, mounted on a Mameluke saddle, exhibited more skill in horsemanship than Christians in these countries are generally possessed of. His youth, he not being more than nineteen years of age, gave him every disposition to enjoy the privileges attached to his situation.

At nightfall, Mâlem Surûr took his leave. We embarked, and had not got far from the shore when the shaykh recollected that he had brought away certain letters, prepared for Alexandria, which he had forgotten to leave. We therefore put about, and returned to Mehûb, the place of embarkation. At each place of embarkation, of

which there are many on the borders of the lake, a soldier is generally stationed to levy the customs, which he farms from the chief officer at Damietta. It is not necessary to ascertain what his claim was on our boat; but no sooner had Ahmed, accompanied by his brother, stepped on shore to find a boy to carry the letters to Damietta, than he was seized by the soldier, and desired to pay the dues. It was now quite dark. Ahmed assured the soldier he had no money, as he had yet received nothing from his passengers; but, not being believed, he was forcibly thrust into the guard-house, where the soldier began to beat him most unmercifully. His cries induced his brother to beseech Shaykh Ibrahim (who was on shore delivering his instructions to the messenger about the letters) to go to Ahmed's assistance. The shaykh went; and with great promptitude broke open the door, and rescued him from the grasp of his enraged assailant, who had, in addition to a beating, drawn his yatagan, and was threatening his life. The soldier was promised a bastinadoing on our return to Damietta.

It was some time before Ahmed could now be made to hold his tongue, when he found he could vociferate without fear of reprisals; at last quiet was restored, and finally we re-embarked. We supped, and lay down to rest in our clothes, under our rush tent and at three in the morning were disturbed by the boatmen, who told us we had arrived at Mataryah. We had passed during the night two islands, el Usbeh

and el Luskeh; but at what distances, and in what direction of the compass, we had not observed.

When day dawned, we found Mataryah to be a large fishing village. Of the houses which faced the lake, some were of brick, and others mud; but, as it is customary in Egypt, the buildings seemed rather decaying than improving. The shaykh's name was Hassan el Fâal. The water-side exhibited, as usual, a scene of women filling their water-jars, men washing themselves for prayers or other causes, and naked children paddling about. We endeavoured to purchase a little milk; and, having waited until Ahmed, whose family lived here, had gone to his house and returned, at seven o'clock on the first of October, we loosened our sail, and stood south and by east.

Continuing in this direction for one hour, about nine we entered the canal, called Toret el Moez, and the mouth itself was named, by the rais, Ahmed, Hale el Naby. Mataryah bore from this point north-east and by north. As the current ran out very strong, and there was no wind, we made the boat fast to a pole thrust into the mud, and breakfasted. Close to us was a fisherman's seat, in which he sat to watch his nets; many more of which we saw up the canal. These were made of layers of rushes, pressed down between four stakes, and formed the apex of two converging sets of stakes. The net was placed between them; and the current, as it brought down the fish, drove them into the enclosed

part, where they were entrapped. The mouth of the canal was single; but, immediately within it, the course of the canal itself was no longer distinguishable to a person unacquainted with its navigation, as various streams were seen coming in different directions to the same point; which was occasioned by the retiring of the Nile waters, now just on the decrease.

About half an hour before noon the breeze freshened; and we, fancying that our raïs was only gaining time in order to make money, since his agreement was at a certain rate per day, obliged him to cast off. In about two hours, we arrived at Melikeen, a square mud hamlet on the east bank of the canal. This hamlet now stood insulated; for in front of it was the canal, and round it were meadows overflowed; so that the children were seen dabbling in the water like amphibious creatures, and men were going from hamlet to hamlet wading up to their waists, either with their clothes pulled up or entirely naked.

The inhabitants of Melekeen, our raïs told us, ranked themselves in the class of dervises, and assumed the name of fakírs. They were known, when they wandered from their native town, by a bit of white rag, going under the chin and over the head, and tied down by the turban. They carried a cruise of water by their sides, to give to drink to whosoever asked them; this was their principal vow. They were bound, if beaten, to make no resistance, not to steal, and to some other observances which I now forget.

About three we arrived at another hamlet, similar to the first, but on the opposite bank of the canal, called Mehkeen el fokany, or Upper Melekeen, in contradistinction to that below it. The banks hitherto had been lined with reeds and rushes; nor could we distinguish what was behind them, excepting here and there through openings which discovered an almost entire inundation. Here we found the monotony of the scene a little relieved by tamarisk bushes (*turfy*) growing in hedges. The banks hereabouts emerged from the waters, and might be about fifty yards apart, as far as we could judge by the eye. Our rais had pretended that the depth of the canal was greater than the length of the pole which he held in his hands—perhaps twenty feet long; and upon his assertion we had already noted it; but, wishing to assure myself farther, I sounded, and found only nine feet water.

In the afternoon we arrived at a third hamlet, called Weled Ali, much the same in appearance as the others. Indeed the square walls of mud in which they were enclosed concealed the interior from us; but it is sufficient to be familiar with one of them to know them all. Our course soon changed to South West. The canal here divided, and we kept the left branch: but we observed the two branches again to join, having thus formed a small island. From Melikeen upwards, we had remarked, besides the hamlets, certain little pounds, or pens, made of mud walls about four or five feet high, upon knolls of ground, which remained dry

here and there on the banks: these, we were told, were the retreats of the buffaloes and herdsmen at night; for, the moment the retiring waters leave the grass and rushes visible above the surface, these meadows are resorted to by the peasantry, who pasture their buffaloes on them while yet swampy; such swamps, it would seem, being best suited to the nature of those beasts. To protect them by night, they are penned in these enclosures of a few yards' breadth; and man and beast here live more together certainly than we had ever yet witnessed in brute and reasonable animals.

Towards evening we came to another hamlet, called El Way, and from El Way might be seen another, called El Bekashy. A little distance beyond brought us to the foot of the height on which San[1] formerly stood, and where we were now to seek for its ruins. On landing, we accosted an old man with a dark brown rusty skin, and asked him to point them out to us. He was a very fit person for the purpose, as he proved to be one of many others who gained a livelihood by digging for the foundations of these ancient edifices, which they sold for limestone, and was then watching several heaps, collected on the banks of the canal, ready to be embarked. He led us on for about a quarter of a mile, until we found ourselves on a flat, partly surrounded by a hill in the form of an amphi-

[1] San, the ancient Tanis, capital of Tanites, a province of Egypt.

theatre, where several huge granite masses were lying in confusion.

The site of San is what would be called in military language a height; which, at a rough guess, may be two or three miles in circumference, and rises out of a country otherwise totally flat. It is composed of several monticules, which, combined, have the shape of a horseshoe, but are separated from each other by deep gullies, apparently worn by the waters in the long course of ages. In the centre of the horseshoe is a level, and at the entrance of it were some masses of granite. The soil about us was of the same nature as that which the Nile leaves, and must, therefore, have been brought hither by the wind or by men's hands; being above the level of the annual inundations.

Proceeding a little further, we found a granite obelisk, entirely perfect, but fallen. It measured about seventy feet in length and six in breadth. Beyond it were three more fallen obelisks, with hieroglyphics, but less distinct than those on the first. Close to the last was a hole in the ground, dug by the workmen, at the bottom of which we discovered a part of a granite colossal statue. What was bare seemed to represent the folds of drapery; but, not being able, for want of time, to dig round it, (although the means were at hand) we could not decide exactly to what it belonged.

By this time the whole squad of peasantry had left their work, out of curiosity to see what we were doing.

Two among them offered to lead us to other ruins, if we would promise to reward them. They accordingly took us to the top of the height, where was a small crumbling shed, the sanctuary of a Mahometan saint, called Shaykh el Garýby. Near it was a broken granite sarcophagus without a lid. Descending the hill, on the side towards the canal, we came to the stumps of an immense colonnade of granite, which seemed to have belonged to some vast edifice. The fragments of the shafts of these pillars measured nine spans in diameter: but the upper parts had either been entirely removed or were buried in sand, as nothing remained but these lowest portions, which seemed to occupy their original situations.

Having on a boot which chafed my foot, I was compelled to halt, whilst Shaykh Ibrahim ran forward to some heaps where he thought he might discover other fragments. Whilst he was gone, I found a part of a granite statue, of the proportions of a youth, in alto relievo, with the right foot, up to the ancle, still entire. I loaded some workmen with it down to the boat, whither we were obliged to hasten, as the evening had now closed on us: for, although we could have wished to make some farther examination of this interesting spot, yet the character we had heard of the people about San made us desirous not to sleep where we should be exposed to be plundered. While perambulating the ruins, their rude jocularity, and the half insolent, half inquisitive way in which they looked

at us, led us to believe their intentions might not be good. We accordingly loosened our sail, and returned nearly down to Weled Ali, where we slept.

The disjuncted elevations which form the heights of San are covered with broken bricks and pottery.[1] Unless the conformation of these monticules be entirely changed, and the rains have worked out gullies between them, these never could have been the site of a connected town. It is rather to be inferred that the city was built on the flat; and particularly as at the foot of the elevation there was still remaining a portion of a wall of sun-baked bricks. Perishable as such materials might be supposed to be, we yet observe them, in this instance, surviving the fall of columns of marble and of obelisks of granite! Their duration, however, must not be ascribed alone to their durability; for, whatever could attract the cupidity of the Moslems and was portable has been removed by them. Sun-

[1] Burckhardt, in one of his works, amongst the various theories that have been advanced by different travellers to account for the enormous heaps of broken pottery which are found among the ruins of Egyptian and other cities, has alone given a plausible one. He supposes (I quote from memory) the ancient Egyptians to have built their walls of those cylindrical pots (like English chimneypots) which, placed horizontally one upon another, are still very generally used throughout Syria for the parapets of terraces of houses; whereby air is admitted, the view excluded, and little weight added to the subjacent walls. Broken into shards, they would be sufficient to account for the vast heaps in question.

baked bricks can be made cheaper than transported: and to this, perhaps, it was owing that the wall still remained.

The wind blew fresh during the night. On the morning of October the 2d, in descending the canal, we bought some cheese and milk at one of the pens on the banks, and stopped at Melikeen, to give an account of ourselves to a subaltern officer stationed there in a *canja*, or barge, for the purpose of levying the duty on salt passing down the canal. This duty our raïs told us was 3000 medini (equal to £2 10s.) on a large load: but we had reason to believe that his information was not to be relied on.

About noon, we left Hale el Naby, and in three hours arrived at Mâbed, one of many other small islands lying East North East of the mouth of the canal. We went on shore, and found fragments of bricks enough to testify that a village had once existed there. The island is not more than half a mile in circumference. Shaykh Cheleby, the present chief of Menzaleh, had carried off the greater part of the ruins to build with. We departed from Mâbed; and, about five o'clock, passed the extreme point of the island, where the Marabût of Shaykh Abdallah stands. This island is called El Carâh. Having weathered the point of El Carâh, we wore, and stood East half South; and, keeping this course, arrived after dark at Tennys It was too late to go on shore, so we made fast to a pole, stuck in the bottom of the

lake, at some distance from the shore, to avoid the musquitoes; and, having smoked our pipes, to which we were both very partial, went to sleep.

At daylight (October 3rd) we visited the ruins. We found a brick wall still standing, about 1000 paces long, and, within it, several cisterns of curious construction. The largest of these was twenty paces in breadth and thirty-one in length. The roof was supported by brick arcades, the pilasters of the arches being about ten feet distant from each other. Excepting in these cisterns (none of which, moreover, were entire), and on the walls, we found not one entire brick left on the ground; the neighbouring shaykhs having carried them away for building. The whole area was one continued quarry, from excavations made to find the stones of foundations. In the North West corner might be distinguished the remains of a fortress or castle: and, close to it, a canal divided the corner from the rest of the city, which, it is most probable, was a continuation of some one of the great canals leading from the Tanitic branch of the Nile. The island is elevated a few feet only above the level of the lake. The soil is of the same fine mould as we observed at San, but certainly could not get there by the same means. Innumerable swarms of musquitoes pestered us on the island, and for some time afterwards.

Having spent about three hours at Tennys, we left it; and, keeping a North North West course, with a

string of small islands constantly on our right hand, we arrived, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the bogàz of Dyby Castle, one of the openings by which Lake Menzaleh communicated with the sea and the ancient Tanitic branch of the Nile. The canal, as we entered it from the side of the lake, was called by the rais Dunet El Sharây, and was about thirty yards broad. After running 200 or 300 yards, it opened into a broad water, and then continued for perhaps half a mile, until it emptied itself into the sea, South West and North East.

Between the broad water and the sea was a fishing hamlet, called El Tat, on the right hand side; and, facing it, branched off a gut, leading into the lake in a South East direction, named Ishtûm ed Dybah, down which we sailed. Upon the point of junction between Ishtûm ed Dybah and Dunet el Sharây stood the castle of Dybah, a fortress of brick, built by the French for the defence of this entrance.

Our object in visiting the Dybah bogàz was to learn something of the Botarga fishery. *Botârekh* in Arabic, Botarga in Italian, is considered throughout the Levant, by Turks and Christians, as a very great delicacy: and in Lent the consumption by the latter is enormous. It is the roe of a fish, salted and dried. There are three places where this fishery is carried on; namely, Mferdjy, Gemayd, and Dybah. It would appear that the fish leave the open sea in search of a tranquil place where to deposit their spawn, in the

months of August, September, and October, and are then caught. The fish is called, in Arabic, *lebt*, and is from a foot to two feet long.

On the side next the lake, the fishermen ply day and night with circular hand-nets, which, from habit, they throw with great expertness; and, from the number caught each time, the fish must be very abundant. They are carried on shore, ripped open with a knife, and the roes taken out, salted, and exposed to the sun for three successive days, when they are fit for the market. There is also a kind of botarga prepared by simple drying only: and a third sort, where the fish, when caught and salted, are sent to a distance; after which the roes are there taken out and dried.

The botarga fishermen form almost a distinct race. They are all natives and inhabitants of Mataryah, and reside at the Ishtums only during the fishing months, when they build themselves cabins of mats, spread over ribs of palm branches. Each hamlet may contain forty or fifty families; and, at the close of the season, they strike their cabins, and return to Mataryah. The men appeared to be a very fine race: and, to convince us of the purity of their clan, pretended that they intermarried only with each other. The children were naked, and wanted not beauty in their shape: and there was a young man, the fineness of whose person, much above the common size, particularly attracted our attention. Indeed we

were of opinion that the Egyptians employed on the lakes and on the Nile were of as symmetrical and robust a make as any men that we had ever seen or read of.

The fishery, like every other profitable business under the existing government of Egypt, was in the hands of the pasha, who farmed it out to the shaykh of Menzaleh. The shaykh sent an overseer to every hamlet, to whom was delivered whatever fish were caught, and an account was kept of them. At the end of the season, the whole amount was summed up: two thirds of the profits were given, in fixed portions, to the fishermen, and the remainder was the farmer's. No fish could be sold, no botarga cured, except by the order of the bailiff; and a severe bastinado was the immediate consequence of detection: so that the poor fishermen might be said to be miserably off. Their gains for a season (as they told us) amounted to from 50 to 125 piasters a man.

On our arrival at the hamlet, our dress and our beards, in everything corresponding with those of Mahometans, had imposed on the bailiff, who, as soon as the boat grounded, advanced into the water up to the waist to salute us: but, the moment we spoke, finding we were khawágys[1] (or Christians) he

[1] An explanation of this term has already been given. This appellation, with that of mâlem, or master, and khodja, or goodman, is what is bestowed on Christians, when spoken of or to in a civil manner. A proud, an angry, or a rude Mahometan addresses them generally by the term Nusrány, Nazareen,

very coolly returned to the shore; and, when we were landed, whilst we sat smoking our pipes and making our inquiries respecting the fishery, he was snoring at his length on the ground, close by us. We bought four fish, each about one foot and a half long, for a shilling, and paid very dear for them. They were *lebts*, and were, when boiled, of a good flavour. The roes had little taste done in this manner.

These fishermen employed themselves likewise in catching wild fowl, which was done, at particular seasons of the year, in the following manner. The fowler strips himself, and puts on his head a black woollen cap. When night comes, he wades into the lake, taking care that his head only is visible. The birds at this time are all sleeping. The main object of the fowler is to seize the leader of the flock: without securing him he can do nothing. The leader is called on the Lakes the cadi, and is known, we were told, by a white head and large mouth. The fowler gets hold of the cadi by the neck, and draws him under water, where he holds him, and then he gently serves four or five more in the same way, until his hands are full, when he wades back to the shore. Another way of catching them is to throw the circular hand-net

or Christian, Kafir, or infidel, and gaûr, signifying the same thing. To true believers only belong the titles of aga or effendi (which are Turkish words), and shaykh or sayd, much less would an infidel dare to usurp the loftier titles of bey, mûly, emir, &c. *Ga* in *gaûr* is like *ga* in gander. The word is pronounced ga-oor, and not jaoor, as Lord Byron seems erroneously to have sounded it.

over the flock, and envelop as many as possible We did not see many flights of ducks. At this time of the year, gulls, ox-birds, and pelicans, seemed the most numerous.

A little before sunset we set sail with a fresh wind through Ishtum el Dyby in a north-west direction. On our right, on entering the gut, was El Weranyah, a fishing hamlet: farther, on the same side, El Arkûn; and beyond it El Malaca. The canal here was a quarter of a mile broad; and somewhat farther on, opened into the lake, between several small islands on the right, and the hamlet of Sunâra on the left; close to which is a triple marabût of Shaykhs el Mograby, El-Bugdády, and Abu el Wafy. We then kept a south and by west course, and anchored, after a short run, at an island called Zubbàr.

Much amusement was here created by Shaykh Ibrahim's objections to anchoring and the rais's determination to do so. The wind, it is true, was very fresh, and our bark without ballast: the rais also said that he could not answer for his course in the night: but we had every reason to believe that he availed himself of these excuses only to lengthen out the voyage; since the pay that he received from us (seven piasters a day) was much more than he could gain by his ordinary work. Nor is it unnecessary to observe, that nothing is ever gained from these people, except by seeming desirous to have, in the common phrase, as much for one's money as can be got For if, out

of compassion to their poverty, you seem disposed to afford them indulgences, they immediately become either importunate beggars, or insolent cheats. Although, therefore, we passed the night at Zubbár, it was not done until we had urged the point with much seeming vehemence, threatening to throw Ahmed into the lake, to cut off a day's pay, with many other menaces, for the purpose of ascertaining if there really were a necessity for staying.

Next morning it was calm, and our crew were rewarded for their delay by being compelled to push the boat on with poles. We left Zubbár at half past four, and scarcely advanced more than a mile in an hour. The lake was very shallow hereabout, and around us were a number of small islands, with several more to the north-east.

At ten we reached the border of the lake, and entered the canal, called Turet el Rusweh, which leads up to Menzaleh. Although the lake itself, during the rise of the Nile, almost touches the town, yet its shallowness prevents boats of any size from approaching, and is the cause that the natives have dug a narrow canal more easily navigable. It is crooked; and, in its whole length from the lake to the town, may be a mile. When we were half way up, the boat grounded, and we disembarked to walk the rest of the way. We observed here three barges, laden with gypsum, collected at an island near El Usby; which we regretted not having seen. The

gypsum was in coarse powder, and looked like so much salt.

As we had been cramped up in the boat nearly twenty hours, and were consequently desirous of stretching our legs, we had scarcely got on shore when we started off in a sort of trot, but had reason to repent of this gross deviation from Turkish gravity: for our rais and the janissary, on their return to Damietta, roundly asserted that we were either mad or possessed of an evil spirit: since no gentlemen with beards, and in their senses, would think of running!

On arriving at the town we desired to be conducted to Shaykh Cheleby's house. The shaykh was absent, but we were introduced to his son, Hassan, a man seemingly about thirty-five years old, to whom we presented our letter from Mâlem Surûr. He received us with civility, gave us coffee: and, soon afterwards we sat down with him to a very comfortable noon repast of pilaw, roasted chicken, botarga of two kinds, and cheese. He left us to go on a party of pleasure to some orchards in the neighbourhood, to which we would not accompany him, intending to depart as soon as possible for Damietta. Shaykh Hassan was dressed in the costume peculiar to the Egyptians:—a camlet black smock-frock, and, beneath it, a showy-coloured (generally yellow, orange, or red) jubey and silk kombáz. The turban is worn by the Egyptians arranged more fantastically than by the Turks and Syrians.

Menzaleh, in the state we found it, was a large burgh, with four mosques, and with several small buildings having cupolas, which I presumed to be oratories. With the exception of one large block of granite, converted into an olive mill-stone, we saw no remains of antiquity; it is evident nevertheless that this was once a very large place. Its population was perhaps more than 3,000 souls. The houses were chiefly of brick, and many of them tolerably good. The streets, as is customary in Egypt, were unpaved; and, during the day, when the usual wind blew, the dust filled the eyes which way soever they turned. There was a rudely-constructed bridge over the canal, on the inner side of which were lying ten or twelve barges, carrying on the trade inland to Mansûra. There was a coffee-house, and a small bazar for the first necessaries of life. Within the town and in the environs there were sycamore and palm-trees. Rice was cultivated around: but the Nile had not yet decreased enough to begin tilling the soil, excepting in some fields close to the town. The magistracy of this place and district had been, for many generations, in the family which then held it, and which derived its origin (as Shaykh Hassan told us) from Tabaríah (Tiberias), and hence had gained its surname of Tabàr Menzaleh was the principal town of an akalým, (district or sub-division) containing about twenty villages.

Shaykh Hassan el Tabàr told us, in reply to some

remarks which we made on the goodness of his house, not inferior to many of the best in Damietta, that it was new; as he was obliged to desert his old one, because it was haunted by an afrýt, or ghost, in the shape of a Frank! He added that he had himself seen the ghost, which spoke in broken Arabic, generally beat a drum, knew most of the persons who addressed him, and called them by their names. Such was the terror created by this apparition, particularly among the women, that the house which it haunted, although spacious and handsome, was without a tenant. We remained in Menzaleh until four o'clock, and then, riding down to our boat on miserable asses, quitted the canal and set sail for Damietta.

Arriving at a landing-place, called Gut el Nussára, about midnight, and asleep, towards morning I awoke; and, looking out from under the tent, found our boat driving fast in the direction from which we had come, her painter having slipped. I roused Ahmed, who, with much cursing and grumbling at the day he had ever taken Franks on board, pushed her back. At daylight we landed, leaving the servants to hire a camel and bring the baggage to Damietta. We then set off on foot for the city.

The walk in the cool of the morning, through fields presenting, in the month of October, the verdure of spring,[1] whilst above them the yellow and crimson clusters of dates hung in rich luxuriance, was no

[1] The rice was now in ear.

less agreeable than salutary. Yet, when we arrived at Mâlem Surûr's house, and presented ourselves to our host, who was lolling over his morning pipe, with half a dozen servants humbly standing before him, he could not conceal his astonishment and chagrin, that we should exhibit ourselves with feet covered with dust and the perspiration running down our faces, in the guise of foot-travellers. And his Eastern pride was wounded to the quick at the surmises that must have been made, as we came through the streets, upon such extraordinary conduct. We took no pains to combat his false ideas of gentility. A servile people, restricted in their actions by their fanatic masters, fancy those only to be happy who are privileged to be inactive. although such inactivity leads to the ruin of their health, and excites commiseration in those who know better.

Shaykh Ibrahim and myself went to view the mosque of Abu el Alal, full of beautiful columns, among which were some of verd-antique. There was an inner part, into which I would not go, fearing, as I was no Turk, they would compel me to become one.

On the 7th, we were invited to dine with Monsieur Basil Fakhr, the agent of the French nation at this place, a man of great talents, both literary and political Mâlem Surûr was dressed in a lilac silk kombaz and a salmon-coloured jubey.[1] There was a variety of

[1] Young and handsome, he looked extremely well Mâlem Surûr one day showed me his wardrobe, which was exceedingly

dishes, and among the rest a roasted pig, which was probably put there purposely to see whether Shaykh Ibrahim would eat of it: but he did not.

Shaykh Ibrahim and myself slept in the same bedroom at Mâlem Surûr's, and, when going on the lake, we had deliberated, as our books and clothes were lying loosely about, whether we should lock the door, or whether such caution in the house of a gentleman would not be indelicate. We at last determined for the safe side, and actually took the key with us. This proceeding, so strange, if done in England, was *not* equally so there: for bed-rooms are not washed as with us, neither are they regularly swept: and, when once an inmate in a house, your room is entered by none but your servant. On our return we found the door locked as we left it; but, on entering, we saw at once that our effects were not as we had left them. Mâlem Surûr, when we joined him at dinner, asked us if all was in its place, with a sort of cunning look that caused us to say no. He then informed us that the open beaufet in the wall, with shelves, the borders of which were so neatly worked, and which were decked with china and glass, was no more than a false door, but so artfully made, that it was impossible to distinguish it

well furnished. The Levantines are as nice, and perhaps nicer, in their distinction of colours than the French. Take, for example, Shems el Aser (the setting sun); mantûra, rosy pink, zinjâby, between dove and ash-colour, &c., all tints exceedingly delicate

from a cupboard. Of this his mother had a key, and entered the room several times during our absence.

Shaykh Ibrahim now wished to depart for Cairo, seeing that I had taken my passage for Syria. On the same afternoon we entered together into a boat, which took him to the *mash* that was to convey him up the Nile, and me to the long-boat of my vessel. Here we bade adieu to Mâlem Surûr and to each other. I was immediately rowed over the bar, and found in the offing a polacca brig, so crazy-looking as to frighten me, and so deeply laden as to float but two feet above the surface of the water. Her decks were covered with *cuffases* or flagbaskets of salt fish, which had a very offensive smell, with mats, and with six new cables. The cables were green as grass, being made either of the filaments of the bark of some tree or of rushes: and two thirds of the cordage used on board the Egyptian and Syrian vessels are of this kind. All these are articles of trade with Syria; but the bulk of the cargo was rice: besides which, the sailors had filled every nook and space with baskets of parched peas, called *hammas*, (which are as much sought after by the common people throughout Turkey as Barcelona nuts are in England), and with linen and cotton cloths. The salt fish and mats, it appeared, belonged to the ship's own cargo. From the multiplicity of articles on the deck itself, it was impossible to move from one part to another. I too had a heap of luggage; and, among other things, I had brought

with me a bedstead made of palm-branches. These bedsteads are so firmly yet lightly constructed that they can be lifted easily with one hand. Mine was lashed over the stern.

Our crew was Greek, and the captain's name Tanûs el Bawàb. Every thing was in such confusion that Giovanni could find no where to make my bed: so I slept on a mat on the deck without bed or covering, and when I awoke I was nearly soaked with the dew.

In the morning, at sunrise, the sailors, standing on the forecastle, the ship's head being towards the east, made the sign of the cross repeatedly, bending the body forward at each sign, and mumbling their prayers. We remained the whole of this day in the offing at anchor; partly because the wind was foul, and partly to receive on board other things, so that I expressed my fears that the ship would sink from the weight she had in her. Nor was my alarm diminished, when, in conversation, I discovered that this was the very polacca, which, whilst we were at Acre in March, was driven on shore under the window of the caravansery and bilged.

If the Greek sailors are generally more attentive to Europeans, when passengers, than the Turks, (although I am not disposed to allow this to the same extent that many are) still there is something disgusting in the filth and nastiness of the former compared with the clean hands and persons of the latter.

On the 14th of October, we weighed anchor at

half-past eleven; and I bade adieu, for the second time, to the shores of Egypt. There was little wind, and we advanced but slowly. The whole of Saturday the wind was east, and we made scarcely any way: on Sunday and Monday it was the same. This constant calm became at last extremely irksome. On Tuesday and Wednesday the ship lay like a log in the water: so that the sailors bathed around her. The shore was visible, and it was judged that we were yet below Gaza. Gebel Ky was likewise in sight. Sometimes the sailors fancied there was a mummy on board, which, according to their superstitions, brings ill luck. Many schemes were resorted to for raising the wind. Night and morning, incense was burned from stem to stern: and a contribution was levied for St. Elias of Mount Carmel. When these means were ineffectual, application was made to me to write a charm on a piece of paper, to be suspended to the boom-end. As I expressed my doubts whether I had any control over the winds, they told me a story to prove how a Mograbýn (a native of Barbary, which country produces all the conjurors in Turkey) had, when they were becalmed, by a few written mystical characters, produced not only a fair wind but almost a storm. I answered to this that I really was afraid I could not do so much: but, if a breeze would content them, fair or foul, I ventured to say I could promise it Accordingly, I invoked "Libs, Notus Auster," in verses as musical as those from which I

borrowed their names: and, to the great delight of every one, towards evening a breeze sprung up from west-south-west, and we advanced rapidly towards our destination.

We saw Tontûra at a distance as we sailed along, and, on Friday the 21st, we entered Acre. I went on shore, and betook myself to Signor Catafago's, who gave me a lodging at the house of a friend.

On the following day, I called on Mâlem Haym, who was confined to his house by an inflammation in his only eye. He talked on the state of Europe: and, if any one be curious to know what his summary of politics was, he concluded by saying that England had gained nothing by a bloody and expensive war but a rock—meaning Malta.

Signor Morando, the pasha's doctor, showed me his collection of intaglios. One, which was an agate, had more than a dozen figures, representing the heathen gods assembled, with a long Greek inscription, and on the back of it a number of alphas in a row. This I considered very curious and valuable. He had likewise a votive leg of exquisite workmanship in marble. I became acquainted with Abûna Yusef Marôn, a Maronite priest, who for a certain sum procured for me a catalogue of the library at the new mosque, which had been collected at a very great expense by Gezzâr Pasha, consisting of eleven thousand volumes.[1]

[1] This catalogue, on my return to England, I lent to Dr. Nichol, Hebrew professor at Oxford. at his death it probably was burnt, as a paper of no value

At sunset, on the 24th, as the harbour gate shuts at that hour, I went on board to sleep: and the next morning the vessel was warped out of port, not without considerable difficulty.

When getting under way, our rudder caught on a cable, and we nearly drove on a rock, which would surely have wrecked the vessel. The harbour-master, Ali Shemass, and his companion, Abu Katûr, followed me on board with the customary request of a bakhshýsh.[1] We had light airs all day. Just before sunset we were near Tyre. We supped, and every body went to sleep, not excepting the man at the helm; for, although we were destined for Tyre, he suffered the ship to pass the port during the night, and in the morning we were eight or ten miles beyond it. We put back; and, after losing nearly twenty-four hours through the steersman's negligence, anchored in the harbour of Tyre.

I landed my luggage; and was somewhat surprised when the captain demanded payment for my passage, Mâlem Surûr having insisted, before my departure, that no mention should be made on that subject, the vessel being his. However, when he afterwards

[1] The word bakhshýsh is so often in the mouths of the Syrians and Egyptians, that the reader will be anxious to know its precise meaning. The verb *bakhshesh* means "to give gratuitously:" and the native of these countries, after every thing he does for you, generally says—Please to give me a bakhshýsh, or please to bakhshýsh me. It is the first word that a stranger learns and the last that he hears. so that it is not astonishing if very soon it becomes familiar to his ear.

heard what the rais had done, he made him refund the money, and sent it back again to me. I hired some mules; and, on the following evening, reached Abra, after an absence of three months.

Having made some few arrangements at Abra, I rode up to Meshmûshy, where Lady Hester still was, on the fifth of November, accompanied by Abu Yusef Jahjah, the proprietor of the house at Meshmûshy, who happened to have been at Sayda on business. At Kefferfelûs, a village on our road, he said he had an old acquaintance where we might breakfast: but the good lady (for her husband was away) produced nothing but eggs fried in oil, which she boasted of as some of the best *tefŭh* oil in the country. Tefŭh oil means oil skimmed off by the hands from the surface of the water in which the olives have been boiled, in opposition to the other manner, in which it is pressed, and supposed to be less pure

CHAPTER X.

Disappearance of Colonel Boutin, a French traveller—Efforts of Lady Hester Stanhope, for investigating his fate—Mission of Abd el Rasák from Mahannah to Lady Hester—Manners and character of the Bedouins—Story of Mustafa Aga, Khasnadár of Mûly Ismael, and his wife—Departure of Abd el Rasák and his companions.

I found Lady Hester in tolerable health: but her mind was at this time wholly intent on avenging the death of Colonel Boutin, a Frenchman, whose name and destination will be seen by referring to the occurrences in March of the preceding year, and who had been made away with in his journey from Hamah to Latakia. As one of the most useful purposes to which Lady Hester turned the influence which she enjoyed in this country is connected with his fate, it would be inexcusable were this affair not to be related at length.

Colonel Boutin departed from Hamah for Latakia, accompanied by his Egyptian groom and by another Mahometan servant. He had written to M. Guys, French consul at Latakia, to intimate that, to avoid

the circuitous route of Geser Shogr, he should cut strait across the mountains inhabited by the Ansárys.[1] He slept at Shyzer, departed on the following morning, and was heard of no more.

For many weeks, M. Guys supposed that, like other travellers, he had loitered on the road, or had turned aside to view objects which had taken his attention; but, at last, when no information was received of him from any quarter, rumours of his death began to spread, and reached Lady Hester's ears. She expected, for some time, that an application would have been made to the pasha to order an inquiry into the circumstances which attended his mysterious disappearance; but, when it was evident that no steps had been taken, she resolved to investigate the matter herself. For she considered that the common cause of travellers, without regard to nation, required that robbery, and much more murder, should not be suffered to pass unpunished; and she respected Colonel Boutin individually as a man of distinguished abilities.

For this purpose she resolved on employing Signor Volpi, the Italian doctor, who had been left to supply my place on my departure for Egypt. Signor Volpi, it was reported, had been originally bred within the pale of the church, but, taking advantage of the

[1] I conceive these Ansárys to be descendants of the Iturei spoken of by Strabo in his 16th book, and who were in part subdued by Pompey.

tumults of the French revolution, had danced round the Tree of Liberty, and had quitted the cell for the more lucrative employment of the law: which, together with his country, he had finally deserted for physic and Syria. There, not meeting with the encouragement which he thought he merited, he had recourse to his pen, and was for some time clerk to Signor Catsiflitz, English agent at Tripoli. Lady Hester had, during my absence, observed in him a great knowledge of the bad side of men, and she pitched on him as a proper person to go to Hamah to find out what he could respecting Colonel Boutin's fate.

She had retained in her service, as muleteer to the house, ever since her journey to Bâlbec, a Drûze named Sulymân, a hardy and resolute fellow, fit for dangerous enterprises. This man she resolved to send in the very track, through the Ansáry mountains, that Colonel Boutin was supposed to have pursued, accompanied by Pierre, who was well adapted, under a feigned object of pedlary or of buying oil, to pass as a poor Christian gaining a livelihood by such traffic.

These three persons, so instructed, had already fulfilled their missions: and, on my arrival from Egypt, Lady Hester was disposed to have made me acquainted with the progress of this affair, and to have requested my help; when I, perhaps too officiously, took upon me to dissuade her from prosecuting

it; saying that the French consuls were bound to sift it to the bottom: whilst she, in taking so active a part, was exposing herself, in her excursions about the country, and even in her rides, to the vengeance of these mountaineers, who, there was every reason to think, were as likely to have emissaries sworn to their deadly purposes now as of old.[1]

The only effect of my exhortation was that she never said anything more of the matter to me, and steadily pursued her own humane purposes. I shall dismiss the subject for the present, and will, in the order of events, recur to it hereafter.

During my absence in Egypt, Lady Hester had been visited by M. Otto de Richter, an enterprising Russian, who was travelling through Syria: he afterwards died at or near Ephesus.

Mrs. Fry, Lady Hester's maid, fell ill of an ague. On the 6th of November, there arrived at Meshmûshy two Bedouins of the tribe of Mahannah, sent by him with a letter to Lady Hester, which contained much complimentary language and inquiries after her welfare. Their real object was to get money, which the emir, always needy, was always using shifts to obtain. One of the Bedouins was named Abd el Rasák, and was a relation of Mahannah's.

[1] This is supposing the Ansárys to be those same mountaineers, one of whom stabbed our crusading king, and hence introduced the word *assassin* into our language.

Abd-el-Rasák was an entertaining person, disposed to answer all my questions; and I now satisfied myself on some subjects touching the customs of the Bedouins, which, from my little knowledge of the language when in the Desert, I could not understand. Those which related to the victor and vanquished in battle seemed dictated by motives of humanity, to disarm the strong and ferocious, and give the prisoner a chance of freedom. They are comprehended under the word *dukhýl*, a term for which (from not having a clear notion of its meaning) I cannot find an equivalent in the English language.[1] It comprehends the pleas and rights of hospitality.

Sometimes a Bedouin loses all his camels by a marauding party; and, finding himself reduced to poverty, resolves to recover his possessions by duckhýl. For this purpose he quits his home, and seeks, unperceived, his enemy's encampment. He secretes himself near the path by which the despoiler must pass. He bears with him a ball of twine *(guzzle)*, which he spins as he stands. His enemy passes him, and he throws the ball of thread at him. If, as it unwinds, it hits him, the thrower is safe, and he then claims his property; but, if it misses, his enemy turns on him, and, unless he can escape, he loses his liberty or his life.

Again, if one Bedouin, under any circumstances of peril or supplication, can approach so near and

[1] Dukhýl means a suppliant, according to the dictionary.

unexpectedly to another, as to tie a knot in his keffyah (the silk handkerchief which generally envelops his head), there is no favour that he may not claim: likewise, if the captured can at any time enter into the tent of the captor, or eat of the same mess with him, he is entitled to his liberty. It may be said, with all these strange usages, that no Bedouin is secure for a moment in the enjoyment of his plunder, or in his right over his prisoner. But let it be recollected that he has many ways of immediately getting rid of the one and the other, so as never to be exposed by any possibility to the consequences of dukhýl; and likewise, that, under all circumstances, if any of the women or children, or if he himself, sees a prisoner seeking to obtain his ends in this manner, he has but to cry *nefah*, which destroys the intended grace.

The character of the Bedouins is not destitute of traits of great magnanimity. A certain Ali, in a dispute, killed Ershyd, an ancestor of Mahannah's. Ershyd's son, Fadl, was bound to revenge his death, and he steadily sought for an opportunity. The murderer, knowing how certainly his hour would come by Fadl's hand, unless he could for ever shun him, absented himself in a distant tribe for many years. Tired, at length, of banishment, he deemed life not worth preserving on such terms, and resolved to present himself before his foe, and see if he could not

prevail on his generosity so far as to obtain his forgiveness.

One night, Fadl was in the division of his tent set apart for the women, when he heard a footstep and a man cough. "Up, fellow!" he cried out to one of his slaves; "there is a guest in the tent; make some coffee." He rose himself, went to him, and in the accustomed friendly terms of the Arabs welcomed him. It was very dark. The slave raked the ashes, and threw on some roots to make a blaze. Fadl looked at his guest, and stared, like one thunderstruck; for he knew Ali. "Ali!" said he. "It is even so," replied the stranger, "and your sword is hanging over me." Fadl was, for a moment, like one convulsed. but by degrees he calmed his emotions, and, when he found himself master of his expressions, he said, "Make yourself easy; you are no longer my father's murderer, but my guest;" and he forgave him.

Fadl's friends assembled round him; they said to him, "Can you admit your father's murderer into your tent? Kill him, and revenge your wrongs." But Fadl replied, "Shall I kill the man who judges so nobly of me?" He called his secretary, and bade him write an engagement to pay every year to Ali and his descendants 50 piasters, which continued to be done until the time that Abd-el-Rasāk related the story.

The following story will show from what trivial beginnings their deadly feuds may sometimes arise. Sidad is a village between Hems and Carietain, on the road to Palmyra. The inhabitants are Christians, and therefore, generally speaking, considered as fair objects of oppression by the Bedouins, who often vex them greatly. Their insulated situation in the Desert thus obliges them to depend on themselves for protection, and hence they have a martial and independent character unknown to the Christians of towns

An Anizy, who was in a house at Sidad, wishing to fill his pipe, asked his host to lend him his tobacco-bag. "Stop," said the host, "there is no tobacco in it, but I will go to my neighbour and borrow some." He went out, and soon returned with his bag apparently replenished, and handed it to the Bedáwy; who thrust the pipe-bowl into the bag, and drew it out full of dry dung. "Do you mean to affront me?" said the Arab, his bosom swelling with indignation; "*Kata ardah*—we are twain from this moment."

He mounted his mare, and rode off. When he arrived at his tents, he assembled his friends, and explained to them the gross insult that had been put upon him, inviting them to assist him in revenging his cause An opportunity was not long wanting. One of the Sidad caravans was reported by the scouts of the Bedouins to be on its way to Palmyra. The Bedouins rode forth and attacked it. The caravan

was well armed, and made a stout resistance, but at last was dispersed and plundered. How many of the same caravan were killed or wounded, Abd-el-Rasák would not tell me; but Madame Lascaris, who happened to be on her return from Palmyra in the same caravan, and who gave me some particulars about it, said that all the men were stripped naked, and in that way entered Sidad. Hamed, son of Mahannah, was at the head of the party; and, knowing Madame Lascaris, respected her and her baggage; but her intercessions could do nothing for saving the effects of the caravan in general She said that the attack and resistance were of short duration. One Bedáwy was killed by the fire; and, before they could load again, the Bedouins rode in upon them; and she saw two or three who resisted speared, but the others ran or surrendered. For the one Bedáwy killed, Mahannah demanded from the village of Sidad the price of his blood; and, to save themselves from a perpetual feud, they paid 2,000 piasters.

In one of my conversations with Abd-el-Rasak, I inquired after Mustafa Aga Duz Oglu, khasnadár of Mûly Ismael, the man who was under my care for a palsy at Mar Giorgius, or Dayr Hamýra. "He is dead," said Abd-el-Rasák. "Did you know his wife, Aysha?" I asked. "She is dead, also," cried he. "Heavens! and how?" I rejoined.

His story was as follows:—"You know she was once Mûly Ismael's concubine (*saryah*), and that he

gave her, when tired of her, in marriage to Mustafa Aga. He, poor fellow, was seized with apoplexy; and, after lingering some time, died. As he had amassed vast sums in his employment of treasurer, she feared that these, now become her own, would be taken from her by the Mûly, under some pretext, and she resolved to secure them by poisoning him.

"It is necessary to inform you that she had a paramour, one of the *deláty* dragoons, who instigated her, it was thought, in her foul purposes." "I recollect such a man" (I observed) "coming to Dayr Hamýra whilst I was there, and seeming to be on a very familiar footing with Aysha." "It is the same," replied Abd-el-Rasák. "It was concerted between this man and herself that the poison should be bought at Aleppo, in order not to excite suspicion in Hamah. When it was procured, she endeavoured to bribe Merján, one of the Mûly's black slaves,[1] promising to give him 500 piasters, if he would hand the Mûly a cup of coffee in which she should have previously put something; which he had agreed to do.

"The Mûly came one day to see her. Aysha made the coffee with her own hand, and contrived, unperceived, to drop in the poisonous powder. Merján took the cup, and, whilst in the act of presenting it to

[1] Black slaves often are named from substances in colour and quality very unlike themselves. Thus *merján* means coral, and *anbar* or amber was another name of one of Ahmed bey's black slaves.

his master, felt the terrors of a guilty conscience, and suddenly dashed it on the ground. 'What do you do that for, you son of a w...?' said the offended Mûly. 'Effendim, there was brandy in the cup.' 'What!' said the Mûly, whom a life of reverses had made readily suspicious, 'there was something else: tell me, instantly, or I'll have you bastinadoed to death.' Merján, terrified, confessed the plot. Aysha was immediately seized and strangled, and then hanged upon a tree The slave was rewarded by a large sum in money, and (which to an Osmanly is even more agreeable) was clad in a splendid suit of new clothes."

Signor Volpi, coming at this time to Meshmûshy, dined with the Arabs and me. He still retained his European habits, and could not eat without a knife and fork. Long custom had now reconciled me, whenever there were Mahometans present, either to a spoon or even to my fingers, like them. Signor Volpi expressed a wish to see how the Bedouins ate in the Desert. I laid aside my spoon, and begged the Arabs to put themselves at their ease and do the same. They readily complied; and, forming the rice into pellets, they delivered it into their mouths quickly, and with more ease than with a spoon, which to them is a troublesome article. Not suspecting that there was anything extraordinary in their manner, they attached to my request another meaning: they thought that I was willing to seal the bonds

of friendship between us still closer, than merely eating with a spoon out of the same dish together. He is determined (they whispered to each other) that it should be complete · *byn-el-yedayn*—" between both hands" will alone satisfy him.

On the 10th of October, the Arabs took their leave, furnished with letters to Mahannah; and, as to themselves, their pockets and even their wallets were filled. For the Bedouins, indeed I may say all the Turks in general expect, on quitting you, to have their tobacco-bags replenished, provisions given them, and to have nothing to dread from the contingencies of the day I accompanied them to Abra, where they were to sleep. and, whilst we were smoking in my cottage, I made Abd-el-Rasak sit still, that I might endeavour to sketch his costume. Such was his wish to oblige me, that I saw huge drops of sweat running down his face from the fatigue of keeping the same posture: and he did not change it, until, out of pity, I begged him to do so. The next morning they took the coast road to Tripoli.

I was, for many reasons, compelled to question the accuracy of Volney's account of the sensations experienced by the Bedouins on entering large towns, and approaching the sea First of all, they are a race in whom you never can witness marks of sudden emotion, whether of astonishment or otherwise: and, in the next place, these very Bedouins, who came from a more inland Desert than those whom Daher brought

to Acre, still led me to think, in answer to my questions, that there were as few sights for them as for any one else. For had they not heard people often enough describe a ship, the sea, and whatever wonders they are thought to be ignorant of in the Desert?

CHAPTER XI.

Quarrel between a Drûze and a Metouály—Buying of medals—Imposition practised on Lady Hester—Punishment of the offender—Illness and death of the Greek patriarch—Funeral ceremonies—Election of a new patriarch—Cottage in the gardens of Sayda—Long drought—Flocks of birds—Hydrophobia—Excursion of the Author to Garýfy—Shems ed Dyn and his father—Purchase of wine—Decline of commerce in the Levant—Mâlem Dubány and his daughters—Extortion of Eastern rulers—Arrival of Miss Williams—Arrival of Mr Bankes—He copies and removes fresco paintings—Failure of his first attempt to reach Palmyra—Visit of Mr. Buckingham—Locusts—Lady Hester takes a voyage to Antioch.

Nothing particular occurred to interrupt our customary mode of living until a serious dispute happened at Hara, a village on the road from Abra to Sayda, between a Drûze and a Metouály. The Drûze, named Wahab, was watching his olive-grounds, when he observed the Metouály wantonly strike a branch, and knock down several olives. This created some words, which produced a quarrel; and the Drûze, who

wore a short battle-axe in his girdle, cut a gash in the Metouály's leg and in his back. The Metouály fled to Sayda, and complained of the assault to Musa Aga, motsellem of Gebâ, and at this time governor of the Metouály district, who was exasperated to the highest degree that such an aggression should have been committed in his immediate neighbourhood. Armed with a spear, and taking with him some of his people, he rode out blind with rage; and, encountering, near Hara, a mountaineer, who wore the Drûze dress, without inquiring whether this was the offender, he was about to run him through the body: when his secretary interposed, but could not save the man from a most severe beating given him on the spot. The real Drûze, in the mean time, had concealed himself at Heloleyah, a village near Mar Elias.

The fury of Musa Aga created some alarm among the peasantry at Abra: for, although Christians, they would not go to Sayda the whole of the next day. They feared lest, in the absence of the real offender, they might be maltreated: a strange way of doing justice! But on the third day some soldiers came down from the Shaykh Beshýr, and, arresting Wahab, carried him to Mukhtára.

The conversation of the villagers showed what a rancour those of the Drûze districts harboured against the Turks in the plain. They said that the shaykh was unjust, who thus, at the representation of Musa Aga, would punish a Drûze: and it appeared to me

that both Christians and Drûzes would ill brook affronts from the Turks, if their leaders were disposed to encourage this disposition in them.

As winter was now approaching, the convent was, as usual, put in repair against the rains. This was a very necessary precaution; but was never a complete remedy. for there was not a year in which the wet did not penetrate more or less through the roofs into the rooms.

On the 21st of November, a young Russian passed through Sayda. The nature of medal-buying in these countries may be understood by what happened between him and a silversmith of the place, who gave me a laughable account of the traveller's eagerness, and of the advantage which, in a matter of buying and selling, he thought himself authorized to take of it. The Livonian, as most travellers do, had no sooner arrived at Sayda than he inquired if there were any medals to sell in the place. A silversmith, who made a traffic of them, was summoned immediately; and for a silver coin (which, from his description, I judged to be a Jupiter holding an eagle), asked the very reasonable sum of six piasters, the silver weighing nearly to the value of five The Livonian was not accustomed to have them presented to him so cheap, and, at a word, said I'll take it: upon which the silversmith asked time to consider. He went to his shop, and was followed by the Livonian, who kept rising in his offers, which were as regularly refused by the silver-

smith, who now pretended he had been told it was a most rare coin, and demanded fifty piasters. On the third day the Livonian departed; and, in passing the shop where the silversmith, apprized of his going, took care to be, once more made a still greater offer than he had done, of thirty-six piasters, which was taken by the exulting silversmith; who, had the Livonian showed some reluctance to pay the original price of six, would have been glad to have disposed of it, as he had done of some others of the same kind, for even a less sum.

A curious trick was at this time played off on Lady Hester by a needy adventurer. The Pasha of Acre, with a harým full of concubines, had never been blessed but with one son, who died of the plague. It was very well known throughout the pashalik that the birth of another would give rise to considerable rejoicings: and it is customary in the East that whoever brings the first news of any joyful event should be handsomely recompensed. There was not indeed much likelihood of offspring: for the pasha was old, and had abused his constitution in indulgences. One day that I had ridden down to Abra from Meshmûshy, I received a note from her ladyship, in which, among other things, she mentioned that an officer of the pasha's had been sent to announce to her the birth of a son, and that she had made a present to him in consequence. It happened that Hadj Ali, our old janissary, had called at the convent to see the syt, his

mistress (as he always named Lady Hester); and, as he was recently from Acre, I questioned him why he had not brought the news himself. He declared that such an event was not expected and could not have happened: and he immediately guessed that there must have been some imposture practised. I accordingly wrote to caution her ladyship, and kept Hadj Ali until the messenger returned, which was in about nine hours, when he informed me that the officer who had brought the news styled himself Hassan Aga; that he had not only brought tidings of the birth of a son, but had said that the pasha had charged him to add that there was not a village in his pashalik, or a horse in his stable, which Lady Hester might not claim of him on such a happy day. On hearing the name, Hadj Ali knew him to be an adventurer, one Hassan, alias Hassan Nykhu.[1] In El Gezzàr's time he was captain of a guard of twenty-five men, stationed at the bridge of the Casmia river for the security of the public road: since the death of El Gezzàr he had been out of employ, and lived by his wits.

I immediately sent off this account to Lady Hester, who was highly irritated at the man's impudence: for it had nearly led her to send a letter of congratulation, and to order rejoicings to be made in her house. Accordingly, Sulymân, the Drûze, was despatched,

[1] The very adjunct of *Nykhu*, a nickname the most offensive to delicate ears in the Arabic language, would have been sufficient to designate this man as an impostor.

to try and secure his person, and to deliver him over to Hadj Ali at Mar Elias. Sulymán went in pursuit of him, and traced his route: but, fearing that he might escape from him if he attempted to use force, he inveigled him back to Mar Elias, by saying that Lady Hester had sent after him in order to present him with a new suit of clothes as a farther recompense for his joyful tidings.

No sooner was he arrived at Mar Elias than Hadj Ali and Sulymán seized him, and bound him hand and foot. Hadj Ali reproached him with his lies, and he was locked up in the woodhouse until the morrow. The next day Lady Hester came down from Meshmûshy: and, on alighting at the door, she saw Hassan tied to a tree, with Sulymán keeping watch over him. She desired Hadj Ali to bastinado him, and then went in; but she little thought to what lengths these men would go: for, throwing the poor wretch on the ground on his back, with his hands tied as they were, one held up his feet whilst the other beat him most unmercifully on the soles; and when, at length, Sulymán's strength failed him from passion, Hadj Ali seized a broom bat which lay near at hand, and struck the helpless man across the legs and thighs in a manner that I thought would have broken them. I had cried "enough!" several times; but at last seeing that they heeded me not, I forcibly held their hands, and with difficulty drew them off, pale, breathless, and trembling. Oh! how vile a being seemed to me then

an infuriate and passionate man! They would have renewed the beating, had not I compelled them to desist.

Hassan was left bound to the tree, and afterwards thrown into the woodhouse for the night. On the following morning Hadj Ali departed for Acre; driving Hassan, lame and bruised, before him. He was furnished with the following letter from Lady Hester to Mâlem Haym. "A certain impostor, called Hassan, came to me at Meshmûshy in the name of the pasha and yourself, pretending that the pasha had been blessed with a son. Hadj Ali knew him, went in search of him, and put him in prison. He will tell you the rest."

Hassan, however, could not walk so great a distance, and Hadj Ali was compelled to leave him by the way, lying down in the middle of the road. The affair was not made a serious one at Acre; for the Turks hold living by one's wits to be a fair mode of gaining a livelihood; and they thought that the loss of the money, which Hadj Ali had taken from him, and the beating he had received, were punishment enough. Hassan however limped on, and reached Acre three or four days afterwards. He went immediately to Hassan Aga, a favourite Mameluke of Sulymân Pasha, who knew him, and there complained bitterly of the treatment he had received at Mar Elias. Hassan Aga espoused his cause; and, had the matter been pursued by her ladyship, would have stood forth as his pro-

tector. For, in this respect, I observed on several occasions such a relation between client and patron as I suppose to have existed in ancient Rome. Thus, whenever a person of inferior station in life was in jeopardy, from the oppression of the great, it did not follow that he became their victim; for either his cause was espoused by some great man, whose creature he was, or, if he had not the means of interesting such a one directly, he found some channel through which to come at him, and thus would often transfer his own quarrel to the shoulders of the patron. By these means men of consequence in Turkey form parties, which they often use for the furtherance of their own ambitious views, or to repress those of their rivals.

This business was hardly over when a letter came to me from Macarius, patriarch of Antioch, praying my attendance on him, inasmuch as he was very ill. Exclusive of my readiness on all occasions to visit sick people of the country, the patriarch was entitled to my attendance on the score of obligations owed to him for having lent his house to Lady Hester, and for having put the village of Abra under her control. I rode over immediately to the monastery of St. Saviour (Dayr Mkhallas) where he resided; but I had been called in too late to be able to save him.

He had now been ill ninety-five days. His malady had begun in an intermittent fever, which left him, and was renewed in making his annual rounds through

his diocese in the month of October. A violent purgative remedy, administered to him by one Hanah Zahár, a silversmith of Sayda, who was much in repute as a doctor in the neighbourhood, had reduced him to a state of great debility, from which he never recovered. His subsequent treatment had tended to bring on a dropsical affection, the insidious approaches of which had not been strictly guarded against; and, now that his dangerous state became too apparent, Mâlem Hanah Zahár had been dismissed, and my aid was solicited.[1]

I found him under the influence of a medicine which had been administered as tincture of bark, but which was in fact an opiate. His sister-in-law, Helayny, an Egyptian woman, was supporting his pillow, and two priests were fanning him. There was much simplicity in the appearance of his bed and room.

He died on the Friday following, at midnight, in the arms of Tanûs, an old servant. As soon as the breath was out of his body, he was dressed in his most splendid robes, the mitre was placed on his head, and he was carried in an arm-chair into the church of the monastery. From the time he became my patient I was accustomed to ride over almost every day. On Thursday I had left him in bed with no hope of recovery.

[1] Among the remedies which had been used to remove the anasarcous swelling of his feet and legs were the actual cautery on the instep and the application of pounded small white snails (called in Arabic *halazony*), in poultices to his feet.

On Saturday, what was my surprise, on approaching the monastery, to find a crowd of people assembled at the church doors; and, on entering it, to see the dead patriarch sitting in a chair, with a crosier in his left hand and the New Testament in his right, whilst an incense-pan smoked by his side. Prostrate, before and around him, were men and women, some of whom religiously approached the corpse, plucked a hair from the beard, or kissed the hand.

Messengers had been sent to the bishops of Sayda, Acre, Beyrout, and the other sees in the district. Theodosius, bishop of Acre, happening to be at Beyrout, arrived about eleven in the morning just before me, and was giving the necessary orders for the funeral. I went into the room where he was. It is customary for the Greek catholic church to embalm its patriarchs: and this is generally done by the priests: but, as the offensive smell, which continued to arise from the last patriarch, whose body was deposited under the staircase in the chapel of Mar Elias, had convinced me that little or no care was used by the priests in doing it, I volunteered my services, which were accepted. I expected that some objection would have been made on the score of my being a heretic; but perhaps the priests were glad to get rid of a process so disagreeable to eyes unused to the dissection of dead bodies.

There was a receipt for preparing the drugs used in embalming kept at the see, which was forthwith sent

to Sayda to be made up.[1] The corpse was immediately carried into a vault or cellar near the door of the church. I was assisted by two peasants, who, together with the monks, showed as much indecency in the treatment of the body now lifeless as they had manifested obsequiousness and servility to it when breathing. I proposed that a flat table should be put upon trestles (such being the bedsteads of the monks themselves) to lay the corpse on: but their reply was, "Why not on the ground?" I asked for silk thread to sew up the body: but they produced cotton, and said that would do well enough. I required a sponge and hot water: the latter they would not give themselves the trouble to bring, and the sponge they produced was as black as a coal. Who would be the future patriarch, not what would become of the dead one, was now all their consideration.

I opened the body. I removed each viscus, one by one, observing the external phenomena only, fearing to cut into them, lest the bystanders should speak of it among the populace, and I get stoned. Not one monk would attend, each declaring that he could not bear the sight: a lay brother came in once, to ask

[1] It was as follows:—Aloes and myrrh in powder, three parts; pitch and frankincense, two parts. Some time subsequently M. Belzoni observed, on my showing him this receipt, that frankincense formed no part of the embalming powder used by the Egyptians, it being forbidden by their religion.

when the process would be over, and, having stolen a handkerchief, disappeared. The contents of the abdomen and chest being removed, I rubbed in the powdered ingredients over the interior surface of these cavities just as one salts down meat. Then, stuffing the whole with bran, I sewed up the body with the usual stitch; and, the thread being blue, the suture looked neat, which was the principal thing that excited admiration in the peasants. I took out the brains and filled the skull with powdered drugs. The integuments were then carefully drawn over and sewed up.[1] The body was afterwards washed as clean as I could do it; for the bystanders were extremely indifferent to my reproaches for their irreverent conduct,[2] and would afford me no assistance.

[1] In examining the head of a mummy opened by M. Belzoni at the Egyptian Museum in Piccadilly, I mentioned to him the way in which I had extracted the brains of the patriarch; which led to an examination of the skull of the mummy before us, to see if it were possible to find out by what means the Egyptians extracted the brains previous to embalming. No division of the scalp or inequality of the bone, as if it had been forcibly opened, could be discovered on any part of the head. There was no passage even for a probe up through the palate or the substance of the sphenoidal bone, but the right nostril was larger than the left, and, on introducing a crooked probe, I could carry it up into the cavity of the skull, and I suspect that to have been the opening by which the brain was extracted

[2] In this respect the Mahometans are exceedingly praiseworthy. A body, previous to interment, is carefully washed,

They now dressed the corpse in a pair of drawers, a combáz (or gown) of white silk, with gold tinsel running through it; a silk band or cope, in the shape of a horse-shoe, which came over the shoulders from behind and reached to the ground, and a smaller one of the same kind over it, which two latter are episcopal emblems. To the right side in front was suspended a square board, covered with silk, resembling a dragoon's despatch bag. The mitre was then placed on his head; and the body, being tied in an arm-chair to keep it erect, was carried into the church, which was lighted up for the mass of the dead. It was eight o'clock in the evening, and I had been employed just five hours. A great concourse of people was assembled from the neighbouring villages. Not sure how some of them might be disposed to consider my interference in the religious rites of their church, I declined to attend the service. On the following morning, I mounted my horse, and rode back to Mar Elias.

I heard afterwards that, having been exposed to the devout and curious all night, he was buried the next day, seated in an arm-chair, in a place excavated beneath the pavement of the church, which was well done; for, in such an imperfect mode of embalming as that just related (in which I had necessarily followed the custom of the monks), there was no reason

and prepared for going to the grave with scrupulous attention to cleanliness.

why a corpse should not corrupt almost as soon as if it had been left to natural decay.

Four patriarchs had now died within the last six years. Agapius, after ruling his flock for twenty years, was succeeded by Athanasius, who died, as has been mentioned, at Mar Elias, a week or two before Lady Hester took possession of that residence. He was succeeded by Ignatius, who was murdered by a band of Greeks, set on by the heads of the Greek church in and about the mountain, on account of his exertions in converting the Greeks to the Catholic persuasion. The death of the last has been just related. This rapid succession had, it was thought, repressed the ambition of some of the bishops: and it was the belief of many that both Athanasius and Macarius had died of slow poison. In consequence of this surmise, I was mysteriously questioned by many persons as to the appearances I had discovered in opening the body.

Amongst those spoken of as likely to succeed to the vacant dignity was Abûna (Father) Saba, now superior of the monastery of Dayr Mkhallas He had been educated at Rome, where he remained ten years, and was well versed in theology and intrigue; speaking Italian like a native, and reputed of much learning in his own tongue. He was of a remarkable vivacity, most simple in his habits, and of very entertaining discourse. so that Mâlem Haym, the banker of Acre, would often invite him to that city in order to enjoy his society.

It is true that a patriarch must be chosen from the synod of bishops, and Saba was only a priest: but it was thought that he would be preferred to a see, and forthwith created head of the church.

To the astonishment of all persons, an obscure and aged curate, an octogenarian, was selected. For party disputes had run extremely high, and the synod not agreeing on any of those who were nominated, it was thought best to elect one who could not remain long; whilst, in the interim, each party would have time to strengthen its separate interests against a succeeding contest

On the 27th of November, Signor Volpi left us. About this time Mr. William Bankes, an English gentleman, was reported to be on his way from Egypt to Syria: and, as Lady Hester was well acquainted with him, she wrote to St. Jean d'Acre to secure a proper reception for him Winter now had set in; we had returned to Abra for many weeks. The evenings generally were spent by Lady Hester in listening to me, who read to her, or in regulating the management of her household and stables, the whole of which she took entirely on herself.

On the 5th of December, a lady, the daughter of Mâlem Dubány, my nearest neighbour, died in childbirth. Although her danger was evident to her husband and family for many hours previous to her decease, no inducement could persuade them to call in a physician or surgeon; for the Mahometans are so averse to the interference of men in cases of mid-

wifery, that a Christian, even if he were so inclined, dares not oppose the reigning prejudice. I ought, however, to remark, that this is the only case of death in labour that came to my knowledge during two years that I resided near Sayda.

A cottage, in one of the gardens of Sayda, was fitted up against the approach of spring for Lady Hester, in order that she might occasionally ride down to spend the day. It belonged to a Turk, named Derwish-el Seghýr,[1] who was endowed with sagacity enough to see that the way to get well paid was to give satisfaction to his employer. Hence he neglected no means of pleasing her ladyship: and the unremitting attention of this man to her confirmed her in the dislike she had long since conceived to the Christians of the country, whom she treated with open contempt. This cottage was an extremely pleasing retreat: before the door was a row of bananas, and some tall trees threw a delicious shade around it.

A lad, about twelve years old, had been sent to Lady Hester as an object of charity; and as he spoke Italian very well, he was given to me for my servant. His story was—that his brother had been forced to embrace the Mahometan religion; and that he, to avoid the same fate, had been secretly sent away from Cairo, his native place. His name was Mûsa. On arriving in Syria, he had been kept for some months

[1] Derwish el Seghyr was an ear-sucker! Ear-sucking is practised in deafness, abscess of the ears, and in other complaints of that organ.

in the monastery of the Franciscans at Jerusalem, where he had become apparently a very pious youth.

There had been no rain up to the 22nd of December, since the month of May, with the exception of one shower; consequently the drought, in some parts, was very distressing. The first symptom was in the unusual appearance of immense flights of birds, in Arabic *kuttâ*. The flocks in which they came were truly terrific, covering the sun like a black cloud. This unusual state of the weather called forth many ejaculations from the mouths of the Mahometans as they walked the streets, and a fast of three days was instituted for averting the evils which a continuance of it must bring on.

I had procured for Shaykh Ibrahim a copy of the gospels; also the Psalms of David, and the miracles of St. Athanasius, all printed in Arabic on Mount Lebanon. These I forwarded to him about this time, and in return he sent me a ring, with my name engraved on it in Arabic characters: but here our correspondence dropped until his death.

A person in the country, having got into his possession a certain cure for the rheumatism, was at a loss how to use it. Being unable to get the directions, which were in English, translated into Arabic, he applied at last to me; and I found that he had obtained from the master of a merchantman "Whitehead's essence of mustard." He was astonished, when, at the bottom of my translation,

(relying on Dr. Paris's assertion) I added an N.B.—that there was not an atom of mustard in the preparation: the delusion would have proved more agreeable to him than the truth.

M. Beaudin was now frequently going to Acre respecting M. Boutin's murder, and for other schemes which were constantly floating in Lady Hester's brain. He was also desired to put himself in readiness for a journey by land to Egypt; and, on Sunday, the 14th of January, departed for Acre on his road thither. He was accompanied by a little peasant boy, named Cabúr, who had been taken from tending sheep into Lady Hester's service, and had become a great favourite with her from his bold and independent character; so that he was now permitted to go to Egypt to see a little of the world—seeing Egypt being, in the eyes of the Syrians, about what going to Paris is to an Englishman.

On the 29th of January, I was requested to give assistance to a man attacked with hydrophobia, who had been bitten some weeks before (I think five) by a dog running by the sea-shore; it was suspected that the dog was rabid, and he was pursued and killed; and the leg of Mohammed (that was the man's name) was enclosed in his reeking skin, this being a supposed cure for the bite. The man died six days after the symptoms manifested themselves. He appeared to be about thirty-five years old. It was expected that I should have suggested some remedy for a cure; but I

had none to offer. I sat in the room with him for about twenty minutes: a native doctor proposed administering onions. The man tried in vain to swallow a piece, and then some water, which he equally rejected; not being so much terrified at the sight of it, for he carried it to his mouth, as having a dread, apparently, of the painful effort which he was compelled to make in attempting to swallow anything. The season of the year is the most remarkable part of this case.

On the 14th of February, I made a very agreeable excursion to the village of Garýfy, situate between Abra and Dayr el Kamar, in a very romantic glen, through which runs a river that empties itself into the Ewely. The vineyards and olive plantations around Garýfy are not to be exceeded in beauty or extent by those of any other village of the mountain.[1]

On my arrival about sunset, I rode straight to the menzel, or room assigned for the reception of travellers, who are entertained at the expense of the shaykh of the village with a supper and night's lodging. My horse was taken to the adjoining stable. On entering the menzel, I found it to be a large, square, paved room, with a fire in the centre, around which were seated some poor travellers. I lighted my pipe, and joined in conversation; when, after

[1] Near the village of Garýfy there is abundance of quartz lying on the surface of the soil. This village is nearly in the centre of Mount Lebanon.

about ten minutes, I was told that the son of the shaykh was coming to welcome me; and I was shown into an adjoining room. A handsome young man soon afterwards entered, whose name was Shems-ed-Dyn. He very civilly gave me to understand that he had often heard my name mentioned, and, for my own sake, and for the sake of her ladyship, he was bound to make my stay agreeable. Supper was served up, which, after all his fine speeches, proved to be a dish of pilau only. We then smoked our pipes, and he left me to go to rest. I was here greatly tormented by fleas.

On the following day, almost at daylight, his father, an aged and venerable-looking Drûze, came down to see me, and we drank our coffee and smoked our pipes under some fir-trees in front of the house, where we overlooked the valley beneath. It appeared that the Honourable Frederick North[1] had once paid a visit here, with two other Englishmen, Mr. Gally Knight and Mr. Fazackerley. The object of my visit was to make a purchase of wine, for which Garyfy was in repute. I went into several peasants' houses, where I found jars, some four or five in a row, each holding from eighteen to thirty-six gallons, full of wine, and merely covered with a piece of board, roughly cut to the shape of the mouth, and luted with clay. These they would break open, and lade out the wine in a calabash, cut longitudinally, so as to repre-

[1] Afterwards Lord Guildford.

sent a ladle, for me to taste. There was both red and white; and, having purchased two ass-loads, each ass carrying two goat-skins full, I departed from Garýfy on the following morning.

I was much entertained with the conversation of Shaykh Shems[1] and his father Beshýr. But the greatest amusement was derived from a native of the village, who had when young quitted the country with a European priest, and spent twelve years at Rome; having brought away, as the sum total of the benefit derived from his travels, about as many words of Italian, and the love of drink, which his present employment of taster allowed him fully to gratify.

The wines of Mount Lebanon are rarely exported to Europe, with the exception, occasionally, of a cask of the golden wine, which is the growth of certain villages, and is now and then sent by merchants to their correspondents. Lady Hester shipped a few casks for England, as presents to two or three friends; but some of it soured on the voyage; and that which retained its taste had not flavour and body enough for the climate of England. Yet, with proper pre-

[1] When a person is named Shems, it does not mean that he bears simply that name. Shems-ed-dyn (or the sun of religion) is his true appellation. So no man in Turkey is commonly called Aladdin, or Ali-ed-dyn, as it should be written, but Ali only; and Aladdin, his name in full length, would be inserted in writing only.

paration, there are many wines which would suit the English market as well as the wines of Sicily.

It was impossible to mix in European society in Tripoli, Acre, or Sayda, without hearing continual lamentations on the low ebb to which the commerce of the Levant with Europe had sunk. We have only to look into the journals of travellers, who visited these countries a century ago, to find them at every town recording the hospitality of some English merchant. Aleppo had a flourishing factory, and even maintained a chaplain and physician: and several English houses of commerce existed at Laodicea, Tripoli, Beyrout, Sayda, and Acre. But, for some years before the French revolution, this state of prosperity had been manifestly declining, and the commodities formerly sought for in Turkey were brought at a less expence from our colonies and by other routes. The French, however, still maintained large establishments at all the above mentioned places, and Marseilles was enriched by the Levant. Even the coasting trade of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, was performed by French vessels, and called the caravan trade. A master of a merchant vessel would sail from Marseilles, Toulon, Cette, or some one of the ports of Provence or Languedoc, and would remain two or three or more years at a time in the Turkish seas, until he had made a considerable sum for his owners and himself, when he would return home for

awhile, and again make another voyage with the same views.

When the French revolution broke out, and war was declared between England and France, the English cruizers in the Mediterranean rendered it impossible for the French merchant-ships to traverse that sea; and the factors of that nation at Acre, Sayda, and Aleppo, found themselves so utterly ruined, that many were obliged to descend to occupations for which they were never intended, to save themselves from want. To this might be added the vexations of Ahmed Pasha, el Gezzàr, of Acre, who indulged himself in a singular hatred and persecution of the French who dwelt in his pashalik.

Upon the restoration of Louis XVIII. to the throne of his ancestors and the pacification of Europe, many of the old captains resumed the Levant trade, but without any great success. Formerly, the exports consisted in raw silk, cotton, gall-nuts, scammony, drugs, wax, old copper, wool, &c.; but, in 1815, the few French houses which had attempted to revive the trade had hitherto shipped nothing but cotton, a little wheat, and some drugs. With regard to England, I think I may affirm that scarcely a single vessel had gone to that country direct, freighted from Cyprus or Syria. Several reasons were assigned for this. One was, as I have said above, that the articles derived heretofore from the Levant were now obtained from a different quarter of the globe; a

second, that the restrictions of the Levant Company were oppressive; a third, that there was unusual risk incurred, in long quarantines, by exposure of goods to damp and rot in the quarantine houses; and that much inconvenience arose from the necessity of employing hireling interpreters,[1] by which ways were opened for cheating, and for collusion between the native merchants and the interpreter; whilst constant danger attended the vessels and crews from the insecurity of the ports and the frequency of the plague.

At the time that this was written, the imports most saleable were said to be hardwares, American coffee (which the natives mixed with Mocha coffee in adulteration, or sold separately as a cheap article), sugar, cloth, English printed cottons, muslins, fire-arms, watches, Geneva jewelry, peppers, cochineal, indigo, lead, iron, tin, French earthenware, German glass, &c.

It is to be observed that, so totally does the sale depend, especially in articles of jewelry, fire-arms, and Manchester goods, on an adaptation to the taste and usages of the people, that no person who has not resided among them can judge what is saleable merchandize; for example, the best duelling pistols, brown barrelled, and unornamented, without knobs at the ends of the stocks, would not fetch five pounds; whilst a brace of trumpery pistols, made by the di-

[1] In 1815, there was not in all Syria a factor (unless the English consul may be styled one) who spoke English.

rection of a person who knew what the Turks fancied would sell for treble that sum: yet, with this exception, one general rule with them is to prefer solid to fancy goods.

I did not hesitate to ask shaykh Shems many questions respecting his religion. From him I was confirmed in the received opinion that Hakem by Omrhu was the founder of their sect, and beyond this I could get no new light. But it was evident that he had read with attention the Bible and New Testament, and was as well versed in the Koran as the Mahometans themselves.

My neighbour, Mâlem Dubány, had two daughters, Tuckly and Haneh; the eldest, Tuckly, was about seventeen years old. As I was a doctor, and an old friend, I was admitted into the family upon all occasions, and the young ladies were suffered by their mamma to remain when I entered the room, and would sit down by me unveiled. Tuckly was grave and majestic, and of dazzling beauty, her skin being of a higher polish than I had ever seen: Haneh, on the contrary, was a laughing girl, with large black eyes, lips somewhat thick, but as red as coral. and all the decorum which custom required of females before men could scarcely keep down her natural vivacity.

I had at this time a patient from Aleppo, named Gibrael el Anhury, a merchant, who had brought a letter of introduction to me from Mr. Barker, our Consul at that place. With him came his nephew, a

young man about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, who had resolved on demanding one of Mâlem Dubány's daughters in marriage. As he never was permitted to see either, of course he could only judge by report as to the respective merits of the two. His go-betweens were a female cousin, who lived at Sayda, and his uncle, a respectable priest, living at Sayda also, both of whom (for priests have the privilege of entering the harýms) were in habits of intimacy with Dubány's family. They united in extolling Haneh, the youngest, and Haneh was finally demanded in marriage.

But there is a custom among the Levantines of never allowing a younger sister to marry before an elder.[1] In the marriage of Mâlem Surûr, the British consul at Damietta, to the second daughter of Batrus Anhûry of Mount Lebanon, this custom was violated, it is true, inasmuch as he took the younger, the elder being yet unmarried. But this was considered as conduct worthy of blame in the father, and he was said to have been induced to do so from the fear of losing so good a match in his family. Mâlem Dubány, therefore, refused his consent. It must be observed that the Benat Dubány (or the Misses Dubány) were never consulted; and the father, whilst relating to me the negociations which had taken place, suffered his daughters to listen to the conversation, without

[1] "And Laban said, it must not be so done in our country, to give the younger before the first born." Genesis, xxvi. 29.

imagining for a moment that his omnipotent decrees could ever excite a murmur in their bosoms.

Young Anhûry was, therefore, driven to take Tuckly or neither. But it had been whispered to him by his matronly cousin, that she suspected Tuckly was of a complexion too much like alabaster to be in sound health, and that she was well assured that something was wrong in her constitution, as my lady's doctor had been prescribing for her. This was true; although the cousin's alarm was groundless as to anything seriously faulty in the state of her health, for she was possessed of an excellent frame of body. One day, therefore, Anhûry, the nephew, called on me, and, after many roundabout questions, asked me what I thought of Miss Tuckly, and I, as in truth I might, eulogized her in the discreetest manner I could.

The following day, when visiting Mâlem Dubány, he, in his turn, interrogated me whether I was not of opinion that bad eyes argued bad humours in the constitution, and whether Mr. Anhûry did not seem to me to have bad eyes. Here, too, I endeavoured to say nothing that might hurt the young man's suit; but Mâlem Dubány was so often recurring to the sore eyes of Anhûry, that he persuaded himself a person so afflicted could not have healthy children; and the suitor was finally dismissed.

Will it, after this, be thought wonderful that there should be a purity of blood in the different races of people in Syria and other parts of the East, unknown

to Northern climates, when so slight a motive as this could cause a young man, respectable, rich, and comely, to be rejected?

I cannot dismiss the subject of Dubány and his family without saying a few words on an incident in his life, which explains the meaning of the term *avany*, a word that has been adopted into the English and French languages, by travellers in the Levant, to express the extortion of money on frivolous pretexts. Mâlem Dubány acquired his little fortune in Egypt, and, whilst a resident merchant there, was, with eight others, made the subject of an *avany*, under the following circumstances, during the reign of Mûrad Bey. He was reputed rich; and the bey, desirous of appropriating a portion of his wealth to himself, was not long in inventing a crime whereof to accuse him.

There was a place in Damietta, which had been used as a French chapel; and, after the evacuation of the French, some few persons, Greek Catholics, were accustomed to resort to it, to worship. It had beneath it a dwelling or magazine, used by some Mahometans. One day an officer of justice seized on Mâlem Dubány, and hurried him to prison, where he found himself in company with seven others, his acquaintances, and respectable merchants like himself. They were accused of having said prayers over the Turks' heads, which was construed into an arrogation of superiority; and of having heard mass in the French chapel, without a

firman from the Porte, authorising them so to do; for which offences they were ordered to pay eighty thousand piasters among them, or about £500 each.

They naturally protested their innocence of the charge, and that they had not such a sum at their command; and, persisting in their assertions, they were taken out and bastinadoed, *ten pair* each[1]. They were then remanded to prison, and given to understand that this was only a prelude to what would follow, if they did not produce the money During this time, although in confinement, they were treated with much attention. Their meals were as good as if at home. Coffee and pipes were regularly served to them, and the domestics stood before them, with crossed hands in the attitude of respect. At last, being threatened with a second bastinadoing more severe than the first, they raised the fine, and, having paid it, were liberated with a polite message from Mûrad Bey, that they might now go and hear mass if they pleased, and not fear any molestation from him. But they did not think it advisable to expose themselves to be beaten and avanized a second time.

In the middle of March of this year, Lady Hester received information that Miss Williams, a young person strongly attached to her, had ventured from Malta to Cyprus, in a vessel alone, on purpose to join her Miss W. owed her education and the care of

[1] Two blows, one on each foot, make a pair.

her younger years to the protection of Mr. Pitt. Lady Hester afterwards took her near her person, and she left England with her ladyship in 1810.

At Malta she found her sister married to an officer of the commissariat, with whom, at Lady Hester's departure from that island, she remained; but her attachment was so great to her protectress, that, after residing at Malta four years, she determined to follow her into the East. She accordingly embarked on board an Italian merchant-vessel, and alone braved the hazards of a voyage which proved particularly distressing; for the autumnal gales were so violent that the ship sprung a dangerous leak, and the captain was obliged to put into Rhodes to refit. Here Miss Williams remained two or three months, whilst the ship, which was found to be much damaged, underwent a thorough repair.

They sailed from Rhodes at the commencement of the new year. The captain, named Fanuggia, was a man of violent language and conduct; so that his crew, which was composed of very bad subjects, mutinied. The two parties came to blows more than once; and Miss Williams, oppressed with sea-sickness, and lying in her cot, from which she was unable to move, often heard upon deck the clashing of swords, and thought every moment that murder was perpetrating. At length they reached Cyprus, where some of the crew were put into prison; and, other men being shipped, they crossed to Beyrout, in the middle of March.

Here Miss Williams landed, after a voyage of three months and a half, and was entertained by Mr. Laurella, the British agent, until recovered from her fatigue. Mrs. Fry was sent immediately to her, to instruct her how she was to dress herself—how wear her veil in travelling—and how conduct herself in this new world. About the 10th of March, she left Beyrout, escorted by Mr. Laurella, and I went to meet them on the road.

The day was exceedingly fine and warm. I was riding along in the wash of the sea; and, the sands being broad hereabout, there was a mirage playing along them, which seemed somewhat to lift objects above the ground and to confuse them. I had passed several small parties of travellers; and, tired of looking at what was coming, I let the bridle fall on my mare's neck, and began to muse on the effects of my long residence in Syria. When first I entered the country, had I undertaken a day's journey in any direction, it would have been thought necessary to have with me an interpreter, a janissary, and a mule or two for my baggage. My bed would have been indispensable, and my portmanteau loaded with the numerous articles which a European carries along with him Now I was alone, a fowling-piece, lying across my saddle-bows, was my only protection; I, my own interpreter; I had no bed but my cloak; and all the articles of my dressing-box were reduced to a comb for my beard, and my tooth-brushes, which

generally I concealed from the view of Mahométan natives, lest the materials, being of hog's bristles, should render me unclean in their eyes. And this is the unincumbered way in which everybody travels in Turkey.

A mile or two beyônd the river Damûr I met them. Mutual salutations having been exchanged, I turned back with the party. We stopped to sleep at Nebby Yunez. Whilst at supper, a circumstance occurred, which must have seemed somewhat extraordinary to a new comer. Mr. Laurella's servant had furnished the provision basket, but had neglected to put up a candlestick; and such things are not to be met with in Turkish caravanseries, where oil is generally burnt. He therefore invented a substitute: cutting off the crown of a loaf of bread, part of our meal, and, making a hole in the crumb with his finger, he stuck the candle in it Miss Williams stared in astonishment.

The next day we resumed our journey, and about noon reached Mar Elias. Lady Hester was very sensible to this mark of attachment on the part of Miss Williams. It was shortly afterwards, although I neglected to note down the day, that Mr. W. J. Bankes[1] came to Mar Elias. Lady Hester had been long in expectation of him. Of all the travellers who

[1] In 1824, member of parliament for the University of Cambridge.

had passed that way previously for many months, he was the only one who could give her any news of her friends and acquaintance. When he arrived, he was lodged at Mar Elias. A day or two afterwards, I took him on a two days' tour round by Meshmûshy, Gezýr, and Gebâ, three villages on the heights of Mount Lebanon, situated so romantically that Mr. Bankes professed not to have seen any thing like them elsewhere.

On another occasion, I accompanied him to Dayr Mkhallas, to see the monastery, and to make the acquaintance of Abûna Sâba. the superior or rais. In going, Mr. Bankes's horse, probably unused to our mountain tracks, slipped up on his side on a rock, and it was a fortunate escape for that gentleman that he received no hurt.

When Mr. Bankes had favoured me with a sight of the drawings which he had made in his progress through Egypt and Syria, I conceived him to be a fit person to lead to the sepulchre discovered at Ăbu Ghyás, as has been related, since he could copy the paintings, and thus preserve a memorial of a valuable monument of antiquity. I accordingly provided a couple of peasants and some tapers, and took him to the spot.

The paintings appeared to him of considerable excellence, and he made two large drawings of them. Mr. Bankes, when in Italy, had seen paintings in fresco removed from the walls entire, and he conceived

that he could pursue the same method with these. I witnessed with regret his preparations and success in removing two, because I feared that succeeding travellers would blame the act: and yet, on the other hand, two such pieces of antiquity would be highly esteemed in England, and I knew that an idle boy or a fanatic Turk might destroy them for ever, if left where they were.

Mr. Bankes left Mar Elias immediately afterwards for Dayr el Kamar, to pay a visit to the emir Beshýr. He had brought with him from Egypt a renegado Italian in the Albanian costume, who acted as his interpreter. As a private soldier is not a proper person to come into the presence of people of rank, Mr. Bankes was advised to obtain the services of M. Bertrand in his interview with the prince, which he did. They proceeded to Btedýn, the emir's residence. After visiting the emir, Mr. Bankes pursued his journey, and M. Bertrand returned to Sayda.

Soon after Mr. Bankes's departure, we heard that he had made an attempt, in the month of April, to go to Palmyra, but had failed Lady Hester had told him how many difficulties he would have to encounter in the passage of the Desert, unless he went under the escort of the Bedouin Arabs; and, to secure him a favourable reception from them, she offered him letters of introduction to Muly Ismael of Hamah and to Nasar, son of Mahannah; soliciting him likewise, for his own sake, and for the sake of his parents, who

would lay much to her charge, should any misfortune happen to him, which a prudent foresight on her part might have prevented, to take as a guide her servant, Pierre, who had already been twice into the Desert, and was personally known to all the Arabs But Mr. Bankes seemed inclined to trust to his own resources and management, which had hitherto brought him thus far in safety: and unwillingly accepted both the letters and the man.[1]

[1] When Lady Hester was in the Desert, she entered into an arrangement with the emir and his son Nasar, that, whatever, person applied to them for a passage to Palmyra, and made use of her name without being furnished with a letter from her, such a one was no friend of hers Of those who produced letters from her she wished them to understand there might be two classes, who would be distinguished by a double seal or single seal "If there comes to me," said Lady Hester, a great man, on whom I can rely, and whose word you may trust as my own, who wants to live among you, to see your mock fights or a camel killed and eaten, to ride on a dromedary in his housings, &c, I will send him with two seals: but if it be another sort of person, I will send him with one"

Lady Hester had mentioned this conversation to Mr. Bankes When therefore Mr. Bankes was furnished with a letter by her ladyship, curious to know under which denomination he was sent, he caused his letter to be read to him by a man at Hamah, a stranger whom he accidentally met; and, finding that there was but one seal, and that he was mentioned neither as a prince nor nobleman, he would not present it

Some persons, who heard of this, went so far as to say that

Soon after Mr. Bankes's departure, I had one night retired to bed in my cottage, when I heard the trampling of horses near my door, with a talking, as of persons who were strangers. To this succeeded a

Lady Hester wanted to shut people out of the Desert; but it must be evident that all she wanted was not to compromise herself

So much was Mr. Bankes's pride hurt by this adventure that, when finally he had achieved his journey to Palmyra, he left Lady Hester's letters with Mr. Barker, as a deposit,—to show (he said) that her influence had nothing to do with his getting thither.

Arrived at Hamah, he neither delivered the letters to Muly Ismael and to Nasr, nor suffered Pierre to remain with him; but, having met there the Pasha of Damascus, Hafiz Ali, who showed him great civility and wrote to the Bedouins to recommend him to their protection, he set off with his customary guard, the renegado Albanian. He was arrested in his progress, at the Belàz mountain, by Shaykh Nasar, who demanded of him who he was, and whither he was going. Mr Bankes in-vain said that the pasha would punish those who molested him. Nasar required of him a vast sum of money, as the price of his passage, and, on Mr Bankes's refusal, conducted him back to Hamah, without doing him any harm. Mr Bankes afterwards made a second attempt, which also was not attended with complete success Hearing that Sir William Chatterton and Mr. Leslie were on their way to Hamah, he waited some time for them, but, eager to effect his purpose, he at last departed alone, having agreed to pay 1,100 piasters (£45 sterling) On his arrival at Palmyra, Hamed, another son of Mahannah, insisted on having an additional present, and, on Mr. Bankes's refusal, imprisoned him. It was also said that Mr. Bankes was forced to

knocking, and then a parley with my servant: the result of which was that a voice, in English, made known that it was Mr Buckingham, who was bending his way to the monastery, where he had been expected some days, yet was afraid to present himself, as it was so late. Finding, however, on looking at my watch, that it was only two in the morning, and knowing that Lady Hester was seldom in bed at that hour, I urged him to go on, which he did.

On the morrow I found him safely housed. Mr. Buckingham's Turkish dress became him, and he looked very much like a Mahometan. Lady Hester found much pleasure in his conversation, and detained him until the 18th of April.

As soon as Mr. Buckingham was gone, Lady Hester, who had deeply reflected on the then recent events which had anew convulsed Europe, gave vent to her indignation in a letter which is couched in such energetic language as to be worthy of standing as a

pay thirty *ikliks* to be permitted to copy an inscription over the gate of the Temple of the Sun: but Nasar restored the money to Mr. Bankes on his return to Hamah.

Some time before this, a rupture had taken place between Lady Hester and Mr. Bankes, and, on Mr. Bankes's writing to me a request that, in case of going to England, I would take charge of a tin box containing some of his drawings and his fresco paintings, both which were still at Mar Elias, Lady Hester advised me to have nothing to do with them, but to transmit them to him, which I did, with an excuse on the score that the trust was too great.

record of her opinions on men, whom, perhaps, she had a better opportunity of knowing than most persons of her times.

Lady Hester Stanhope to the Marquis (afterwards Duke) of Buckingham.

Mount Lebanon, April 22, 1816.

My dear Cousin,

For years, in writing to you, I have been silent on politics: but as it is probable that this letter will reach you, I avail myself of this opportunity to give you my real opinions.

You cannot doubt that a woman of my character, and (I presume to say) of my understanding, must have held in contempt and aversion all the statesmen of the present day, whose unbounded ignorance and duplicity have brought ruin on France, have spread their own shame through all Europe, and have exposed themselves not only to the ridicule but to the curses of present and future generations. One great mind, one single enlightened statesman, whose virtues had equalled his talents, was all that was wanting to effect, at this unexampled period, the welfare of all Europe, by taking advantage of events the most extraordinary that have ever occurred in any era. That moment is gone by: an age of terror and perfidy has succeeded. Horrible events will take place, and those who find themselves farthest from the scenes which will be acted may consider themselves the most fortunate.

Cease therefore to torment me. I will not live in Europe, even were I, in flying from it, compelled to beg my bread. Once only will I go to France, to see you and James, but only that once. I will not be a martyr for nothing. The grand-daughter of Lord Chatham, the niece of the illustrious Pitt,

feels herself blush, as she writes, that she was born in England—that England, who has made her accursed gold the counterpoise to justice; that England who puts weeping humanity in irons, who has employed the valour of her troops, destined for the defence of her national honour, as the instrument to enslave a free-born people; and who has exposed to ridicule and humiliation a monarch who might have gained the good will of his subjects, if those intriguing English had left him to stand or fall upon his own merits.

What must be, if he reflects, the feelings of that monarch's mind? but it is possible that his soul is too pure to enable him to dive into the views of others, and to see that he has merely been their tool. May Heaven inspire him with the sentiments of Henry the Fourth, (a name too often profaned) who would have trod the crown under his feet rather than have received it upon the conditions with which your friend has accepted it!

You will tell me that the French army—the bravest troops in the world, they who have made more sacrifices to their national honour than any others—would not listen to the voice of reason. and you think I shall believe you. Never! If an individual, poor and humble like myself, knows how to make an impression (as I have done) upon thousands of wild Arabs, without even bearing the name of chieftain, by yielding somewhat to their prejudices and by inspiring confidence in my integrity and sincerity, could not a king—a legitimate king—guide that army, to which he owed the preservation of his power, to a just appreciation of their duty? Without doubt he could, and would have done too, if he had been left free to act. What was to be expected from men, naturally incensed at the interference of those who, for twenty-five years, were held up to their minds as their bitterest enemies, but that which has happened? In a word, never did tyrant, ancient or

were swarms of locusts, which came to add to the distress in which the country was then plunged from the unusual drought of the season. The locusts first showed themselves in the middle of March, and flew chiefly along the border land between the mountains and the sea, forming a swarm of some miles in length. They would have gone onward, but the north wind happened to set in, and blew so strongly that, when they came to a point of land a few miles north of Sayda, past which there was no screen from the wind, they could not advance any farther; for once on the wing, so slight of body are they, that, whichever way the wind blows, they are carried irresistibly with it.

The poor husbandman slept for a few hours, and, on waking, found a track of stalks where lately he left a corn-field in full blade. Winter seemed suddenly to have succeeded spring, so completely were the trees and fields stripped of their verdure.

Locusts on the wing can be compared to nothing so well as a fall of snow. Their swarms obscure the air in just the same manner and as far as the eye can reach.

About this time news was brought that Her Royal Highness Caroline Princess of Wales had landed at Acre. Lady Hester had heard many weeks before of her approach, and, not intending to come in contact with her, had given out that she had meditated for some time past a journey to Antioch, and was resolved

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About this time news was brought that Her Royal Highness Caroline Princess of Wales had landed at Acre. Lady Hester had heard many weeks before of her approach, and, not intending to come in contact with her, had given out that she had meditated for some time past a journey to Antioch, and was resolved

to put it in execution this summer. Preparations and arrangements had therefore begun as early as the month of May; and she had written to Mr. Barker, British consul at Aleppo, to meet her at Antioch, for the purpose of settling their banking accounts and other matters. Many persons thought it an instance of great rashness on the part of Lady Hester to go into a district inhabited entirely by Ansárys, a race which had lately seen such mischief accruing to it at her instigation, on account of M. Boutin's assassination.

Lady Hester's preparations for her departure were now so far advanced that the vessel in which she intended to sail had been hired. I know not whether her ladyship had any reason, other than the mere probability of such a thing, for believing that Her Royal Highness would extend her journey towards Sayda; but, as she had resolved not to remain herself at Mar Elias to await the result of the princess's movements, it was thought proper that I should do so, to offer her such accommodations and entertainment as the monastery could afford. Miss Williams was left for the purpose of household arrangements, and Hanýfy, the black slave, likewise stopped behind; probably to prevent her from forming an acquaintance with so fanatic a people as the Antiochian Mahometans, who hold it to be a sin for any believer to be bought and kept in servitude by a Christian. Lady Hester furnished me with a letter of introduction to Her Royal Highness; and desired me to go and meet

Royal Highness in the House of Lords, in 1820, under the name of Aûm: for there is no place called Aûm on the road from Acre to Nazareth, and none the sound of which comes so near it as Omar. Here her Royal Highness made her first station. As, in so large a cavalcade, composed of so many persons ignorant of Arabic, there was necessarily much confusion, it happened that one of her Royal Highness's trunks, containing effects she would have been unwilling to lose, was stolen hereabouts. No sooner was it missed, than Signor Catafago set his people to work to discover the thief. This is not very difficult in a country, where, between town and town, or between village and village, there are no single houses, no extensive forests, and few places of concealment, except caverns, to issue from or return to; and where a single individual, not present at the customary evening conversation of his neighbours, would necessarily be compelled, from the usual interrogatories of his friends, to assign a sufficient reason for his absence. Signor Catafago immediately sent for the bailiffs of the village, and told them that, if the trunk were not produced forthwith, the village should be avanized. This is a common way of finding out a delinquent: for the peasants, rather than suffer in their own pockets, will soon discover the offenders and bring them to justice. Accordingly, on the following morning, Signor Catafago was told that the trunk would be found lying in a cavern by the side of the road.

it impossible to keep him. I took him, therefore, before the cadi of Sayda, to whom I made known the kindnesses which had been wasted on this ungrateful fellow. I dwelt particularly on his habits of drunkenness, which were hardly pardonable in any one, more especially in a Mahometan; and I then begged, in Lady Hester's name, that he might be shipped off to Egypt, his own country, by the first opportunity. This was done. His loose habits there brought on a repetition of his cough; and he finally died of phthisis. I discovered afterwards that this man had acted as sheriff's officer at Alexandria on the occasion of an execution of a thief, who was hanged by the English from the top of the gateway that overlooks the parade. What would the Duke have thought, if he had known that one of his grooms was a hangman!

On the 26th of July I had an attack of fever, which, however, left me in four days; but I felt feeble for some time afterwards. At the commencement of this fever I happened to have taken an emetic, and was under its influence, when a holy father was announced to me. He proved to be Father Nicholas, a friar of the order of St. Francis, who had resided for many years at Zeluma, a village on the very summit of Mount Lebanon; where, in the midst of the Drûzes and some Christian families, he enjoyed such consideration as his convivial qualities entitled him to. He announced himself as the envoy of the Emiry (feminine for emir) Meleky by name, sister to the Emir Hyder, who,

having run the gauntlet through all the medical practitioners of Syria for some female complaint with which she was afflicted, now wished me to undertake her cure.

I entertained the jovial friar until the next morning, as well as my sick state of body would permit me, and then dismissed him with a letter to the princess, excusing myself on the score of ill health.

Monsieur Taitbout, the French consul at Sayda, had been superseded by Monsieur Ruffin, son of a gentleman at Constantinople, who had, on one occasion, held for a short time the situation of chargé d'affaires of the French government to the Porte Monsieur Ruffin arrived about this period. He was accompanied by Madame Ruffin, a Parisian, who expressed much disgust at the want of gallantry to the ladies which so strongly marked the Levantine manners.

On the 28th of July Miss Williams fell ill, as it seemed, from excessive heat. The customary heat of the climate had received an adventitious augmentation from the great drought which had parched up the soil. The spring, which usually supplied the convent with water, was dried up. Peasants were seen transporting their sacks of corn from places ten or twenty miles distant, to be ground at the water-mills on the river Ewely, where the stream had yet power to turn the wheels: for, in most places, even the rivers had ceased to flow. Wheat had become exceedingly dear; and in Abra the peasants ate barley bread.

It had been an annual custom, with the bishops and patriarchs who had made Mar Elias their residence,

to celebrate the festival of that saint by a solemn mass at the chapel of the convent. Lady Hester had found that she could not dispense with this practice; and, accordingly, on the 2nd of August, the peasantry of the neighbouring villages and many persons from Sayda were seen flocking into Abra and spreading their carpets on the village green, for bivouacking preparatory to the morrow. In the morning, mass was said; upon which occasion the priest collected from a farthing to twopence or threepence from each individual; and if he made ten piasters by the festival he considered himself well paid.

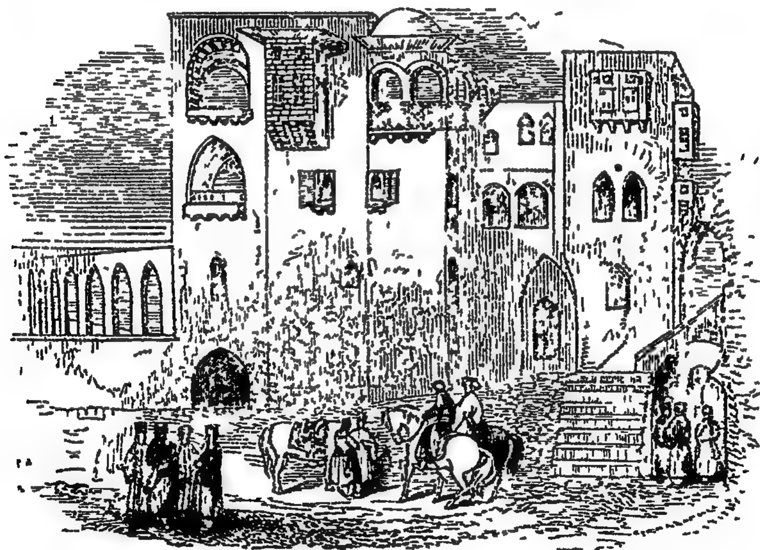
These festivals, as I have said before, are looked upon by the village girls and young men as fairs are in England, and are attended often with consequences as pernicious to their morals.

On the 1st of August it was reported that some Nablûsians (Samaritans), compelled by the dearth which prevailed throughout the southern district, had resorted to robbery and plunder for subsistence, and were then marauding in Ahlým-el-Kharûb, within a few leagues of us. Upon more strict inquiry, I found, however, that they were rather to be denominated a gang of horse and ass stealers, as they hitherto had confined their depredations to the brute species. I, nevertheless, thought it necessary to use more than common vigilance, knowing that Lady Hester's bountiful conduct on several occasions had caused her to pass for a person extremely rich. And as the common people of the country conceived all riches to

be either such as are in possessions or in solid cash, they concluded that chests of gold were locked up in the convent

I, therefore, resolved to transfer my bed to the convent; and I appointed one of the servants to watch on the roof of the chapel, where he could, in the stillness of the night, hear the footsteps or voices of persons prowling about.

On the 4th of August, I rode over to Muktárah, the palace of the Shaykh Beshýr, to see his wife, who was ill.



PALACE OF THE SHAYKH BESHYR

I arrived early in the afternoon; but, as it was now Ramazán, and the shaykh, although a Drûze, chose to keep that fast, he was still in bed. Before sunset he quitted his room, and at sunset I dined

with him. As his manner of living accords more with the primeval simplicity of the Arabians than what is practised in towns, it will not be amiss to describe the meal.

About four o'clock, it being now the hottest part of the year, the servants began to throw pails of water over the paved court, which occupied the centre of the lower rooms of the palace, and from which there was, on one side, which was open, a beautiful and extensive view of the adjoining mountains. In the midst of this watering the shaykh appeared, dressed in a silk *kombáz*, or tunic, and a lemon-coloured *jubey*, or cloth mantle: for he loved finery and bright colours, which, it appeared to me, these mountaineers generally do. Whilst the watering was going on, he walked about in the wet, barefoot, to enjoy the cooling and refreshing sensation. Persons who had business, suitors, complainants, &c., formed a large ring round him. Calling these to him, one by one, he discussed and despatched their affairs whilst walking. I stood by, as a looker-on.

This scene continued until sunset. He then washed his feet and hands, and we sat down to dinner. I was on the shaykh's left hand. The dinner was very plentiful, the dishes of excellent flavour; and unlike the manner of the Turks, they were all put on at once. The shaykh selected a few good morsels with his fingers, and placed them on my plate. We ate with our fingers, or with box-wood spoons, the handles tipped with coral. We were six in party, and each, when he had done, rose, and removed to the carpet

spread out for sitting, where a servant brought him water and a basin, and he washed his mouth and hands, with much soaping of the beard, gargling of the throat, and rinsing of the mouth; all which are received usages. The shaykh, in the mean time, kept his seat; and, as one guest moved off, desired another to take his place. These consisted of his secretaries: but, when they had done, the very servants, who had waited on us, were told by the shaykh to sit down, and they too dined—Giovanni, my servant, among the rest. All this was done with much decorum, and little or nothing was said during eating. When every one had finished, the tinned copper tray was lifted off; the heptangular stool, or low table, on which it had stood, was carried away; the spot was swept, and in a few minutes there were no traces of dinner to be discovered, excepting in the occasional eructations of the shaykh and of some others, who made no scruple of giving a free escape to the gas bubbles from their overcharged stomachs. We then smoked our pipes, that of the shaykh being of jessamine wood, and about ten feet long. The shaykh then resumed the transaction of business, which, during Ramazán, is chiefly done in the first part of the night. An hour before sunrise another meal is served up, and rest is taken in the day-time to relieve the ennui of fasting.

Being now relieved from the effects of my ride, I was taken to the harým to see the shaykh's wife,

my patient. The entrance to the harým, or the women's side, was by so circuitous a way, that it took up ten minutes to arrive at her chamber, which was at the very top of the palace. We entered on a terrace paved with coloured stones, in the centre of which was a circular basin, with a fountain in the middle. On the side fronting the entrance was a dome, supported by four pillars, painted in lively colours, and not without taste. Under it the women would sit in the day-time, and overlook the courtyard below, where all the busy scene, of cavaliers and men on foot, was open to their view. One side of the terrace had a large saloon, the other an alcove, with an open divan between two rooms, in one of which was the fair Drûze, sitting up in bed, dressed, and with her horn on her head, which the Drûze women never lay aside, up or in bed.

I was much struck with her beauty, and with a pair of rosy cheeks on a very fair and clear skin, which looked very little like a person in ill health. I was somewhat surprised at finding that the person in waiting was the wife of Jahjah Atmy, our former host at Meshmûshy. Coffee and a narkily were brought to me, and, whilst smoking, her case was examined. I left her, and retired to rest, saw her the next morning, and then departed for Abra, where I arrived about eight at night.

My servant-boy, Musa, tired of work, had contrived, during my absence, to excite the pity of a woman travelling to Tyre, to whom he told a story

of his wish to return to his distressed mother. In this way he reached Tyre, and betook himself to the house of the bishop. The bishop suffered him to remain with his family, but secretly wrote to me a letter, desiring to know whether he should send him back. As, however, he had stolen nothing, and was evidently tired of his service, I only requested the bishop to endeavour to forward him by safe hands to Jerusalem, whither he had often expressed a wish to return.

During my absence, also, the alarm of robbers had increased; so I distributed among the servants what arms were in the convent. In the mean time, I began to be anxious about her ladyship, from whom no letter had yet been received, nor could I hear anything certain of the movements of her royal highness the Princess of Wales. Miss Williams had recovered from her indisposition, but sickness and alarm had already begun to make her discontented with her position.

Although the following letters relate to a date posterior to the close of this narrative, they are nevertheless not altogether irrelevant, as affording a strong illustration of Lady Hester Stanhope's character. It is Dr. Wolff himself who has related all these circumstances to me, and who has favoured me with the copies of the letters.

"In the year 1823 I travelled with Captain the Honourable John Caradoc, now Lord Howden, from Jerusalem to Sayda, from which latter place, as being

near to Lady Hester's residence, I forwarded to Miss Williams a letter from her sister, Mrs. David, which had been entrusted to me by that lady, and to which I added a note from myself, saying that I should be happy to forward her answer to her sister, at Malta. One hour after, a letter arrived from Lady Hester herself, the contents of which were as follows:—

"'*To Dr. Wolff.*

"'I am astonished that an apostate should dare to thrust himself into notice in my family. Had you been a learned Jew, you never would have abandoned a religion, rich in itself although defective, to embrace the shadow of one. Light travels faster than sound: therefore the Supreme Being could never have allowed his creatures to be left in utter darkness, until paid and speculating wanderers deem it proper to raise their venal voice to enlighten them.

"'HESTER LUCY STANHOPE.'"

Dr. Wolff immediately returned the following answer:—

To the Lady Hester Stanhope.

Saida, June, 1823.

Madam,

I have just received a letter which bears your Ladyship's signature; but I doubt its being genuine, as I never wrote to your Ladyship, nor did I mention your name in my letter to Miss Williams.

With regard to my views and pursuits, they give me perfect tranquillity and happiness, and they must be quite immaterial to your Ladyship.

Your humble servant,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

At the time this correspondence took place, Miss Williams may be supposed to have grown disgusted with an Eastern life, and to have wished to return to her sister. This feeling Lady Hester was probably fully aware of; and to have admitted Dr. Wolff, who had seen that sister, as a visitor at her house, was to open a means of communication which might have led to Miss Williams's return. With her customary energetic tactics, Lady Hester therefore put an end to all such contingencies.

That the reverend gentleman, whose philanthropic exertions in the cause of humanity have already raised him to a height in men's esteem, where no praises of mine can reach him, does not feel the term "apostate," so harshly applied to him by Lady Hester Stanhope, as a reproach, is evident from the readiness with which he made the communication, and is a proof, if any were required, of his firm belief in the truths which he preaches.

Dr. Wolff informed me, in furnishing me with these particulars, which I had begged for insertion in my Travels, that the bearer of his letter was bastinadoed by Lady Hester and kicked down stairs; and that the poor fellow returned to Sayda lame, and told him that "the daughter of the King of England had beaten him."

I received, on the 9th of August, a letter from the village of Joon, requesting my attendance on Syt Frosiny Kerasáty, the lady of Damietta, of whom mention has already been made, when speaking of

that city. I went on the following day, and found that this lady, having lain in of a boy, in Egypt, had thought it prudent to embark for Syria, there to bring up the child. Syt Frosiny's husband was by birth a Damascene; and there is a common belief that the offspring of Syrians, born in Egypt, if left there, never arrive at puberty. This was certainly verified in the case of Mâlem Kerasáty's family; for she had already borne him three children, which had died in infancy. When pregnant with this last, her husband had become paralytic, and she had no hope, if this one did not survive, of bearing him another. Accompanied, therefore, by her mother, who was blind, she embarked for Sayda, and had arrived a few days before at the village of Joon, in the house of Mâlem Jusef Sewayeh, whose father Mâlem Kerasáty had once served as clerk.

I was fearful of sleeping away from the convent, and returned to dinner. Whilst dining at my cottage, the peasants came to inform me that the gang of robbers had been seen passing the village. As it was now dark, I recommended to them great vigilance, and, retiring to Mar Elias, went to bed. Not very long afterwards, the man on the roof of the chapel saw a person coming up a footpath at the back of the convent. He hailed him; and, as he received no answer, fired. It was not known until the day after that this was a poor pedlar, travelling towards the mountain, totally ignorant why he was fired at, and

not aware that any one could possibly want an answer from him.

Thus did this alarm continue night after night for a fortnight; but no banditti ever attacked us: still I could not absent myself for twenty-four hours together, since Miss Williams, unacquainted with the language, necessarily felt much inquietude when I was away. One night, I was awakened suddenly by the old Drûze woman, Um Riskh, who entered my chamber, and begged me, for God's sake, to get up. The robbers immediately came into my mind; I seized the brace of pistols, which I kept constantly at my bedside, and followed her into the court. I opened the great door. "There he is!" she said. I looked, expecting to see a man; but, to my astonishment, found that her agitation had been caused by her having seen, from her window, her favourite pack-horse cast, by having entangled his legs and neck in his halter, so as nearly to have strangled himself. The rope was immediately cut, and the *kedýsh* saved; but, as we had made some bustle, I hastened in doors, and found Miss Williams and the black slave trembling and expecting every moment to see some huge, ferocious ruffian enter to cut their throats. By degrees, the report of robbers lost ground, and at last died away entirely. On the 10th of August, I went again to Joon, to see the Syt Frosiny, who had caught an ague. Another lady was added to the inmates of Joon Place, by the arrival

of Yusef Sewáyeh's wife, married from a family well known to English travellers as occupying a house in Damascus, which is shown as one of the best in the city. But the contrast between the manners and dress of these two ladies was much in favour of the Damiettan. Frosiny was in person somewhat small, but well made, with an engaging smile ever on her countenance, a playful wit, and with features that everybody pronounced charming. Syt Sewáyeh was stout even to fatness, heavy in conversation, formal, bedecked from her head to her fingers' ends with jewels and precious stones. But what seemed most unbecoming to her was the form of the turban, which is worn by the women of Damascus of a prodigious size.

I was now revelling in all the abundance of the fruits growing in the gardens of Sayda. The autumn was always to me the most delightful season of the year; and, but for the musquitoes, would have left little to desire as far as the enjoyment of the senses goes. Having now so much leisure time on my hands, I delineated several fish which were brought to me fresh from the nets; but, such was the hêat of the weather, that they often smelt before I could finish the drawing.[1]

[1] These fish were afterwards shown to Monsieur Cuvier, but, as being common to all the Mediterranean, proved not to be curious. The traveller in those countries should be apprized that drawings of the fish of the Syrian rivers, and of the inland seas and lakes, would be esteemed a great curiosity. Dr. Clark says, "An Arab fisherman at Jaffa, as we were stand-

About this time, Sulymán Pasha sent off Hassan Aga as bearer of some very rich presents to Mohammed Ali, pasha of Egypt. This is the mode of keeping up a friendly intercourse between potentates in the East. In the same way, he was accustomed to send annually to Muly Ismael a caravan of camels, loaded with rice, preserved dates, raisins, figs, and such other articles of consumption as were with difficulty, or at an increased price, to be had in Hamah and its neighbourhood.

M. Beaudin, Lady Hester's dragoman, arrived also on the same day, with news that her ladyship was on her return by sea. Fearful of the continued heats of

ing upon the beach, came running to us with a fish he had just taken out of the water; and, from his eagerness to show what he had caught, we supposed it could not be very common. It was like a small tench, but of a dark and exceedingly vivid green colour, such as we had never seen before nor since; *neither is it described by any author we are acquainted with.* We had no means of preserving it, and therefore would not deprive the poor man of an acquisition with which he seemed so delighted; but gave him a trifle for the gratification its very extraordinary appearance afforded us, and left it in his hands."—*Dr. Clark's Travels:* vol. ii., chap. xviii., p. 643: quarto edition.

Dr. Clark, on seeing a drawing I had made of the *Aroos*, in French *Demoiseau*, declared it to be the same fish that he speaks of in the above extract. He is, however, mistaken in supposing it to be rare on the coast of Syria. I have seen five at a time for sale, and his assertion is totally incorrect.

the season, she determined to pass a few weeks higher up in the mountain, and had requested the Shaykh Beshýr to assign her a village as her residence. Rûm was fixed on, and on the 20th I rode up to see if there was a house fit for her reception. Rûm is a village of about forty families, Metoualis and Christians, occupying the peaked summit of a conical mountain, about three miles south-west of Meshmûshy. The road to it is most difficult, by a path where it is necessary to clamber up rather than walk. Having inadvertently quitted the path, I lost my way, and wandered about among the rocks for some time, being obliged to dismount and lead my horse. The place was in sight and over my head, but I still had much difficulty in getting to it.

On my arrival, I addressed myself to the shaykh for whom I had a letter and a buyurdy, and whom I found to be a most venerable old Drûze, cousin of the shaykh Beshýr, and consequently a man of importance. He received me with much civility. He hal a son, named Habýb, a most beautiful boy seven years old, who attached himself to me the moment that we met. The shaykh's name was Kelayb. As it was just breakfast time, (noon) I sat down with him to four dishes, viz., melinjáns[1]

[1] The melinján is a vegetable of a pear shape and of a deep lilac colour, as large as a bon-chretien pear, called in French *aubergine*.

boiled and beat up with oil, eggs fried in oil, melinjáns sliced, fried in oil, with some sour cream cheese. Custom had now reconciled me to such a repast as this.

The houses of Rûm were of stone, but with mud floors, as elsewhere on the mountain. The chief produce of the village was tobacco, which was considered as the best in the district of Aklym el Tufáh, that being the name of the district. Charcoal was likewise made from the stunted oaks, arbutuses, turpentine trees, and underwood, in which the mountain hereabouts abounded, and was an article of trade between the village and Sayda.

I took three cottages for Lady Hester, desiring that the one belonging to Joseph the Ironmonger (Yusef el Hadád) should be fitted up for her. For these three the rent was fixed at thirty-eight piasters for the season, and I paid eight more to a cottager, who was to admit Yusef el Hadád as a lodger in the interim. The houses were all built on the east side of the summit, to avoid the cold.

I returned in the evening, and on the following day sent up Miss Williams and Hanyfy, the black slave, under the care of a servant, to put the cottages in order. It was my custom to go almost weekly to the public hot bath at Sayda. On entering the sudatory from the tiring-room, the bathman would always ask me "Do you use *dewa* to-day?" I knew very well that he meant "Do you depilate to-day?" As I con-

stantly said no, he suggested to me that a want of cleanliness in this respect would not be excusable in a pauper if a Mahometan, and, although I was a Christian, he was sure I should be more comfortable for adopting the custom. As I knew how much importance was attached to such matters, I did not like to persist in my refusal, and, on the 22d of September, for the first time I depilated. The preparation with which this is done is a mixture of orpiment and quick lime, smeared on for three or four minutes, or sometimes for a less time, whilst the body is in a state of perspiration. As I was unused to the application, I kept it on too long, and inflamed my skin most severely, so as to be incommoded with the heat and redness for nearly a week. This application does not prevent the return of hair where removed: it merely corrodes or burns it off for a couple of months.

September 25th. In returning from Sayda I called at Mâlem Dubány's house on my way, and found that the master of the house had just fled from his home, in consequence of a dispute with an aga of Sayda arising from the following circumstances. Mâlem Yusef Dubány's warehouse and counting-house were in the caravansery, called Khan el Hummus, at the gate of which a man had planted himself selling rice by retail, which was an obstruction to the entrance. Dubány turned him away, and Mustafa Aga replaced him. As some anger had been shown by both parties in the dispute, Dubány thought pro-

per to take refuge in the interior of Mount Lebanon until the decision on the rights of the caravansery could be obtained. Next day I learned that he was gone no farther than Khuska, a village one league off. On the 28th an order came from the pasha, confirming Dubány in what he had done, and he returned to his home. But this anecdote will serve to prove how precarious personal liberty is under the Turks, when an aga—a simple gentleman—not properly vested with the authority of a magistrate, could venture to menace a Christian who had offended him, and might do him some personal harm, as the sudden flight of Dubány out of his reach plainly argued.

On Sunday, the 29th, a polacca brig came to an anchor in the outer harbour, and about five o'clock Lady Hester arrived at the convent. She had almost freighted the vessel with oats, for Antioch is the only place that I heard of in Syria where they grew: nevertheless, oats were not approved of for horses by those natives who could get barley, which was preferred as more nourishing.

It will be necessary here to give a little account of Lady Hester's voyage to Antioch, and of her residence there. But we will first bring the history of M. Boutin's assassination to a conclusion, since it was much connected with this voyage.

It will be recollected that Lady Hester had sent into the Ansáry district, which is wholly mountainous, three persons who, after having made such

researches as they could, returned to communicate their information to her ladyship. I never heard precisely what this information was; but she thought it sufficient to ground upon it an application to the pasha, that measures should be taken to bring the murderers to punishment. She had not, perhaps, reflected how very reluctant the pasha might be to require persons to be given up who would be refused to him: in which case, if he did not compel their obedience, his authority would be compromised.

The Ansárys inhabit that chain of mountains which runs as a continuation of Mount Lebanon, from Dayr Hamýry to Antioch, comprehended between the two parallels 34° 40′ and 36° 20′ north latitude. They are tributary to the pashas of Tripoli and Damascus, but their obedience is uncertain and their contempt of authority general, because necessarily suffered to go unpunished. In the centre of their mountains, they have certain strongholds, where the troops of the plains, which had been occasionally sent against them, had always been foiled. It was known in what village the murder had been committed; but to every order to give up the murderers some evasive answer had been returned. To Lady Hester's urgent request, therefore, that more strenuous measures should be resorted to, the pasha replied civilly, but evasively, that the troops could not endure the cold mountains in the winter, but, when spring came, her wishes should be complied with.

When spring did come, Lady Hester failed not to remind the pasha of his promise; and I heard afterwards that an order to the same effect, originating in the French authorities at Constantinople, was sent him. But to the French none of the honour of revenging their countryman's death belonged, for Lady Hester alone, by the information she had collected, could direct them where to march.[1] Whether, however, moved by her ladyship or by others, at last the pasha was roused to action; and, towards the middle of the year, troops were seen marching on the road to Tripoli. These troops were very generally impressed with the idea that it was Lady Hester who had caused them to march: for they said in the towns, as they went along, that they were ordered on the Syt's business.

[1] As a proof of this we here subjoin the translation of an extract from the *Courrier François*, under date of April 29, 1830, and part of a sketch of Colonel Boutin's life, which appeared in that newspaper.—"Towards the year 1811, Colonel Boutin received orders from the Emperor to visit the East. He was entrusted with a mission to explore Syria, to learn Arabic, and, at a fit opportunity, to penetrate into Arabia and describe that country. On that occasion he made the acquaintance of Pitt's niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, subsequently crowned Queen of Palmyra by the Bedouins in 1821. He met from her with a most honourable reception, and, proud of her powerful protection, he was on the point of succeeding in his enterprise, when he was assassinated in the neighbourhood of Damascus by the Arabs, who sought to rob

It was evident that the pasha meditated a formidable irruption into the Ansáry mountains; and the command was given to Mústafa Aga Berber, as governor of their district, and as, moreover, a brave officer, fit to cope with these mountaineers. The Ansárys are that people who, during the crusades, furnished those assassins who devoted themselves to certain death for the sake of destroying the enemies of their faith. The reader will recollect the old man of the mountain and all the traditions connected with that mysterious person, and he will then know those whom Berber was to attack.

Mustafa Aga Berber at last marched, and, entering the Ansáry mountains, carried fire and sword into their villages. It is supposed that, to the motives furnished him by the cause on which he went, he added personal hatred, on account of their religion;

him of a bag of coins which he had in his possession. France knows how the murder of this illustrious traveller was avenged by her ladyship, who caused his assassins to be decapitated and obtained the restitution of his baggage, which she effected purely by her personal influence and efforts."

To this extract may be added another mark of the gratitude of the French nation, by whom her noble conduct was better appreciated than by her own countrymen. She received the thanks of the French Chamber of Deputies, after a speech made relative to this affair by the Comte Delaborde, and I regret that I have not been able to meet with the notice of it in the French newspapers of the day.

for Berber was a rigid Mahometan, and the Ansárys, being out of the pale of the Mahometan faith, are hated by the Turks so cordially that they are said to consider it meritorious to put an Ansáry to death. Berber, therefore, was going to a work of faith. I am ignorant of the details of his proceedings, but it came to my ears by general report that he burnt the villages of the assassins, sent several heads to the pasha as trophies of his victories, and several women to Tripoli as slaves. There was the tomb of a shaykh, who, for his sanctity, was held as a saint by the Ansárys: this he caused to be broken into, and the body or bones to be taken out and consumed by fire. He burnt also the house of shaykh Khalýl, who was a considerable personage among them. One of the places which he besieged was called Hamam. By some it was said that he was never able to get hold of the assassins themselves, and had substituted other heads for them, whilst others affirmed that the assassins were taken and put to death. Berber, however, returned triumphant to Tripoli: and it was soon afterwards that Lady Hester set out for Antioch.

When Berber was about to depart on this expedition, he wrote a letter to Lady Hester, saying that, as he was going to fight for her, it was but fair that she should arm her knight: accordingly, Lady Hester sent him a brace of handsome English pistols. Now that he was returned, we may suppose that Lady Hester was desirous of seeing him, and of learning

the details of his expedition. On the 18th of July she embarked. The voyage was considered by most persons as connected with the Ansáry affair; but such as knew some circumstances of Lady Hester's life imagined that she absented herself from Sayda to avoid the Princess of Wales. She herself always said that the real object of her journey to Antioch was to see Mr. Barker, in order to settle her money affairs: but, as on many other occasions, so on this, I was quite able to satisfy my mind as to her real motive, although she judged it prudent not to avow it. The hope of a little diversion to her mind might have formed a part; the wish of seeing Mr. Barker also had its weight; but the reason assigned respecting the Princess of Wales seems to me most correct: for Lady Hester probably knew, long before, that the Princess was coming to Jerusalem, and she might fear that, once in the country, she would extend her journey to Mar Elias; where such a visit would also have brought upon her so much expense as to induce her to go out of the way. But certainly no one but herself would ever have thought of taking refuge in the midst of the very people upon whose countrymen, perhaps whose relations, she had been the means of bringing such calamities.

When Lady Hester embarked at Sayda, the strand was covered with spectators. The vessel she had hired was a large *shaktûr*. Upon the ballast, which was sand, were laid some mats, and upon these her

ladyship's bed without any bedstead. At the head and foot, mats were put up as screens. Towards the stern was the heavy luggage, where lay the three women, and towards the stem was the favourite black horse, with the ass she was accustomed to ride. The vessel sailed the same evening, and on the following day at sunset Lady Hester was on shore at Tripoli, in the house that had been prepared for her at the strand, which is about a mile from the city.

As the consideration in which the government held Lady Hester was very well known, all those who generally take their tone from the great man hastened down to pay their respects. Besides these, came the English Consul, the Greek bishop, and the French Consul. Having seen the governor, and heard the particulars of his expedition, after a stay of five days, Lady Hester re-embarked, and sailed for Antioch. The rais (or captain) objected to enter the port of Swadiah, which is nearest to Antioch, and dropped anchor at Bussýl, the ancient Posidium, a small port to the south of it. Mr. Barker, who had been waiting at Swadiah twenty days, living under tents, hastened immediately to Bussýl, and mules were provided for the luggage. Lady Hester landed, and, in a short time, arrived on her ass at Antioch, which is distant six or seven leagues from Bussýl. Mr. Barker had caused a house to be prepared for her, and another for himself, but staid only five days at

Antioch, and then departed for Aleppo, being obliged to return on account of the Prince Regent's birthday, which he wished to celebrate in his consular house. Here Lady Hester spent seventy days, and the language she held after her return, when speaking of the Ansárys, was, that she considered them as an industrious but oppressed people. Few Europeans had at that epoch ever met with common civility at Antioch, much less with honours and consideration. It seems, however, that Lady Hester was not less regarded there than elsewhere.

She visited whatever was curious. Much of the time that she was there was spent in a retired cottage out of the town, where she might be truly said to show a fearless disposition and much courage: for a few Ansárys, had they been so disposed, could have carried her off or murdered her any hour of the night or even of the day; and some well disposed persons secretly informed her, when there, that her life was in danger. But the terror excited by the late severe vengeance exercised on their nation probably saved her; and, more than all, the magnanimous conduct which she pursued towards them; for, at her cottage in the woods, she took an occasion, when several peasants were around her, to harangue them; telling them that she had indeed revenged the death of a Frenchman, and of a man who was her country's enemy, because she knew that all just persons abhorred the deeds committed against the defenceless

in the dark—deeds such as must be disowned by the brave and the good everywhere.

Lady Hester returned to Sayda in a polacca brig, which she found lying in Latakia harbour waiting for a freight. As the heat was still too great to remain at Abra, she set off on the 6th of October for Rûm. On the 13th she returned from Rûm to receive M. Regnault, the French consul at Tripoli, who was, by invitation, come on a visit to her. He was a short, humpbacked man, formerly one of the twelve of the Institute of Egypt. His language and manners were pleasing. He was somewhat facetious, and had amiability enough to make his ugliness forgotten in the course of a few hours' conversation.

M. Loustaunau, a sketch of whose life has been given in another work, and whom Lady Hester had long since dubbed *the Prophet*, was still living on her bounty. He was ever brooding over portentous events about to happen to her ladyship: of whom he now always spoke as a person destined by the Almighty to play a great part in the world. On all subjects he discovered remarkable good sense, excepting on the Bible, the texts of which he perverted in a most extraordinary manner, to accommodate them to the events of her life, past, present, and future.

Lady Hester and M. Regnault visited the French consul at Sayda. She wore a splendid black abah, with gold brandenburghs and tassels, and, whilst sitting on a carpet on the ground, after the Turkish fashion, she reclined

on a short crutch beautifully inlaid with mother of pearl, after the manner of the great personages of the East. Such was the crowd which assembled round er when she entered the town that one would have said it was the first time they had ever seen her. Adults and children, Turks and Christians, all were actuated by the same spirit of curiosity to behold the woman who could stir up a whole province to take revenge upon the Ansárys for the death of a Frank.

Lady Hester's acts of beneficence to a number of individuals, coupled with this last generous and disinterested labour for M. Boutin, had caused her name to spread very widely through the country, and herself to be regarded as the protectress of the unfortunate and the almoner of the poor. On her return to the convent, she found a suppliant at her gate, whose history will claim some sympathy.

Michael Ayda was the son of an Egyptian merchant, whose father was receiver of the customs at Damietta, and afterwards katib to Gezzàr Pasha, by whom, in a fit of bloodthirstiness, he was put to death. Michael and his sister, with another brother, were left orphans to the care of their uncle, Girius Ayda, who, having been an active adherent of the French when in possession of Egypt, was obliged, on their evacuation of his country, to abandon it, and retired with them to France He there obtained a pension from Buonaparte and the rank of general in the army.

Michael was then about nine years old. He was young and apt for literary acquirements, so that, as he grew up, he retained the Arabic language and acquired the French. At the age of seventeen, he became a teacher of Arabic, and copyist at the royal library in Paris, where he read the best authors in his native tongue, and acquired a correct knowledge of the Arabian poets. He had often heard speak of the great wealth which his father possessed; and he cherished the resolution within himself that, when arrived at man's estate, *he would go to Egypt, and try if any of it could* be recovered from the hands of those who, he was told, unjustly kept possession of it. Accordingly, in May, 1816, he carried his resolution into effect, and sailing from Marseilles landed at Alexandria.

Another uncle, who was living at Alexandria, had opposed by letter, and with all the means in his power, this voyage to Egypt. Michael Ayda therefore imagined that his relations in Egypt were in a league together, to prevent the recovery of his property. After his arrival at Alexandria, he brooded over this idea so deeply that, added to the strangeness of the people among whom he found himself, and the stories which he had heard from his boyhood of the barbarity of the Turks, it turned his brain. He fancied that the object of his journey was known to everybody, and that persons set on by his uncle were conspiring against his life.

Being, therefore, on the way from Alexandria to

Damietta by land, he one night thought that he observed one of the mule-drivers secretly approaching him with a knife in his hand, and fancied that it could be with no other intention than to murder him. Frantic almost to madness, he sprang upon his feet, fled, and, after wandering about for nearly twenty-four hours, arrived, worn out with fatigue and hunger, at Damietta. The cousin in some way heard that a person of his own name was arrived from France, and, finding him out, received him with the kindness of a near relation, clothed him, and expressed himself willing to give him every information respecting his father's property. But Michael Ayda was too deeply impressed with the supposed cruel intentions of his cousin ever to feel at peace, and, in the course of a couple of days, he entered a mosque, and proclaimed himself in the middle of the assembled congregation as one resolved to become a Mahometan.

As his air was bewildered, some of the shaykhs took him into a room, conversed with him, found out who he was, and sent to the cousin to know whether it was with his knowledge that Michael Ayda was about to take so important a step. The cousin hastened to the spot, and did all in his power to dissuade him, but in vain. The young man persisted in his purpose, submitted to the necessary but painful operation which his new faith required, and, at his own desire, was shipped for Syria in order to be out of the reach of his ideal enemies. He landed at Beyrout,

and his story soon reached Dayr el Kamar, where his uncle, named Nicola Turk, resided. This gentleman employed two stout and trusty men, who intercepted the caravan, by which he was going from Beyrout to Damascus, at Hamel-merge, in the Bkâ, and, by persuasions and threats, induced the muleteers to whose care he was entrusted to give him up. They carried him to Dayr el Kamar. He was there made by his uncle to abjure the Mahometan religion before the patriarch, and was restored to the privileges of a Christian.

This last act rendered his life forfeit to the Turkish law, and he now dared not stir beyond the precincts of the emir's district without running the hazard of being seized and impaled. His object, therefore, in throwing himself at Lady Hester's feet was to solicit her protection, and to beseech her to afford him an opportunity of embarking for Europe: but Lady Hester held it as a rule of conduct never to interfere in the religion of other persons, and, although she was willing to assist him, it was not in abetting his double apostacy. She endeavoured to show the young man, however, that his real interests lay in adhering to the Turkish religion, if indeed he was desirous of prosecuting the business which had brought him from France. If he remained a Christian, he ran the risk of being impaled, and must abandon the hope of the recovery of any of his father's property. Ayda was irresolute, half inclining to the faith of his family

and relations, and yet desirous of avoiding the life of misery and apprehension to which he should be exposed. Lady Hester told him finally that she could receive him only as a Turk, and that, once a confirmed Mahometan, he could not return again to the church through the medium of a priest of this country. He became, for some time, a tenant of one of her cottages; but melancholy had taken such deep possession of him that he was totally unfitted for active life. Here he devoted himself to Arabic poetry, and, by the aid of some books which I lent him, he speedily acquired a knowledge of Italian and English: but he was grievously superstitious; much imbued with the prejudices of the Levantines, although he had as yet never lived among them; and a believer in magic, alchemy, and all mystic sciences.

On the 28th of October, M. Didot, son of the celebrated printer, Firmin Didot of Paris, being on his travels through Sayda, was invited to the convent. With him was M. Le Grange, who had been studying Arabic two or three years at Zúk, a large village in the Keserwân, in order to qualify himself for the situation of *interprète de la cour pour les langues Orientales.*

It may be illustrative of the characters of the mountaineers on Lebanon to observe, that, about this time, the story of the Wapping baker, who appeared to a ship's crew in the flames of Mount Ætna, as they were sailing past Sicily, and was afterwards found to have died on the day on which he had been seen, had

got into circulation, and seemed to have made a deeper impression on the minds of all ranks of people than any piece of European news I ever heard discussed among them.

Lady Hester grew every year more fond of the hot bath. She would go into it two days following, staying in three or four hours at a time.

November the 15th, one of the little running footboys came panting up to me, crying, *Ana abasherak, Ana abasherak—I bring you good tidings.* This is a common way with persons of all ranks in the East, to endeavour to be first to tell good news; in which case a recompence is generally expected and given. The news was, that Giorgio Dalleggio, the Greek servant, sent to England, in June, 1815, was arrived in Sayda harbour, and that Mr. N., surgeon, who was come out as my successor, had arrived with him.

Giorgio had brought with him twenty-seven cases, which were all landed without examination by the custom-house officers of the place, a mark of civility invariably shown to Lady Hester during the whole of her residence in Syria; and which she returned twofold by an occasional present to the kumrukgy, or collector of the customs. Their voyage had been favourable, having left the River Thames on the 2nd of August. West of Malta they were fired into three times by the Tagus frigate, Captain Dundas, owing to some breach of the regulations existing between merchant vessels, when under convoy, and king's ships: be-

cause masters of merchant vessels, for the sake of gaining a few leagues in a long voyage, will often expose their freight and passengers to the danger of capture.

When Giorgio Dalleggio gave the history of his reception in England, it appeared that he had been much caressed. This had caused him to forget the benefits he had received from his mistress and to despise her service. He said that his Royal Highness the Duke of York was his intimate friend, and that everything he saw in England was inferior to what he had seen in Constantinople. The Princess Charlotte of Wales, on his delivering a letter from Lady Hester, gave him a silver chain. He remarked, when speaking of it, that, if these were the presents English princesses made, what was he to think of such mean people: he accepted it, he declared, only not to give her pain by his refusal. And soon after, when setting out for Damascus, he asked Lady Hester whether he should take the chain with him or not, and then answered himself by saying, "Well, I shall take it, but I will not say it was from her, lest I should give the Turks a mean opinion of English royalty." He asserted that the palaces in England were not so good as the prisons in Turkey.[1]

[1] In the same manner, Ibrahim, a groom who took over two horses which Lady Hester sent to the Duke of York and to Lord Ebrington, used to affirm that his Royal Highness the Duke shook hands with him, and that the Duchess danced with him.

Two Bedouins arrived on the 17th, with a letter from the emir of the Anizys, Mahannah-el-Fadel, bringing with them a colt, as a present to Lady Hester. The object of their mission was of some importance. Shaykh Nasar, in some dissensions that had sprung up between Mahannah and the governor of Hamah, had plundered the granaries of the governor of that place, after a battle in which Farez (Mahannah's son) was slain. The governor complained of the aggression to the pasha of Damascus; upon which the pasha vowed he would have Nasar's life, if ever he should be caught. Nasar, therefore, supplicated Lady Hester to intercede with the pasha for him; and hinted that, in case of her succeeding, it would be well to demand some pledge of his good faith in the performance of his promises; adding that, although the pasha's words were honeyed, there was always a sword under them. It was a fine sight to behold the Bedouins come and seek protection of a woman and a stranger.

This letter is not devoid of interest, as showing the style of Bedouin writing: for, although it is probable that some itinerant writer penned it, Mahannah dictated it.

To our dear Sister the Syt Hester, whom may the Almighty save, and whose days may he prolong unto us, whom she has breathed upon—this letter, with our most profound respect, comes greeting—Amen, O God of the Universe! Next, shouldst thou, our sister, inquire after us, thy brother, we,

praise be to God, are well, but ever anxious after thy perfect safety, which is the sum of our wishes and prayers.

From the time that you were with us, we have been in bloody affrays with the pasha. He it is that slew our son Farez and our men. This was God's doings, but we stopped the rout, and God, the most High, scattered them; so that we are, just now, quiet. But it behoves us that we should inform your Felicity, and give you tidings also of the state of Nasar. For two years past he has escorted the pilgrims (to Mecca): but we have no news that you are coming unto us. The bearer of this is our chieftain, Abd-el-Rasák, and if you wish for a mare, send word by him, and let us know · for we wait the commands of your Felicity.

MAHANNAH-EL-FADEL.

Whilst the Bedouins were sitting with me, on Tuesday, the 19th November, about half past eleven in the morning, the sky became by degrees overcast, and, unapprized of such an event, I did not at first perceive that the sun was eclipsed. I blackened a piece of glass with smoke, and made the Bedouins look through it; but they seemed to me to express no irrational astonishment whatever. The cottagers in the village brought out pans and kettles, and beat them to avert the evil influence of the heavens.

The twenty-seven cases which Giorgio had brought out from England for Lady Hester contained numberless articles of every kind, which she had ordered to be bought for her, to distribute as presents amongst her various friends and acquaintances in Turkey. With her usual method and expedition in business, these different objects

were, in a week's time, unpacked, ticketed, and arranged, so as to require nothing but the delivery of them to those for whom she intended them. My attention was chiefly occupied by Mr. N., to whom the country and its inhabitants were to be made familiar as speedily as possible, and who looked to me for such information on the climate and the diseases incident to it as my long residence in it might be supposed to have given me.

It was now finally resolved that I should embark by the earliest occasion for Europe: but, as there was a thermometer and a barometer, among some other things, which Lady Hester intended to give to Mâlem Haym, of Acre, I made one more journey to that place, as well to take leave of my friends there, as to explain to the Mâlem the nature of these two tubes, and where best to suspend them. Accordingly, on the 24th of November, I set off for Acre at noon, and slept that night at the Khudder, opposite Sarfend. I reached the Guffer Nakûra the next day, and, early on the third, arrived at Acre.

Having finished my business with Mâlem Haym, I then paid my last visits to my acquaintance. At one of their houses I met with a native of Acre, who, having accompanied the French in their flight from Syria, under Buonaparte, had become a soldier, and, by bravery and conduct, risen to be captain in the Imperial guard, and member of the Legion of Honour. Yet this man, had he remained in his native place,

would have been at best an humble shopkeeper, subject to the abuse, and occasionally to the blows, of his masters, the Turks.[1]

There was a strong feeling of party excited throughout the sea-ports of Syria about this time, by the death of the governor of Smyrna. It was a useful lesson to consuls and to other Europeans, not to hold out inducements to a Mahometan to violate the precepts of his religion. A Turk, who drinks, goes to balls and parties at European houses, flirts with Greek women, and forgets the gravity peculiar to his nation, may go on thus for a time; but eventually the Porte never pardons such flagrant violations of the precepts of the Prophet, and deprives him of his place or of his life. His successor is then chosen from those who are known to be very anti-Christian; or, if not naturally so disposed, he is obliged, in self-defence, to keep the Franks at a great distance, marking them as objects of contempt in every thing he does. This real or apparent severity is adopted throughout the country, and thus is generated mutual hatred, which, had that reserve been practised which is proper between people who can never thoroughly amalgamate, would not have happened.

Mr. Lewis Catafago, of Acre, who had conducted her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales to Jerusa-

[1] His name was Seraphim; and he spoke of Colonel Campbell as a person he knew at Elba, whither he had accompanied the Emperor Napoleon.

lem, bore testimony to her condescension and affability during the journey. The priests of the monastery there had circulated reports in prejudice of her generosity, by declaring that the corn supplied for her horses had been left unpaid for; although it was very well known that, besides paying very liberally for whatever was consumed by herself and suite, she settled an annual sum on the monastery.

On the 29th, I left Acre, and slept a few hours at Ras-el-Ayn. Whilst it was yet dark, I resumed my journey, and reached the river Khasmia about two hours before sunrise. Giovanni spread my carpet in the open field, in front of a ruined caravansery, where I lay down, in the hope of getting another nap: but I had hardly composed myself to rest, when the noise of horses' feet and of loud and dissonant voices startled me, and I sat up. Soon afterwards, about a hundred Hawáry horse soldiers rode up to the spot where I was; and it was so very dark that I cried out to prevent them from riding over me. As Giovanni was seated against a ruined wall, where he had made a fire to boil me some coffee, I was taken for a traveller, and not the slightest molestation was offered me. Each soldier dismounted at the place he liked best, unstrapped the foot-ropes from behind his saddle, to tether his horse; and immediately a hundred voices were heard of Mohammed, Yusef, Mahmoud, Selim, Ali, &c., crying, "Hand me a stone, to drive in my tethering-pin!"—"Will you lend me yours,

when you have done?" — with the like exclamations; and the iron pins were heard yielding a clang through the field to the strokes which drove them into the ground. Thus, in ten minutes, the whole troop was encamped. Then followed the noise of fighting and neighing among some of the horses, which had been tied too near to each other; for these soldiers ride chiefly stallions: but silence succeeded as soon as each soldier had unstrapped his corn-bag, and had hung it on his horse's head, whilst the riders drew from their wallets such provisions as they had brought from their last station. As each man carries his all on his horse, there were no baggage animals, and no tents to pitch. All squatted on the ground, to eat and smoke their pipes, and many lay down to sleep on the ground in their cloaks or sheepskin pelisses.

They took little or no notice of me; some few made acquaintance with Giovanni, whose pot of coffee they soon emptied, but not before he had given me what I required for myself. By their conversation, which I overheard, I found that they were a part of the troops who had assisted in ravaging the Ansáry territories under Mustafa Aga Berber, and Lady Hester's name was often mentioned.

As soon as day dawned, I left them, and continued on my way to Abra. This rencontre will serve to show that the alarms and descriptions of travellers respecting the Turkish soldiery may sometimes be exaggerated.

On the 3rd of December, I went down to Sayda. At about an hour before sunset, there came on a most heavy fall of rain; so that, using all the haste I could to quit the city, I found a little rivulet, which crossed the road on going through the orchards, so swollen that my horse could hardly ford it without falling. Such are the rains in these countries. M. Beaudin departed the same day for Acre, with five camel-loads of presents, for the pasha, for Mâlem Haym, and other individuals. The rain continued, without intermission, until the 8th.

On the 9th, Lady Hester had a suppliant at the convent, in the person of Mohammed Aga Tersýty, who came to demand money. He had been driven out of one of the towns between Hamah and Damascus by the new pasha, who had cut off his uncle's head, and avanized his family. I omitted to mention, in its proper place, that the pasha of Damascus, Sayd Solymân, had been replaced by Hafyz Ali Pasha, formerly Lord High Admiral. This pasha took the road for Damascus, through Asia Minor, with his myrmidons, and had no sooner arrived on the skirts of his pashalik beyond Hamah, than he began to reform many abuses that had crept into the administration. A new pasha generally enters into office with sanguinary measures. As he advanced, he confiscated the property of some, put others to death, and made the guilty of all sorts (or perhaps the rich) tremble. Mohammed Aga, Tersýty's uncle, was one

of these: and the nephew probably had his reasons for flight.

On the 13th, I took Mr. N. into the mountain, to show him a little of the country, and to introduce him to some of the persons who were occasionally in correspondence with Lady Hester. On our way, hearing that the Emir Beshýr was not at Dayr-el-Kamar, we turned from the road through the village Aynût to another, called Hazrûs, whither he had gone. He was out with his falcons, and we went on to Garýfy, where we passed the night at Shaykh Shems's. Mr. N. was so dreadfully tormented with the fleas, that, in the morning, his body looked as if he had the measles. This arose from his unwillingness to forego the English habit of undressing to his shirt, and sleeping on a bed. For myself, I slept on my small carpet, with my clothes on.

The next morning we returned to Hazrûs. Here we saw the emir, of whom I took leave preparatory to my voyage to England; and, having told him that we wished to see his palace at Bteddýn, which he requested we would do with all liberty, we left him. We took a different road from that which we had followed on the preceding day through Ayn Bayl, and Zimaruka, where reside some of the family of Zayn ed Dyn, Drûzes who have enjoyed the enviable privileges of supplying for many generations the common executioner. But it will hardly be believed that this family derives much importance from the office; so

that they would no more wish to lose it than a chieftain his fief. Nothing could exceed the romantic scenery we this day saw. The path lay principally by the side of the bed of a torrent, in a deep ravine between two lofty mountains, from which, in the lapse of ages, large fragments of rock had detached hemselves, and lay below in majestic confusion. The late rains had somewhat swelled the stream, and it occasionally foamed in cascades over the broken masses. Arriving at night at Dayr el Kamar, we were provided with lodging in the old palace, the residence of the emir before building that of Bteddýn.

I sent for Pierre, who proceeded to see that our supper was provided in the best style, and M. Ayda came to spend the evening with us. The next day we visited Bteddýn palace, which is really a very pleasing specimen of the irregularities and decorations of the present Syrian architecture. The most beautiful room is the *kâa*, which is not inferior in richness of ornament to some of the first rooms at Damascus. We made the acquaintance of Abûna Stefân (or Father Stephen), a priest and a physician, in which latter capacity he was now in attendance on the emir's lady. We were however called upon to intrude on his department by a request from the princess to enter the harým and prescribe for one of her women. But, as we saw only one room in the harým, our visit did not answer the purposes of curiosity which we had

hoped to derive from it. We returned the next day to Abra.

Christmas-day now came, and my departure was fixed for the next week; but the necessary preparations for a long voyage, and the number of letters which Lady Hester had to write, detained me until the 18th of January. It was not without great melancholy that I beheld the day arrive, which was to separate me from a country, where I had seen so many strange things, and from a person whose exalted courage, talents, and character, had gained an entire ascendency over my mind.

CHAPTER XIII.

Departure of the Author for Europe—Arrival at Larnaka, in Cyprus—Hospitality of M. Vondiziano, British vice-consul—Tours in the island—Leucosia—The Greek archbishop—City walls—Lepers—Cytherea—Monastery of St. Chrysostom—Famagusta—Return to Larnaka—Carnival amusements—Houses—Amour of Signor Baldo—Murder of Prince George Morusi—History of Signor Brunoni—Cypriote women not remarkable for beauty—Superstitious notions—The Greek archbishop and his dragoman Giorgaki—Insurrection of Turks—How quelled by Cara Pasha—Pusillanimity of the consuls—Thunder-storm—Lenten diet—Malignant fevers—Excursion in the interior—Idalia—Leucosia—M. Brens—Robbery in the governor's palace—Proceedings against the suspected—Intolerance towards freemasons.

On Saturday, January 18th, 1817, at two o'clock in the morning, I took leave of Lady Hester, Miss Williams, and Mr. N.; and, after a short night's rest, mounted my horse soon after sunrise, and departed from Abra (may I be excused for saying it?) amidst the tears and good wishes of the peasants, who followed me with blessings to the end of the vil-

lage green. M. Beaudin accompanied me, he having returned from Acre on the 29th of December.

We passed the tomb of Nebby Yunez (the Prophet Jonas), after it the river Damûr, and, at sunset, stopped at the Guffer el Naamy, abreast of the village of Naamy, which is on the hill, and from which the Guffer, or toll-house, takes its name. Our provision mule was better stocked than usual, and we made an excellent dinner on cold pasty of gazelle-venison, tarts, and plum-cake, besides cold fowls, and some other good things, with which Miss Williams was desirous of making my last day's travelling in Syria agreeable.

Next morning at daylight we mounted our horses, and, about a quarter of a mile from the Guffer, we passed a cemetery, which is called Kebûr el Yahûd (the Jews' tombs). It is nearly facing a ruined tower, called Burge el Rehán (the myrtle tower). The greater part of these tombs are oblong parallelograms, simply hollowed out of the rock; but others were elevated above its level, by having the rock cut away around them.

To go from Guffer el Naamy to Beyrout took us four hours. The ride was very beautiful during the last two hours, on a sandy soil, amidst olive plantations, and where the cultivation of the land was evidently attended to.

We were received in the house of the British agent. I was fortunate enough to find a schooner in the roads, bound for Cyprus, on board of which I took my pas-

sage. The vessel was Greek, from Eno, commanded by Captain Gregorio; but, as she was not to sail immediately, I returned on shore. M. Beaudin left me the next day. The British agent had just been very properly exercising his consular authority on a Venetian adventurer, who had endeavoured to pass himself off as a British officer of infantry, wearing regimentals. His right to the dress was disputed, and he was obliged to doff it.

On Tuesday, January 21st, just before sunset, I embarked. There were on board thirty-five passengers, Turkish pilgrims on their return from Mecca. I had paid for a berth in the cabin, which was only nine feet square; but, as my luggage was stowed away there, and there were four Turks cabin passengers besides myself, I resolved to sleep on deck, although the season was not that in which exposure to the night air is agreeable. The long-boat was hoisted in and put amidships, into which also four Turks immediately got, two of whom seemed to be very sick from the motion of the vessel, as I then thought. We put to sea with little wind. About three in the morning, a northerly breeze sprung up, and carried us on under reefed topsails. I lay down on the lee-side of the deck, wrapped up in my lambskin pelisse, which made an excellent bed.

On Wednesday, the 22nd, when daylight broke, everybody was sea-sick. About two o'clock in the afternoon, we saw Cyprus. The wind continued fresh,

and at sunset we were within five or six leagues of Larnaka. We hauled off for the night. I lay down on the deck as before, but was prevented from sleeping by groans which came from the long-boat, and, on inquiring what was the matter, I found that the two Turks who were ill had the dysentery. Soon afterwards one died; and the melancholy situation of the other was augmented by the intolerable effluvia, which it was impossible to prevent. A young Turk, ragged and poor, but of very interesting mien, was remarkable for the attention which he had paid to the two sick men, and now continued to the survivor, although he was himself dreadfully sea-sick: nor shall ever my testimony be wanting to the exemplary conduct and obedience which old age invariably receives from the Mahometan youth, relation or not, known or unknown.

At daylight we anchored in Larnaka roads. The dead Turk was immediately conveyed on shore, but not to the usual landing-place, lest the knowledge of a death in so short a passage should excite suspicions of plague, and cause the vessel to be put under quarantine; a precaution, which the preponderance the Greeks and Franks had in the island enabled them to enforce, but which was so easily evaded. I did not, however, wish to leave any uneasiness, from subsequent discovery, in the mind of the gentleman to whose house I was going, and I accordingly wrote a note to say that a Turk had died of dysentery during our passage, and that

there was no suspicion of plague in the case. Mr. Anthony Vondiziano, the British vice-consul, relied on my assertion, and received me forthwith into his house at Larnaka.

A Cephalonian by birth, he settled early at Cyprus, where he married the daughter of the English dragoman, by whom he had now six daughters. This increase of family induced him to build a pavilion, over the gateway of his courtyard and away from the house, entirely for the reception of strangers; and as so many English have lived in it, and as besides it may serve for a specimen of the modern edifices of Cyprus, a drawing of it is given.



ENGLISH CONSUL'S HOUSE AT LARNAKA.

M. Vondiziano has often been mentioned by travellers for the hospitable reception which he gave to the English. An ample fortune enabled him to do this with less inconvenience than some others who represented the British nation: but this circumstance ought not to diminish the feeling of obligation for hospitality exercised sometimes (as in my own person), for weeks and even months together.

The arrival of a traveller at the consular house is generally a signal for visits from all those who are in habits of friendship with the consul, impelled by curiosity and the desire of news. Four or five days were thus consumed, in which time I had made the acquaintance of half the people of the place.

A common subject of conversation for the entertainment of travellers is the history of those who have preceded them in the same route. Some gentlemen would be pleased to hear the things that were said of them; but I shall be excused from mentioning personal anecdotes, excepting where they have some reference to Eastern customs.[1]

As there was no vessel about to sail for Europe, I resolved to make an excursion into the interior of the island.

On Monday, January 28th, accompanied by Giovanni, (whom I had brought with me from Syria) I

[1] Messieurs Stratton, Fuller, Idliff, and Rennell, had been here in their way from Greece to Egypt; as well as Lord Belmore and family.

left Larnarka for Leucosia, the capital of the island, and called by the Franks Nicosia. The weather was cold, and, although I was clad in my lambskin pelisse, my fingers became quite benumbed. The first part of the road lay through a few fields of onions, artichokes, and other vegetables, cultivated for the supply of Larnaka market and of the vessels in the roads: but there were no trees whatever, and the soil had a bare appearance, being half covered with shingles. Two leagues from Larnaka we crossed the river Parthenia, and reached some low hills running apparently from the north-east side of the bay of Larnaka to the conical mountain now called *the Mountain of the Cross*. At the distance of four leagues, we arrived at Athegainos (pronounced by the modern Greeks Atheyanós), where we were to sleep.

Athegainos was a straggling village, containing probably seventy or eighty houses: it was nevertheless one of the largest on the island, the whole population of which it is said does not exceed 15,000 souls. Each cottage was enclosed by a very large yard, hedged in by a fence of prickly acacias, forming three sides of it, the fourth being buildings. The entrance was by large folding gates. Within, was a small room for travellers, the only furniture of which was a deal table placed on trestles to sleep on, with a cushion and mat on it. The floor was mud, uneven as the soil out of doors. Beyond this was a cow-lodge; then the cottage for the family, a stable for the mules, a

straw room, and a lodge; in all five: the whole built of sunburnt bricks, with flat roofs on rafters covered with canes laid close together. There was a well in the yard. Such was the construction of all the houses in the village. The peasants there had but one occupation, that of carriers, owing to their central situation between Larnaka and Leucosia. They, their wives, and children, seemed filthy in their persons and habits. They however ate with knives and forks, sat on chairs, and slept on beds raised from the ground: in all which circumstances they differed from the Christians and Turks of Syria, and by some persons will, on that account, be supposed to be further advanced in civilization.

We left Athegainos early in the morning, and, at a small distance on the left, passed a mountain of about a mile long, in shape like an inverted hog-trough. Two or three others, of the same form, might be seen in different directions. On the left was a small conical mountain, the top of which looked like a ruin, but it was the strata of the rock which assumed that appearance. Beyond it was a stream, called Zalia; but neither this nor the one passed on the preceding day flows in summer.

A long range of mountains lay before us, stretching from the north part of the island to the level of Leucosia. Our road was west, somewhat northerly. Near the stream of Zalia was a Turkish village, and over the stream a small but neat bridge. The valley

through which the Zalia runs had scattered olive trees planted in it; and we saw near the road, on the right and on the left, two single houses of three stories high, larger and better-looking than any we had yet observed out of Larnaka. These, my guide told me, belonged to Turkish agas, or gentlemen.

The face of the country had hitherto varied but little from a level, and the chain of low hills over which we had come was approached by so gradual a rise, and quitted by so gentle a descent, as to be almost imperceptible. In about two hours, we came in sight of the minarets of Leucosia, of which I counted seven. Two of these, belonging to the church of St. Sophia, towered above the others. Within a quarter of a mile of the city, upon the brow of an elevation, we enjoyed a full view of the place, which, from the number of palm and cypress trees interspersed among the houses, wore a picturesque appearance. The walls, I observed, were broader at the base than the summit. Close to the gate of the city was an infirmary for lepers—a small house, from which pitiable objects, consuming with disease, issued, to the number of thirty or forty, importuning for alms. A long, vaulted gateway, lighted half way through by a pierced dome, led us into the streets. The custom-house officer, placed at the entrance, questioned me on my luggage, but suffered me to proceed. We turned short to the left into the Christian quarter, where lived the archbishop, to

whom I had a letter of introduction. On alighting, I was ushered into his presence by several priests, and found a man about forty-five years old, handsome in person, and richly attired in a sable pelisse. His address was pleasing; and, when he had read the letter I presented, he received me with much politeness, expressing great regard for the British nation. But, as French travellers, and those of other nations, relate that the like expressions have been used to them, it will be excusable if we suppose that the natural urbanity of the priest caused him to give an equal share of civility to all strangers. His name was Cyprianus, and he had sprung from a peasant family.

Coffee and pipes were served, after which, it being now noon, the time of the first repast of the Orientals, we went to table. If a number of servants could constitute greatness, this prelate might vie with the first duke in England; for we had no fewer than twenty to wait at table, and I was told that he had fifty in the palace. The repast was what is called excellent in Turkey, but would seem strange to a European.

The archbishop received great reverence from his followers. No Greek sat down in his presence, except when commanded to do so. Such as entered the room prostrated themselves (which means that they bent forward until they touched the floor with their hands), and bared the head, a degree of servility which the Turks, their masters, have not exacted from

them, proving that men, when tyrannized over, become themselves vile, and exercise the same or even more, tyranny towards their inferiors. The Englishman thinks he degrades himself when he kisses the pope's toe; the Greek licks the very dust on which the archbishop walks. I say nothing of the archbishop's privilege of signing his name with red ink, and of wearing the purple, so often mentioned by other travellers; or of his having two janissaries at his gate, wihch latter distinction is a concession made to him by the Turkish government, as head of the only recognized Christian church. Eastern enjoyment, or a priest's idleness, was exemplified in the mode in which the archbishop washed his hands after dinner. The chair in which he sat was swung round by his attendants (grace having been said), and another arm-chair was brought, with the back between his knees, on the seat of which was placed a broad basin. The arms of the chair afforded support to his arms; and, whilst the water was poured on his hands, the back prevented the wet from falling on his clothes. His palace was roomy, but old and patched. Facing the palace was a handsome new building, that would do honour to any potentate in Europe. This was a college, founded from the funds of the church, for the instruction of youth, having professors of ancient and modern Greek, of Arabic, of Italian, and of church music. The exercises of some of the scholars were shown to me, and I listened with advantage to a

lecture of one of the professors. One scholar, a student principally in Italian, had made a progress that was quite astonishing; and I read a very clever Italian composition, written by him in his capacity of secretary to the archbishop, the fruits of knowledge acquired in one year. The edifice consisted of a vestibule, from which branched two saloons, with sofas at the extremities and tables in the middle. Out of these saloons, to the left and right, were four apartments, making eight altogether, where the professors taught. The latter rooms had desks and benches for the pupils.

I visited, in the afternoon, the church of St. Sophia, converted into a mosque by the Turks when the Venetians lost Cyprus to them. The interior was lofty, consisting of a nave, supported by five massive Saxon-like pillars on either side. At the bottom was a semicircular window, where, as well as up the side aisles, the pillars were of less dimensions. There were several old carpets spread on the ground, one of which was very large.[1] The governor's palace, whither I next went, was an irregular building, with a large courtyard, and a corridor round the first and upper story. Such private houses as I entered were commodious, spacious, and of great neatness.

The walls of the city were of considerable thick-

[1] It never happened to me to see carpets in Turkey so large as those which, under the name of Turkey carpets, cover English dining-rooms.

ness, broad enough, on the ramparts, to admit two carriages abreast. They had bastions at small distances, faced with sunburnt bricks, whilst the curtains were faced with stone. The bastions probably had been repaired since the time of Pococke, for they no longer represented a semicircle, as he describes them, but were an imperfect triangle, with truncated corners. On the three bastions nearest to the Famagusta gate were eight or ten pieces of cannon. There were three gates—that of Paphos, that of Famagusta, and a third which I did not note down. Some embrasures of turf, very recently made, were observable, and were constructed probably during the time of a recent insurrection in Cyprus, to which I shall presently advert. In Leucosia the guard was set every night on the walls, and the watches were cried.

On Wednesday, the 30th, I went to see the lepers at the city gate. There were among them persons of both sexes and of all ages; some with the joints of the fingers gone, some with blotches, and all more or less deformed. Most of them were people of low birth, generally peasants; some were Moslems and some were Christians. The little information I obtained from them amounted to this; that those who lost the first joints of their hands had nails growing on the second; that the heat of a fire was invariably pernicious, visibly increasing their complaint; that sleep and appetite were not diminished generally by it; that hot water had not the same

effect on them as the heat of a fire. One told me that, when first attacked in the fingers, he thought he saved them by having the actual cautery applied to both his arms. Another said he had been in the leper-house thirty-five years. Men and women lived promiscuously, but I could not learn whether any children had resulted from this intercourse. It may, however, here be observed, that there was a woman in the village of Abra who had lost the first phalanges of both hands by leprosy, yet this woman had a daughter, who was well-looking, healthy, and the mother of five most beautiful children, all free from every symptom of the grandmother's complaint.

I spent the evening with the archbishop. The title of the prelate is *μακάριοτάτος (most blessed.)* His *archimandrites* was a man of peculiarly venerable appearance. But the most learned person that it was my fortune to see in Leucosia was Andreas, dragoman to the archbishop, whose business lay in transacting the affairs of government between the governor of the island and the archbishop. There were numerous baths in Leucosia.

I took leave of my host over-night, and, on the morning of the 31st January, prosecuted my journey for Cytherea, now called Cherki, the true situation of the ancient Cytherea being assigned to a spot one league south of Cherki. After riding half an hour, we passed the river Pedias, close to which was a small Turkish village, called Miamillia. The bed of

the river was deep; for the soil through which it ran was loose and sandy, and easy to be washed away by a rapid stream. At that time, as the rains had ceased some days, the water that flowed was no more than a rivulet. The road was parallel to the chain of mountains, called (from a five-fingered inequality on the ridge which was on our left) Pentedactylus. In two hours' time we reached Cytherea.

I had a letter of introduction to a farmer, named Petráki, the chief person in the village. Though a rustic, he had nevertheless a spacious house and six house-servants, always a serious consideration to the traveller, who, as he casts his eye over them, and marks the alacrity with which they run to serve him and neglect their master, is obliged to check his self-complacence, by the recollection that all this is but a larger draft on his purse when he departs. I ate some excellent pork, boiled down to a jelly and dressed with a sour sauce in the manner of the French. The female part of the family, although seen occasionally bustling about in the duties of the house, did not sit down to table with us.

Cytherea was a long, straggling village, producing a great quantity of cotton and oil, and making abundance of silk. The oil was esteemed the best in the island. From the foot of Mount Pentedactylus issued a copious spring, in a stream which, in its course, turned twenty-four mills, besides irrigating the grounds and orchards. My host told me that the

delicious atmosphere of Cytherea brought on him frequent visits from the Turks of Leucosia, who came as often as two or three times a week to take the air, and were generally entertained at his expense. He expressed himself an ardent well-wisher to the cause of the Franks, and prayed for the moment when they would relieve Cyprus from the yoke of the Turks: but his prayers for the emancipation of the Greeks, I fear, were mercenary; for he said he should like to know whether any great changes threatened the Turkish empire, as, in that case, he might be spared the expence of a *barattery*, or license, which he was about to purchase.

A barattery was formerly a patent, which might be purchased from the Turkish government by Christian subjects. It cost 3000 piasters; and by it the purchaser was entitled to leave his property to his children, to wear certain coloured clothes and yellow shoes, and to some other privileges, not permitted to rayahs or unredeemed Greeks. It was the practice in the golden days of the European ambassadors at Constantinople to make a traffic of these baraterries; but the evil grew to such a height, that the Porte was obliged to interfere.

The peasants' cottages were built of bricks dried in the sun, and, apparently, were comfortable enough. I could discover no antiquities or inscriptions.

Early in the afternoon, we remounted our mules, and, partly retracing our steps, proceeded in a north-west

direction to the monastery of Chrysostomus, up the side of Pentedactylus, at the summit almost of which is built the monastery. The foot of the mountain is of a barren argillaceous soil, producing nothing but a few stunted firs, and some oleanders in the water-courses. This whitish gray coloured soil ceased, and after it came the upper chain, which was of a reddish coloured rock.

We arrived at St. Chrysostom's about sunset. The spot was not devoid of beauty, being a semi-circular flat, indented in the side of the mountain. In front of it was a miserable hamlet. Two or three cypresses, with some vines and lemon trees, made up an orchard, which could not fail of being an embellishment to the place in the summer season: at present, it was robbed of its verdure. We found in the monastery one monk, an old woman, and a boy. Some rice, which I had with me, a little leben, procured from the hamlet, and some rammakins, dressed in oil, afforded a comfortable supper: and, after the priest had entertained me with a description of the milordi who had been there, my guide, the muleteer, produced from his wallet a violin, which he played on in a manner by no means disagreeable — yet he was but a rough peasant. I was then left to repose, wrapped up, as was my custom, in my lambskin pelisse, and without bed or covering. In this way no fleas molested me.

The following morning, at sunrise, I visited the ruins that overhang the monastery, and which go by the name of *τὰ σπητια της ρεαυος.* The ascent was difficult, and, for nearly the whole way, impracticable to mules. On reaching the summit, which here was a peak, I enjoyed an extensive prospect both to the south, over the land I had traversed, and to the north along the coast. Between the mountains and the sea, to the north, there was a sloping plain from one to three miles in breadth, and running east and west as far as the eye could see. Towards the west it appeared to be well wooded; and it had already been described to me as affording the most beautiful scenery in the island. From this point was seen Lapithus, whose true name is Lampua. It is called, by the Turks, Lapta. The high mountains seen to the west are called Τρυγῳδὸς, pronounced Truothos.

Having satisfied myself with the view, I turned to the ruins. They consisted of four or five stone houses, of tolerably solid but modern structure, built one above the other, and which once were connected by steps in the rock, now crumbled away. The uppermost was a church, and those beneath seemed to have been parts of a monastery; both because such places were commonly built on the most elevated spots, and because there was nothing castellated in the walls. The situation was certainly as well fitted for a place of strength as for a monastery; but ruins, in Syria at

least, of the nature of a fortress always showed crenelated battlements, loopholes, or something appropriate to defence, of which this had none.

We descended to the monastery, where I breakfasted, and then departed for Famagusta. Cytherea lay in my route; and, in passing through it again, as I beheld its verdant foliage and its purling rivulets, there seemed to be nothing but the hand of love and refinement wanting to make it yet one of the most picturesque spots in nature. Its situation, at the foot of a mountain, on a slope, with an extensive plain in front, is not unlike Bâlbec, but in more diminutive proportions.

We kept along the lower chain of hills, in an easterly direction, and passed through two Turkish villages. Round one of these the land was cultivated with the utmost neatness. In Cyprus the husbandman's annoyance is the squill plant, which springs up amidst the corn almost every where. Here it had been so carefully destroyed, that not one was to be seen. My guide lost his road, and it was necessary to make inquiries at one of the cottages; but, wherever we knocked, a voice from within cried out either—"There are no men at home;" or, "The men are at plough;" and, as Turkish women do not appear before strangers, we were considerably embarrassed. At last, however, we met an obliging peasant, who, taking me for a Mahometan Arab, walked nearly a mile to put us

right, and excused himself that he could go no farther, on the plea of having his cattle to drive in.

About one league farther on, in a south-easterly direction, we reached a Christian village, called Marathon. The sun had set, and there was a gleam across the landscape, just enough to give to every thing around an illusive appearance. The women were returning from the well with water on their heads; and their white dresses, as they floated in the wind, gave them a look not unlike what my imagination pictured the maidens of earlier times to have been on this once happy island. Alas! an unseemly reality soon dissipated these visions of fancy. I was led to the house of a Greek papas, who, seeing the guest with whom he was about to be burdened for the night, bawled, in a stentorian voice, to a dirty wife and half a dozen children, and, by his rough hands, uncombed beard, and the dexterity with which he housed his cows, showed himself to be more of a labourer and husbandman than of an ecclesiastic. His lodging, nevertheless, was commodious, and, when he found that he should be paid, his welcome was hearty.

As it was now full moon, we took advantage of its light, and departed next morning two hours before daylight. We passed several little villages and hamlets on our way: and, keeping an easterly direction, we reached the sea-shore about eleven o'clock, near to

a large red brick monastery, called St. Barnabas. We then turned short to the right, towards Famagusta, compelled to take this circuitous route, owing to the swamps made by the River Pedias in this season of the year. These were so extensive, that the former possessors of the country had constructed a long causeway and bridge over the extremity of it, where the water of the river discharged itself by an outlet into the sea.

When we were safe over the bridge, we arrived, in about half an hour, at the monastery of St. Luke, which is abreast of the city of Famagusta. It belonged to the Greeks, and was a sort of spacious cottage, kept by a single monk, who received us with a forced smile, not having the most distant idea that I was a Frank. Nor could I, for some time, persuade him that I was one, so much did my dress, my tanned face, and the language I spoke in to my servant, disguise me: for the priest did not understand Arabic, and therefore was not able to detect my foreign accent.

It was customary for Christians to take up their lodgings either there or in the village of Merash, close by, there being, as I was told, a law that no Christian should lodge in the town of Famagusta. Prohibitions of this sort, however, were probably not strictly enforced towards Franks; as no inhabitant of Famagusta would, I am persuaded, have been so uncivil as to

eject a Frank traveller, who demanded merely a night's lodging.

After dinner, I walked with the priest to the town. We made the circuit of the fortifications, which are very considerable. We then visited the port, the ancient church of St. Sophia, now a ruined Gothic edifice, and afterwards betook ourselves to the coffee-house, to smoke a pipe. Some Turks, who were sitting on the benches at the door, made me welcome, and severally desired the waiter to present me with a cup of coffee, which is a mark of civility they show to a friend, or to one whom they have not seen for some time. I came away with much good will in my heart towards them.

On the following morning, the 2nd of February, we departed betimes, in order to arrive early at Larnaka, as the appearance of the sky indicated the approach of a storm. We marched two hours by moonlight, as on the preceding day, over an uncultivated champaign country. When the sun rose, we found ourselves abreast of a Christian village. The land around it attracted my notice by the high state of its cultivation. The soil itself seemed rich, being of a fine red mould. Soon afterwards, we again came upon uncultivated plains, which lasted for two leagues more, and then reached the village of Ormethia, on the sea-shore, where the English consul had a country-house, at which I alighted. Giovanni procured such provisions

as the place afforded, and I rested and ate something. One league before coming to Ormethia, there grew a low shrub like the juniper, which covered the soil as far as the village. From Ormethia to Larnaka, the road lay by the sea-side. At three o'clock I reached Mr. Vondiziano's, having been absent seven days. Cyprus afforded more accommodation for travellers than Syria; for at every little distance there generally was a convent, where was to be found a sufficiency of most necessaries. In most parts, the roads were good.

I had arrived in Cyprus in the middle of carnival; and, as the Catholics formed the greater portion of the Franks, this festival was celebrated with much gaiety. There were two faro-tables constantly open, to which fathers, mothers, and children, resorted together. In adjoining rooms were balls; and dissipation exerted its most baneful effects on the morals and constitutions of young and old. At the end of the faro-room, an elevated sofa afforded the spectators an opportunity at once of smoking and of enjoying the game. The transition from the sober and grave habits of those I had just left in Syria to the tumultuous assemblies of those I was now among, formed a striking contrast, which somewhat shocked me, and was, upon the whole, favourable to the Mahometans.

The Frank society was composed of a few individuals of every nation in Europe. In Europe, the Turks are cried down as barbarians; no doubt because arts, and sciences, and polite letters, are so little cul-

tivated among them; but in Cyprus the epithet was applied to them because they did not gamble, dance, and drink wine: and, affecting an opposite extreme, the Franks ran into excesses unknown in the countries they sprang from. But, in a society made up of parts so heterogeneous, and which could never, from the constant clashing of its religious and social institutions, amalgamate, no wonder that the whole had a tendency to confusion, which could only serve to let loose men's vicious propensities without confirming their virtuous dispositions.

Each consul was the head of the subjects of the nation he represented: he was a king to them, and nothing to others. Hence the friendship of the consul was immunity from laws, and his enmity a bugbear to the poor only; for the wealthy did not hesitate to change masters, when those they acknowledged were no longer sufficiently complaisant; and there were persons, who, by what is called "changing protection," had been English, French, Swedish, Ragusan, and Danish, subjects, in the course of a few years.

Larnaka, as to its buildings, represented, in some manner, a large country village in England. The houses were straggling, and built of sun-dried bricks; they were, nevertheless, not devoid of neatness in their exterior; and, in their interior, they were commodious, spacious, and, in some instances, handsome. They were mostly of two stories, having generally a large courtyard, with a coach entrance for their

calèches. All had window casements, with weather-board blinds. There were no fireplaces in their rooms, nor was it ever cold enough for two days following to make a fire desirable. In some of the best furnished houses, there was much richness and even elegance displayed in the furniture, as far as French clocks, fine chandeliers, lamps on pedestals, good prints, tables, beaufets, and sofas, can be so considered.

I made a ground-plan of a house at Citi, near Larnaka, considered as one of the best country-houses in the neighbourhood. It was built of sun-dried bricks; and, being neither plastered nor whitewashed externally, had a sombre appearance, like the cottages on the banks of the Nile; indeed, throughout Cyprus, there were many marks of its intercourse with Egypt. This house was two stories high. The whole of the buildings were walled in. A garden, containing orange and lemon trees, attached to it, was irrigated by a Persian wheel, turned by a mule. Citi is about two leagues and a half from Larnaka; and its name is a corruption of the ancient Citium.

The calèches in use in Cyprus were like clumsy cabriolets, being a rude single-horse chaise, without an apron or splashing board, guided by a driver who sat on the shaft. All the houses had large ovens. The water of Larnaka is not what I should call bad, but Pococke has pronounced it to be so. Lamb, mutton, game, and pork were plentiful, and beef was generally to be had.

The Christian inhabitants of this island had little purity of blood. The Franks were not Europeans, and the Greeks, intermarrying perpetually with the Franks, had ceased to have the characteristics of their own nation. I do not, however, wish to speak disrespectfully of persons who were generally so very kind to me.

The habits of living of a Greek family in Cyprus may be gathered from that with which I was staying. Many Greek families, although mixing in free intercourse with Europeans, retained much of their nationality. Their wives very seldom frequented places of diversion, had fewer parties, and, when at home, confined themselves to the gynæceum and nursery, where they were employed in household affairs, and the care of their children. During more than a month, there were two persons only who came and dined in a family way with Mr. Vondiziano, and these were relations. His wife's brother was preceptor to his eldest girl; and for the three next there was a priest, who taught them to read the New Testament and some homilies, which works were in Hellenic Greek. They learned to write likewise, and I believe a little ciphering. We retired to our separate rooms, generally about seven o'clock at night, and the whole family was often in bed at eight, to rise with the sun next morning.

There is a story of somewhat ancient date, which was told me by Mr. Vondiziano, touching two mer-

chants, Englishmen, who, when residents in Larnaka, finding their affairs unprosperous, resolved to quit the island with éclat. Their names I will conceal out of delicacy to their children. They invited a very large party to a splendid fête, and, in the midst of it, disappeared, and, embarking on board a vessel prepared for the purpose in the roads, they sailed for Europe, leaving their creditors all the spoils in biscuits, wax-candles, and French wines.

I was fortunate enough to procure some antiquities at Larnaka, one of which, of whitest marble, in shape like a tailor's goose, the handle finished off by two lions' heads, was dug out of the ruins of Citium, and seemed to intimate that the ancients confined their doors against blasts of wind in the same way that is done now-a-days. It is now in the possession of Newman Smith, Esq. of Croydon Lodge.

Soon after my arrival, the whole island was thrown into commotion, by an event which it will not be amiss to relate, as illustrative of the state of society in Cyprus. The dragoman of the Austrian consul, a Greek by birth, and of the Greek persuasion, but enjoying by his post a Frank protection, had an only daughter twelve years of age, beautiful as the day. Her father, adhering to the customs of his nation, kept her confined to the house, secluding her from the sight of everybody but her relations, and allowing her the privilege of going to mass three times a year only, in company with them, on the grand holydays

of their religion. Her charms, however, were the talk of every circle. She was sought for in marriage by several Greek gentlemen; but the father's ambition led him to hope for still more advantageous proposals, and each suitor was declined in turn.

There was a Ragusan merchant resident in Larnaka, about thirty-five years of age, very rich, and, from his wealth, held in much consideration. He was the brother of one of the consuls. The maiden excited his desires, and he resolved to attempt the illicit gratification of them. The father possessed a little farm in the country, to which he went occasionally to superintend his agricultural business. Constantine, (for that was the Ragusan's name) had secured in his interests a Turkish woman, who, under the cloak of a suppliant, obtained admission into the house. She made known his passion to the girl, whose vanity was gratified by the admiration of a man so distinguished in her eyes, whilst she felt besides a predilection towards Franks, because they were known to allow their wives greater liberty than the Greeks.

During the absence of the father at his farm, the maid-servant, who was her duenna, betrayed her trust, and Constantine was introduced into the house, where he effected his dishonourable purposes. He repeated his visits, as occasions offered, for some time, until she found herself pregnant. Alarmed at her condition, she informed her lover of it, and begged him to bring her a potion to procure abortion. He soothed

her alarms, and desired her to be under no apprehension; assuring her that, in bearing him a child, she would but secure a testimony of their love, and a pledge of the promise he had given her of soon making her his wife.

Her increasing size could not escape the observation of her father, who, unsuspicious of the real cause, was amused with a story of female complaints, for which some old woman's nostrum was pretended to be applied. Some months passed on in this way, until, on the 8th of February, a few days after my landing on the island, the distressed girl escaped from her father's house to that of a friend, and there, with tears in her eyes, and overwhelmed with shame and confusion, disclosed her situation.

The news spread like wildfire, and the outcry against Constantine knew no bounds: but, with the assurance of impunity, he appeared at a public ball the same evening, and, as some persons maliciously remarked, was the admiration of the fair sex more than he ever had been. The Greeks, however, in a body, took up the cause, with a determination to make him their victim, unless he rendered ample satisfaction to their injured honour. They made a party affair of it: for, of seven vice-consuls who resided at Cyprus, three were Greek, who held together against those who were of Frank extraction. Constantine was called upon to repair the dishonour done to the young lady, and, through her, to the Greek nation, by marriage. The

archbishop of the island was written to, and application was made to the Turkish governor, who put Constantine under arrest, so that he seemed to have no alternative but to comply.

He alleged, however, in excuse of what he had done, that he was not the only one who had enjoyed the favours of the girl—that the father, who lived in concubinage with his maid-servant before the eyes of this young creature, could not expect her to escape the influence of so bad an example. He cited the Germanic law, to which they were both amenable, and by which a fine of money only was awarded to the aggrieved party, in case of seduction, which he was ready to pay. He asserted that he had made no promise of marriage, and, consequently, could not be compelled to take her for his wife. He insinuated that the girl was artful enough to have planned the whole affair, in the hope of thus ensuring herself a good match, aware that, both in the order of events and from her father's situation and small fortune, she could not expect to be so well married in any other way. Finally, he declared, that, whatever might be the consequence, he repudiated her. He knew, he said, the vindictive spirit of the Greeks; and, if they had resolved on assassinating him, why, let the worst happen: he had made his will, and would abide by the event. Added to all this, several of the inhabitants spoke of the practice the young lady had of secretly going to the house-door, and of saluting

young men as they passed by; whilst, whenever she saw ladies coming, she disappeared, as if conscious of doing something improper.

The father and the Greek party, on the contrary side, said that the girl was too young and too innocent to have acted otherwise than from the impulses of nature and the suggestions of her seducer; whilst the go-between, when interrogated, testified to the admission of Constantine only to the house. They produced two rings given by him as tokens of a promise of marriage.

The affair was thus advocated with the utmost bitterness of party spirit on both sides. Constantine, finding that threats were thrown out against his life, stirred very little from home: and it was thought that resort would be had to the ambassador of Austria at Constantinople to decide on the case: but here another difficulty intervened. Whenever the consuls were at variance, the Turks took advantage of their quarrels, and it was only by their union that they could make a stand against them. The girl, therefore, was at last sacrificed to political reasons, and Constantine consented to pay a certain sum as her dowry to any one who would marry her. This, with the distribution of a few douceurs, quieted the outcry. A person was not long wanting, who offered himself as her husband; but his low rank in society and mercenary character precluded the unfortunate victim from the hopes of happiness for the rest of her life.

In 1812, when, as it was said at the instigation of the French ambassador, much persecution was exercised against the family of the Morûsis, at that time enjoying the highest dignities which the Porte awards to her Greek subjects, one of them, Prince George Morûsi, was banished to Cyprus, where he lived for a few weeks unmolested, and in great privacy. I was making a visit with Signor Vondiziano to a person named Bosovitch, inhabiting a large house at the strand of Larnaka, when, the conversation turning on beheading, a person who was present said, "It was on this sofa I saw the Prince George Morûsi so barbarously murdered;" and he proceeded to relate the way in which it was done. "We had just risen from dinner, and the prince had reseated himself to smoke his pipe, when a slight bustle was heard on the staircase, and an armed Turk, with two others behind, entered the room. They looked steadily for half a minute at us, and the prince, who beheld them, dropped his pipe, turned pale as ashes, and fell back almost inanimate: for he apprehended immediately what business they were come upon. The first Turk advanced to him, and shot him through the body. We were three of us present: we leaped from the sofa, and, as the murderers paid no attention to us, we got out of the room into the passage. There everything was in confusion; and, in the midst of it, the chaplain of the prince pulled me aside. 'Secrete these things immediately,' he said, and gave me a watch

with some jewels and rings; all which I afterwards restored to the family at a proper time. Whilst this was doing, the Turks, to make their work sure, had strangled the prince with a girdle, and had dragged the body into the passage. They then retreated by the street door, no one daring to follow or cry after them.

"When they were out of sight, we went immediately to the governor, and told him what we had seen. He pretended astonishment and horror at the deed, and immediately gave orders to his police officers to search the town and bring the assassins before him. This farce was carried on some days, although every one knew that the soldiers were the governor's men, and that he had authority from the Porte for what he had done."

Let me now narrate a story of a different nature, and of a more innocent and enlivening cast. The conversation of Larnaka turned much upon it, as soon as Signor Constantine's affair had blown over. Signor Brunoni's history was singular. He was about to quit Cyprus for Italy, and was reputed to carry with him a fortune estimated at half a million of piasters, or £15,000 sterling.

An Italian by birth, he belonged originally to the fraternity of monks of St. Francis, called in the Levant the monks of the Holy Land. He was a lay brother; and, it is said, disgusted with his calling, he obtained from Rome a dispensation to throw off his

frock. As soon as he returned to the world, he professed himself a doctor; and, being of a handsome presence and of insinuating manners, he established himself so effectually in the good-will of the people of Leucosia, the capital, that, at the end of twenty-five years, when he left the place to reside at Larnaka, on the sea-coast, he was escorted on his way to town by the principal inhabitants, as a testimony of the respect they bore him.

On coming to Larnaka he continued to exercise his profession, and, at the same time, turned merchant. But his neighbours were surprised to see that, on a sudden, he threw a capital into his business, superior to that of the oldest and wealthiest merchants. Shortly afterwards he sent his eldest son, a lad, to Italy, under pretence of giving him a good education; but reports soon reached the island that the son had purchased, in his father's name, a large estate for some thousands of pounds. Many were the surmises and conjectures how he had amassed so much wealth, when at last a trifling circumstance led to the discovery. Signor Brunoni offered for sale to a friend a large silver lamp, saying it had been the property of the pope, but was sold during his holiness's troubles, and had, from hand to hand, come into the possession of his son, who, thinking it would suit some devout person of Cyprus, had sent it to him. Some one, to whom it was shown, on examining the lamp, discovered on the back of it the name of Seneca, and re-

collected that a wealthy Venetian family of that name once flourished in Cyprus. He talked of the coincidence, until it was asked whether Signor Brunoni might not have found a hidden treasure: and then it was that, by degrees, the following account came to light. It appeared that, adjoining to his own residence at Leucosia, lived a poor single woman, in a small house, but which was her own property. This woman hired herself to Signor Brunoni as a servant; and, after living with him some years, she, in a moment of confidence, showed him some papers she had in a chest, which she had inherited from her father with the house. One of these was an indication to a treasure buried under the house. Brunoni pretended to take time to look over them, copied them, and secretly resolved to make the search. He first purchased the house for a trifle; then joined it to his own as a surgery, and succeeded, to his great joy, in finding what he was in search of.

The woman lived with him always afterwards, and, when he quitted the island, he settled a pension on her. But what renders the truth of the story more probable, if confirmation were wanting, is, that discoveries of this sort were by no means rare. Venetian families would transmit from Venice notices of treasures concealed by their ancestors in Cyprus, and left by them at their expulsion by the Turks in the fifteenth century. But a griping government, and the impossibility of searching houses and places which

had passed into the hands of strangers, had prevented those entrusted with these documents from acting upon them. Instances occurred very frequently of several coins of the same stamp being offered for sale in quick succession. Many a man had been known to disappear on a sudden from the island, and it had been ascertained afterwards that he had fled from his country, to enjoy, without risk, the fruits of a fortunate discovery. For if it were but whispered that an Ottoman subject had found concealed treasures, the government claimed them; and the distrust which existed in the official authorities, lest a part should be withheld, often subjected the finder to blows and even torture.

It would appear affectation in my readers to say, that they do not feel a desire to know whether the women at Cyprus retain any of those charms and of that amiability which once drew down the protection of the goddess of beauty on the isle. I reluctantly confess that the favours of that deity were no longer so manifest as of old, although votaries were not wanting at her shrine; but yet some exceptions ought to be made.[1]

[1] I was informed that, in the village of Trisolias, there was a woman, thirty-five years of age, with a tail. She was the daughter of a papas, named Yennion. My informant was the archimandrites, a man respectable from his situation and age. When entreated by me to allow me to make use of his name or to furnish me with a letter, as a means of seeing her, he refused both requests.

The voices of the Cypriot women had something in them peculiarly dissonant, and they all seemed to speak in a false tone, nor did use ever make these shrill accents agreeable. They were not, in general, beautiful, nor was their dress graceful, being in no sense calculated to display their shapes. Seen from behind, they resembled nothing so much as a horse in a mantua-maker's show-room, with a dress appended to it. In their habits they were indolent; they were not good although niggardly housewives. They were oftener to be seen at the windows and doors of their houses than elsewhere, looking at passengers with the most idle curiosity. They were addicted to the grossest superstitions. For example: when oil is spilt from a lamp, a cruet, or otherwise, some dire misfortune is supposed to overhang the family; and, upon one occasion, having the misfortune to upset a lamp, I saw the eyes of the servants turned upon *me*, as on one whose presence foreboded evil. A neighbour would in vain attempt to obtain a light from the adjoining house, if applied for after sunset. These superstitions are harmless enough; but they become hurtful when they interfere with the cultivation of a useful study. Thus, a labourer on the estate of a gentleman of Larnaka struck upon the head of a statue, as he was ploughing. Curiosity induced him to clear away the soil from it; but when he saw the features (as it was of remarkably white marble), he took them for those of a spirit, and ran away. He

bethought himself of going to the priest, who, hearing his story, accompanied him to the spot, and there found the head; which, under pretence of exorcising, he carried home, and presented to his patron, a Greek. His patron was proud of a handsome piece of ancient sculpture, and gave it a conspicuous situation in his house. It so happened, that, immediately afterwards, there was an epidemical disorder in Cyprus. The effects of it were felt in every house, and the possessor of the marble head did not escape. At last his sisters, unmarried ladies, who lived with him, conceived that the bust had brought the malady upon them. In vain he attempted to convince them of the absurdity of such a notion: they persisted, and he was obliged to give the bust away.

They rule their servants by caprice, and educate their children by fits of anger and indulgence.

The manufactures of Cyprus are chiefly coarse printed cottons for furniture, which are of lively chintz patterns, and remarkably cheap. The principal articles imported at this time into Cyprus were German looking-glasses, queen's and other earthenware, sugar, syrups and liqueurs, cloth, Lyons' stuffs, Manchester goods, glass, &c.

The Greek spoken at Cyprus is as corrupt as that in any part of the Turkish empire. An attempt to enumerate the words that have been introduced into it from other tongues would be to select almost all the expressions of eating, drinking, visiting, and bu-

siness, common to the Turkish, Arabic, Italian, and French languages. An example of each will suffice.

Arabic.—Τι χαβαρι εχει; what news is there? from *kaber, news.*

Italian.—Καμνειν μιαν βισιταν, to pay a visit: from *visita.*

French.—Το εκαμεν εξακταμεντε, we have done it exactly: from *exactement.*

Turkish.—Γοκσα; or not? from *yok.*

Ditto.—Ρεζιλες, disputes.

The ῥ is aspirated in pronunciation at Cyprus, which is not done, I believe, elsewhere in the Greek islands.

Living at Cyprus was extremely cheap: but the term means nothing, when applied as relative to England; for all countries almost are cheap in comparison with it, and hence to Englishmen a great advantage is afforded wherever they travel. Compared with the adjacent districts of Syria and Caramania, living in Cyprus was cheap even then.

Cyprus still felt the effects of an insurrection which had convulsed the island some time before. To understand the causes of it, it is necessary to premise, that the Greeks enjoyed so much influence in Cyprus, as to be able often to displace a governor who had become obnoxious to them; not by an act of authority (for they had none in the eye of the law), but by representations to the Porte, backed by money. At the head of the Greek party was the

archbishop. The one who held the crosier before the reigning archbishop was so infirm, that he employed, in all transactions with the government, his dragoman, named Hadji Georgaki, a man of great talents, which he perverted to the purposes of intrigue. To such a height had this man's power grown, that he was supposed, by his machinations, to have removed more than one motsellem, or governor; and it was thought that no one could hold that dignity long, who had not previously entered into a friendly understanding with him.

In this way, Hadji Georgaki's measures were generally uncontrolled, and he proceeded to the length of oppressing Turks and Christians indiscriminately, which was ill borne by the Turks, who submit reluctantly to authority exercised over them by an infidel; but not unwillingly by the Greeks themselves, who cared not to lose a portion of their substance, if their oppressors were to be fellow-sufferers. At length, however, the complaint of the Turks found its way to Constantinople, and Hadji Georgaki thought fit to go in person to the capital to counteract the machinations of his enemies; which, by force of bribes, he succeeded in doing, and returned triumphantly to Cyprus.

The hatred of the Turks against the dragoman now knew no bounds; and, finding they could not obtain justice from the Porte, they resolved to take the cause into their own hands. They accordingly laid a

plot to seize the person of Hadji Georgaki, and to take away his life, but he was apprized of it in time to escape to Larnaka, where (after concealing himself some days in a consular house) he embarked for the Archipelago, and betook himself again to Constantinople. The Turks, having lost their victim, and committed themselves too far to recede, hoisted the standard of rebellion, and were headed by the governor. The Greeks were oppressed without appeal, and complaints poured into Constantinople, demanding relief.

The Porte now saw that energetic measures must be resorted to, and looked about for a proper man to execute its commands. Cara Pasha, a subtile chieftain, versed in intrigue, and who would stick at no means to effect his ends, was selected for the purpose. He embarked from the opposite coast of Asia with a large body of troops, and, landing, marched strait for Leucosia: but Leucosia, a fortified place, was so well defended by the rebels, that he found himself unable to carry it by assault. He accordingly sat down before the city, having seized on the flour-mills at Cytherea as the best means of straitening the besieged, who had no means, except by hand and mule-mills, of grinding corn within the walls. The archbishop and the chief Greeks found themselves shut in with the rebels. The former, fearing for his personal safety, and pretending to be alarmed only for that of his flock, wrote letters to the different

consuls at Larnaka, begging them to intercede with the pasha for a truce, and to endeavour to settle the affair any how so that he might escape; signifying that, if hostilities commenced, he and the Greeks should be massacred. For it was the artifice of the rebels to hold out the threat, knowing how much could be done by the archbishop, if made a party in the affair.

The consuls, pleased with the importance they were likely to acquire in becoming mediators, set off, to the number of five, for Leucosia. They made known their business to the pasha, who eagerly availed himself of an opportunity which he thought was thus afforded him of getting within the walls. He accordingly treated them with great distinction, and expressed himself disposed to accede to any thing which their negociations might effect. A correspondence was immediately entered upon, and thirty days passed in messages to and fro; the rebels endeavouring to obtain permission to leave Leucosia with their property, and the pasha, on his side, offering them their lives and property, but with the condition that they should remain where they were. The rebels were at last brought to consent to these terms, on a solemn promise being made to the consuls by the pasha that their lives should be saved.

On an appointed day the gates were thrown open, and the pasha and the consuls marched in together in procession. The day was spent in merriment, and

most persons thought the pasha honourable in his intentions. Night came, and the consuls retired to their respective houses, where they were to sleep. It was then that the pasha began to play his treacherous game. Despatching soldiers in different directions, he secretly caused to be seized, at the same moment, thirteen rebels, who were brought to the palace and beheaded immediately. Their relations flew to the consuls, whilst these executions were yet going on, and told them that the pasha had not respected the compact made between them. Monsieur Regnault, the French consul, as first in rank among them, despatched his dragoman to the pasha, and bade him hold his hand and respect the treaty. The dragoman, a timid Levantine, arrived whilst the bow-string was yet at work. Fainting and trembling, his tongue faltered, and his representations were unheeded by a man, who, in having made the consuls the tools of his perfidy, could well ask them why they meddled between the Porte and its subjects.

The next morning, when the day dawned, the pasha sent for the consuls. Monsieur Regnault at first refused to attend on him, but his timid associates advised him not to offend so sanguinary a man, and he accompanied them. The pasha received them not like one convicted of treachery, but as a magistrate vested with an authority in which they had no part. He read to them the firman of the Porte, commanding him to exterminate the rebels; and excused the mode

in which he had effected it, by saying that no faith could be kept with them. He then invested each consul with a pelisse of one thousand piasters value, and, when they had suffered this, they went away, held their peace, and returned humbled to Larnaka.

To add to the disgrace which this whole transaction brought on the consuls, when the pasha afterwards came to Larnaka, previous to his embarkation for Latakia, they invited him alternately to their houses, where he made himself drunk with brandy, which he asked for incessantly; and, retiring to vomit, returned to drink again. These scenes were renewed from house to house, and often lasted through the night. And here Monsieur Regnault was destined to betray a second time the folly of meddling in affairs that did not concern him, however good and honourable the motive; for when, on the evening of the massacre, he had favoured the escape of certain rebels, and had caused them to be secreted in his house at Larnaka, the pasha sent a detachment of troops, and compelled him to give them up. Two, however, of the leaders, named Hadj Mustafa and Delli Omàr, escaped. The latter was for some time secreted at Signor Vondiziano's, until an opportunity offered for stealing on board a ship and sailing for Syria. The whole affair cost a vast deal of money to the island, which was obliged to maintain so many troops; and the pasha enriched himself individually by presents extorted by terror, and by avanies levied on each rich person who

could in any manner be implicated in the rebellion. The troops themselves departed with their arms covered with gold.

Will it then be said, after this, by writers and travellers, that the Turks are a nation devoid of animation, activity, or enterprise? Rather let us look on them as unmoved by the tranquil occupations of virtuous minds, and by the ordinary pursuits which agitate a Christian's bosom, because they play a deeper game, and are to be excited to energy only where the stakes are fortune and life: but we must not charge them with dulness or inactivity.

The information acquired respecting Hadji Georgaki induced the pasha to denounce him to the Porte. On his arrival at Constantinople, after his flight, he had concealed himself at the village of Arnaûtkui on the Bosphorus, until by fresh bribes he could judge himself sufficiently protected at court; after which he appeared in public. But, his work not having been well done, one day he was seized and beheaded. His house was despoiled at Leucosia, and in the floor of one room was found a trap-door leading by steps to a stone vault, where immense treasures were discovered. When at Leucosia, I descended into this place, and was satisfied more than ever that such means of concealment were often resorted to by the natives of these countries.

The archbishop, in this conflict, saw himself deprived of half the authority which before, by peculiar

privileges, had belonged to the see of Cyprus. For, up to this time, no judicial proceedings could be enforced against a Greek subject without his presence, personally or by deputy: now the motsellems of Leucosia, Larnaka, and Famagusta, were vested with the same authority as the governors of other cities of the empire.

The archbishop had once been an οικονομος, or commissary, and served as purveyor in the camp of the vizir, who conducted an army against the French in Egypt.

From the 3rd of February continued rain had fallen. The weather had become exceedingly tempestuous, and a succession of storms rendered it impossible for vessels to take in their cargoes; for Larnaka has no harbour, and vessels coming for a freight lie at anchor in the bay, and receive their merchandize by boats from the shore. There was a polacca brig loading for Marseilles, by which I had resolved to take my passage: but there was little prospect that she would be ready for some time, for the reasons assigned above.

On the 24th of February, after a very tempestuous night, the house of Mr. Caridi, (whose wife was sister to Mr. Vondiziano) was struck by lightning, which, after taking an irregular course through four chambers, breaking in its way a looking-glass, singeing a coverlet, and bursting a door, entered the wall of the house, which wall was of burnt brick. It so hap-

pened that there was a New Testament in Greek lying by the mirror; the mirror was broken, but the Testament remained uninjured. This book immediately acquired a degree of sanctity equal to what a *τέμενος*, (*temenos*) would have done among the ancients. But what amused me greatly was to see Mr. Caridi obliged to keep open house for three days, that people might view the book and compliment him on the miracle. His wife was much inclined to make a vow to go to Mount Athos, and return thanks for the signal deliverance. The same house was soon afterwards visited by another hurricane, when a gust of wind carried away a staircase, which led from the ground floor to the upper story, and which was on the outside, as is customary in the island.

Lent had now begun, and I resolved to live with Mr. Vondiziano's family as if I had been of their own religion, in order to see how I could bear a meager diet. Yet he would not suffer me to do so entirely, apprehensive that it would not agree with my constitution. The eldest of Signor Vondiziano's daughters, about twelve years old, had been so schooled by their confessor, that she fed on bread and olives only. Our meals consisted generally of rice soup, made with oil, instead of meat or butter; fish done in oil; wild and garden artichokes; salads, peas, beans, or other vegetables, fried in oil; botarga, caviare, olives, anchovies; and some other things, which I forget. The children vied with each other

in undergoing privations of this kind: and the maid-servants were their abettors. Signor Vondiziano, under the plea of a weak stomach, obtained an exemption for himself twice a week.

In this way time wore on, but the weather did not change for the better: even the passage between Syria and Cyprus was interrupted. The drought of the preceding year was now more than overbalanced by the flooding rains; and, from the standing pools which they made, fevers and endemic maladies were anticipated.

The inhabitants of Larnaka, and, after them, travellers, have attributed the malignant fevers, which almost annually infest that town to a small lake of stagnant water, which lay between Larnaka and the Marina. As this lake is not more than a few hundred yards across in its longest diameter, it seems inadequate to the production of such extensive effects. There would appear to be sufficient reason in the sudden change of temperature which takes place at sunset, wherever in these latitudes there are low flats, in which heat is confined by day, and vapours are condensed by night. Even in the winter, after a sunny day, there was, at the close of it, such a chill suddenly pervading the atmosphere, as to give an instantaneous check to perspiration in any one incautiously exposed to it. In the spring and autumn, this must necessarily be more sensibly felt; as the quantity of vapour carried into the atmosphere is greater from

the greater heat, and the system is then more easily acted upon, at one time from the sudden cessation of a renovated circulation, at another from the sudden contraction of relaxed pores.

Tired of waiting for the vessel's departure, I resolved on another excursion into the interior; and, on the 21st of March, I set off with two mules, which cost me eleven piasters and a half per diem, for Leucosia. I was desirous, this time, of taking the road through Idalia; but my guide, who wished to pass the night at his own village, turned from the road which led to Idalia into that to Athegainon, imagining that, when once there, I could do no more than fume and talk, without any positive mischief to him. But I knew a Greek's shifts well enough to suspect that the direction he took was not the right one, as I had previously instructed myself respecting the way. Accordingly, I suffered him to take the lead for about two hundred yards, and then suddenly, without apprizing him, turned off in a northerly direction. He did not look round, until I and my servant were almost out of sight; when, discovering what I had done, he came hurrying after me.

Idalia, now called Dali, is five leagues from Larnaka, west by north. It proved to be a village of eighty houses, twenty of which were Turkish, and sixty Christian. It had four *papases*, or priests. I was lodged at the ξενοδοκεῖον, or public lodging, than which nothing could be more wretched. I went the following morning

to see the site of ancient Idalia, to the south-east, over a fine plain of whitish soil. Half a dozen stones of rude workmanship, at a spot where the hills form a bogáz, or ravine, were all that now remained. My guide was very anxious that I should sit down and look around me; because, he said, the last Englishman who had been there had done the same: and I was inclined, therefore, to believe, that he had no other reason for calling these scattered stones ruins of Idalia, than because this Englishman had told him so. On my return to the village, I inquired for coins and statues, as is customary with travellers, and found, at a papas's, a small woman's head, in marble. I mounted my mule to depart, and, in passing a heap of stones and rubbish by the church, I observed what I thought to be the drapery of a statue peep out. I alighted, and found a statue in high relief, about twenty inches long, without a head, done in alabaster. This I brought away with me.

The road lay through hills, where I occasionally caught a glimpse of Leucosia; but did not enjoy the complete view until within a quarter of an hour's distance from it. The day was beautifully fine. On my arrival at the monastery, the archbishop received me civilly, but with a settled gloom on his countenance, the cause of which will be presently shown. His dinner, as being Lent fare, was no better than the repasts which I had left behind me at Larnaka.

I visited, on the following day, Mâlem Anthony

Brins, a native of Tripoli in Syria, who may pass as a person of some mark in the eyes of Europeans, as having been Monsieur Volney's teacher in Arabic, when living at Mar Hanneh, on Mount Lebanon.[1]

Brins was now a merchant, living in affluence at Leucosia. His house was spacious and agreeable. Ali Bey had paid him a long visit during his stay at Leucosia. He spoke of that traveller as ill able to support the character of a Moslem, either by his exercise of the rites of the Mahometan religion, or by his general language and demeanour.

Let us now revert to the cause of the archbishop's gloominess. About a week before this my second visit to Leucosia, a large sum of money, amounting to about twenty purses, or nearly £500, had been stolen in the night from the room where Andréa, the archbishop's dragoman, sat every day for the purpose of transacting the business of the island between the governor and his master. In the bottom of the chest which was rifled, human ordure was left, as if to add

[1] He was, likewise, a knight of the holy sepulchre; having made good his pretensions to a noble descent (by money or documents) in the following manner. He asserted that his name, Brins, is but the Arabic manner of spelling Prince; there being no letter P in the alphabet of that language: and that his ancestors were princes of Tripoli, a principality erected in the time of the crusades. His plea was thought so good. that he was created a knight; and, as a proof of it, he showed me his diploma to that effect.

insult to theft. It is to be observed that the palace of the governor, in which this room was situated, was enclosed in a quadrangular court, and had but one outlet.

At break of day, Andrea's servant went, as was his custom, to put the room in order, when, finding the door forced and papers scattered in confusion on the floor, he ran back in dismay to inform his master, who hastened to see what had happened. The palace was soon in an uproar, and the extrordinary event of burglary committed in the very residence of the governor was considered as without a parallel.

When the first tumult was over, Andrea's servant, the porter of the gate, who was a Turk, and three Christians, employed near these rooms, were apprehended. The *tufenkgi bashi* (or head of the police, whose apartment was immediately under the treasury, and where it was supposed no noise could have been made without his hearing it), was suspected; as was Signor Andrea himself. Over these two persons, though not imprisoned, a guard was set to see that they did not escape.

It is usual with the Turks, when suspicion rests on particular persons, to resort to torture for a confirmation of their doubts. Accordingly, after four or five days, persons, to the number of thirty-two, having been arrested, and all these but six having proved their innocence (which six were, the porter, Andrea's servant, and three Greeks, with a woman, the wife of

one of them), the suspected were confined in separate rooms, and the investigation was begun in the following manner. Meal barley, wetted, was made up into boluses of a large size, and one of these was given to each of the accused. If he swallowed it, he was innocent; if guilty, it was supposed to be impossible to do so. Let it not, however, be imagined that the Turks place more reliance on evidence of this sort than we do. But they know that guilt sometimes betrays itself in superstitious trials, where the regular process of justice would be balked. Andrea's servant was most cruelly tormented. He was placed on a cross, like that on which we represent St. Andrew to have been crucified. His temples were screwed by the pressure of a diadem of what are vulgarly called knuckle bones. Hot stones were applied to his head, hot irons to his flesh. Inflammable matter was smeared on him, and then ignited; and he was prevented from sleeping by persons placed near him for that purpose. On the other Greeks and on the gatekeeper the same torture was exercised.[1]

[1] One of the servants accused Andrea, the dragoman, as having prompted him to the theft. He described how he had effected it, how he carried the money to his house, and delivered it into Andrea's hand, who recompensed him immediately for his trouble. Fortunately for Andrea, his wife that very night lay-in, and, as is usual in Greece, his house was full of friends, who bore witness to the falsehood of such testimony.

For the woman, a mode of torture was resorted to which may be called a refinement on cruelty. The trousers worn by women in these countries are exceedingly large, and tied at the ancles and waist. The plan pursued with her was this. A cat was put into the trowsers, which, being pricked and beaten, and unable to escape, grows furious, and tears the thighs and legs of the sufferer with his teeth and claws.

It was in the midst of this dreadful investigation that I arrived at Leucosia; and, walking the next day by the palace, I was startled by the sight of a man dangling by the neck to the iron grating of one of the palace windows, from fifteen to twenty feet from the ground. This was the porter, who had been hanged in this way, just as he was about to expire from the tortures he had undergone. As the investigation advanced, it was rumoured that an Armenian seràf (banker to the governor, and the rival of Andrea's influence among the Turks) had invented this nefarious plot for the purpose of ruining Andrea. The servant of the latter died soon afterwards of his sufferings.

In the mean time, Andrea himself was exposed to the greatest danger, for his enemies were powerful; and, although the proofs of his innocence were satisfactory at home, he knew that such representations might be made at Constantinople as would totally change the face of things. And the event justified

his apprehensions; for, although the cause was still under investigation when I left Cyprus, and the certainty of the Armenian's plot became every day more apparent, the affair was not finished without a great sacrifice of money on the part of the archbishop; whilst Andrea, to avert a continuance of the persecution, sold off his household furniture and pictures, which he had recently imported from Italy, and reduced his establishment and his dress to so humble a guise, that envious and malevolent people should not have it in their power to allege anything against him.[1]

I got back to Larnaka just before Easter day. It fell this year on the 6th of April, and to a dull Lent succeeded visiting and festivities. Mass was celebrated at midnight, and, this over, the ceremony of kissing the cheek and saluting each other with "Christ is risen," began. By 10 o'clock, Mr. Vondiziano's courtyard was filled with drums and dancers, whilst in the saloon was the bishop with a party of priests chanting.

A circumstance, however, somewhat interrupted the harmony of the inhabitants. On the restoration of Louis XVIII., and the arrival of a new ambassador at Constantinople, religion had again raised her

[1] About this time, by the Trieste newspapers, the news of Lord Stanhope's death (on the 26th December, 1816) came to Cyprus. I forwarded the melancholy information to Lady Hester on the 2nd and 3rd of April.

head, and the Catholic priests attempted to resume the influence which they had once so extensively enjoyed, even in these distant colonies. The freemasons were supposed to have been the fomenters of all the insults which the priests had suffered for so many years during the revolution, and the anathemas of the preachers were now levelled principally against them.

This spirit of persecution was encouraged by the arrival of the Abbé de Masure, almoner to the French ambassador, who denounced them as the machinators of all evil, political and moral. It is customary for Roman Catholics to confess themselves before receiving the sacrament at Easter; and, according to the new order of things, the French consul and the nation (for so the few individuals of each country style themselves) went to confession. Three, who were freemasons, were sent back, unless they would give up their masonic diplomas, which, of course, they refused to do. Nor was the matter settled until the consul threatened to imprison the priest, if he withheld absolution any longer from the individuals in question.

I dismissed my servant Giovanni, who was to return to Syria, where he proposed marrying a young person to whom he had been affianced three or four years. Wishing to make the best recompence in my power to a man, who, though he sometimes gave me reason, as has been related, to be angry with him, still had served me faithfully, I had previously pre-

sented him, on quitting Abra, with the best part of the furniture my cottage contained; and I now made him a present of a few articles for his bride, and of a sum of money for himself.

CHAPTER XIV.

Departure from Cyprus, and Voyage to Marseilles—Dirtiness of the French ship and her crew—Fare on board—Cruel treatment of a political prisoner—Angora greyhound—Arrival at Pomegue, the quarantine anchorage of Marseilles.

The Jean Baptiste brigantine polacca of 150 tons being now ready to sail, I embarked for Marseilles on the 9th of April, in the afternoon. It was not without considerable regret that I took leave of a gentleman whose unabated hospitality I had partaken of for seventy-six days. The vessel was laden with cotton, of which she had nearly 600 bales, so that they were stowed on the quarter-deck, in the waist, and on the forecastle; besides which the cabin was so full, that between the bales and the ceiling there was only room enough to creep to the sleeping berths. I was to pay for the state-room and my board 350 francs. Much had been said to me beforehand of the bad food and bad usage which passengers generally meet with on board of Provençal vessels; I therefore prepared myself contentedly for the worst.

On Friday the 10th of April, before sunrise, we got under weigh, with the wind at west; but, after tacking off and on, we found ourselves, at sunset, where we started from in the morning. We had on board a prisoner in chains, named Candie, who had been arrested at St. Jean d'Acre, by an order from Constantinople; and, as far as I could collect, was accused of having taken part in some of the troubles at Grenoble at the return of the Emperor Napoleon from Elba. The place assigned him was on the cables, which lay on the cargo close to the main hatchway; but, complaining that he feared being stifled when the hatches were closed in bad weather, he was transferred to the long boat; and, when the vessel was distant from the land, his chains were taken off. The Captain, the owner, his two sons, the mate, and a Maltese passenger, slept in the cabin; and, there being no room to sit, we ate constantly on deck, fair weather and foul. As there was no space for stools, or chairs, or benches, they all stood to eat, and to this position I should have been myself condemned, had not my habits of sitting in the Turkish fashion made a bale of cotton a very good sofa.

On the 12th, a strong wind from the East carried us on our course seventy or eighty miles. On the 13th, the wind again shifted to the west, and, up to the 23d, we were still beating to windward.

May set in with a change of wind to the north-east. [illegible] st time, studding sails were set.

We now got on rapidly, and on the night of the 3rd, we passed between Malta and Sicily.

On the 8th, the coast of Barbary was in sight the whole day. On the 11th and 12th we made little way; and on the 13th and 14th we were becalmed on the Casse, a bank over which ships of large burden cannot pass without danger. Here one of the sailors speared a fish, between three and four feet long, of a deep purple colour on the back, and with a snouted head, which some called a *paron* and others a *requin* (shark).

On the 15th we had an easterly wind, and advanced very fast towards our destination. On the 16th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, we discovered the high land over Toulon, and about sunset we descried the church of Nôtre Dame de la Garde, the village of Sinfours, and the rock at the entrance of Toulon harbour. We stood off during the night; and, on quitting the cabin in the morning, I found the vessel at the mouth of Marseilles harbour, just where the rocky land, so rugged and bare, presents itself to the sight. In an hour we were anchored at Pomegue, an inlet in a small island not altogether safe in blowing weather, but destined for vessels that have to perform quarantine. Thus we had been thirty-seven days on our passage; ten of which were spent in reaching Candia, thirteen more to Malta, six to Sardinia, and eight more to our anchorage.

In taking a review of the circumstances of the voyage, I cannot say that anything could have made

it tolerable but the prospect of soon landing in Christendom. I was shut up in a vessel, and obliged to live in close society with men, whose habits, occupations, and education, differed entirely from my own: and, although a philosophic mind will not suffer its happiness to depend on such temporary inconveniences, I confess I found mine sometimes greatly affected by them.

The Provençal sailors are superstitious to excess; and, whenever the weather was bad, there was always a disposition to throw the blame of it on me, whom, as a Protestant, they reckoned no Christian. They were totally wanting in cleanliness. The cabin was full of fleas, and was never swept during the whole voyage. This however was perhaps more owing to the remissness of the captain, who did not enforce it, than to the cabin-boy and men, who themselves, when ill-humoured with the captain, complained of the dirtiness of the vessel. The Provençaux seem to have a habit of spitting not exceeded by the Spaniards or Americans, and, what is worse, they spit in every direction and on every spot, so that I had not a single resting-place on the deck, nor could I go one step without the apprehension of brushing with my long dress the saliva that was scattered and conglobated in every direction. This habit appeared more disagreeable to a person coming from Turkey, where the meanest pauper is never seen to spit, even when smoking.

Their cookery was to me extremely disagreeable.

The principal ingredients in it were oil and garlic, the latter of which is considered so great a delicacy, not only by the seafaring people of Provence but by those who live on shore, that women even of respectable condition often carry the odour of it in their breath into society.

It will not be misplaced here to give a list of the dishes on which we chiefly lived during the passage, that other travellers may be induced from it to take the precaution of laying in their own provisions on a similar voyage. On Wednesdays and Fridays we lived on meagre fare, such as lentils or rice done in oil, or salt fish soup, or salt fish plain boiled; artichokes stuffed with onions, and parsley stewed in oil; or on split peas and slices of bread boiled into a soup with oil and water; or on cold boiled peas with oil. Hard Dutch cheese, or, which is still harder, Cyprus cheese, with two dates and a few raisins for each person, made up the dessert. On other days, there was rice boiled, or rice soup; ham and bacon omelettes; stockfish always; broad beans raw, which were to be eaten as children eat peas in England; boiled garden snails, which were considered a delicacy, and of which we had a bushel basket full. Two lambs were taken on board at Cyprus, and killed on the voyage. They were eaten in the following manner. On the first day the blood caught from the neck was fried, which looked like pieces of liver; but this I could not eat. Next the liver itself was fried or

roasted, and the tripe done in *fricassée*, but so badly washed that it was impossible to touch it. After this we fared well for two or three days on lamb chops, vermicelli soup, *bouilli* of lamb, &c., until the lamb was eaten. Towards the latter part of the voyage, when all the provisions were nearly gone, we were reduced to ham and salt fish soup, and boiled horse-beans in salad; whilst the water we drank came from a wine barrel, with a smack of the vinous sourness in it.

There was no remedy for these evils when once embarked; for the desire of avoiding anchorage dues prevents these vessels from entering any port on their way home.

But when it is considered that some regard was paid to my English habits, and that I had the liberty of disliking what did not please me, my situation was good compared to that of the poor prisoner, confined to the long-boat, and with no covering but an old sail. His food was always of the worst; and the spray of the sea, in bad weather, constantly flew over him, so as to wet him. In this man's conversation I found the only resource I had in the ship. He had been bred to, and followed, the trade of a turner; but, in the revolution, he had signalized his love of liberty, and bore with him a medal equivalent in its import to what in ancient times a civic crown would have been. His conduct on the return of Napoleon had made him obnoxious to the royalists, and he had absented himself with a view to escape persecution, which however pursued him into the heart of Syria: for, at St. Jean d'Acre, whilst

gaining a scanty livelihood by portrait painting, he was seized and shipped off for France.

He was more attached than any person I ever saw to freemasonry, which he seemed to have studied deeply, and his object in going to Palestine was, he said, to visit Jerusalem, as the place which gave birth to this singular fraternity. Whatever his motives were, he did not effect them.

The Provençal language (on board ship) is a most disagreeable jargon, as unintelligible even to those who understand French as to those who do not, and delighting in intonations of the voice, which always reminded me of a crying child.

I had brought with me an Angora greyhound. The beauty of a dog from that country consists in long silky hair at the ears and on the tail, the peculiar feature of all animals, whether goats, cats, or dogs, which come from Angora and its neighbourhood. Never did I feel so forcibly the proverb of "love me, love my dog," as then; for the whole of the crew, when my back was turned, were constantly beating him, and worried him cruelly.

As soon as the vessel was moored, the captain proceeded to Marseilles (which is a league from Pomegue) with his papers; and next morning I was conveyed, with my effects, to the Lazaretto, thankful to the Almighty, for having permitted me, after so many perilous voyages and journeys, once more to revisit Europe.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

"Beaten him."—p. 325.

I have preserved the exact words in which Dr. Wolff told the story; but, in justice to Lady Hester Stanhope, I ought to observe that, in her ladyship's residence at Mar Elias, there were no steps either in the house or at the entrance, and consequently the bearer of the letter could not be "kicked down stairs." Neither am I disposed to believe that her ladyship bastinadoed him: she might have desired the porter to say that, if he returned again, he would be bastinadoed. In this way were many strange tales circulated, for which there were no other grounds than the assertion of some poor devil, who made out a pitiful case in order to get a *bakshysh* for his supposed sufferings. A Syrian thinks a few piasters are fairly gained by a plausible lie.

THE END.

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